

ASTOUNDING OUTCOME of the "MARTIAN SCARE"!

Radio **MIRROR**

FEBRUARY
10¢
WACFADDER
PUBLICATION

ROUGH COPY

BITTERBUGS

WE'RE NOT WHAT YOU THINK
By one of them

WHY I HATE THEM
By a Famous Dance Band Leader

ROUGH COPY



TO OUR FIRST LOVE

Karo



WORLD
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SERVICE

THE
DIONNES

Karo is
the only syrup
served to the Dionne
quintuplets. Its maltose
and dextrose are ideal
carbohydrates for grow-
ing children.

Allan Roy Dafre, M.D.



What do you want to say?

FIRST PRIZE

HAIL, AMERICAN BROADCASTING!

It has been the fashion in recent years for certain self-appointed critics to knock the American system of broadcasting. We would be better off, they cry, if all broadcasting was in the hands of the government.

In the recent war crisis these critics received an answer that should silence them forever. The American broadcasting companies' handling of the war news was a truly magnificent achievement. An achievement that was duplicated nowhere else in the world.

I think we should all doff our hats to the broadcasting companies. In a vital situation, packed with genuine drama, they justified themselves before the world, and proved themselves worthy of the name, American.

VERNON WILKINSON
Oakland, Calif.

SECOND PRIZE

A SURE CURE

A more pleasant man than my husband you'd never want to know, but when he drove a car, he became a demon. He cursed other drivers; damned road conditions and traffic congestions—until we got the radio for the car.

Now he tunes in the program, smiles happily; never notices how many red lights he stops for; will, and does, willingly help a fellow driver in difficulty, with never a word of damnation (which, fortunately, nobody but me ever heard anyway). So, as long as we can afford a car, I cannot afford to be without a radio for it, as it tends toward greater happiness for the driver and all the passengers therein.

MRS. ALEX KENNEDY
Akron, Ohio

THIRD PRIZE

VIVE BOYER!

How brilliant our French star, Charles Boyer, shone tonight in "Algiers"! Here is one of the finest artists ever to appear on our screen—one who deserves much greater appreciation

20th Century-Fox

D'Artagnan of "The Three Musketeers" comes to life on the screen—Chase and Sanborn's own Don Ameche.

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — P R I Z E S — —

First Prize \$10.00

Second Prize \$5.00

Five Prizes of \$1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than January 27, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

and popularity than he has yet received.

His effective interpretation of the role of Pepe, enacted before a studio audience, roused to vociferous applause, was equally admired in the homes of millions of radio listeners who thrilled to his fine voice and dramatic expression.

Charles Boyer will become better known during his NBC series which will establish him as an artist.

EDITH L. KOERNER
Patchogue, New York

FOURTH PRIZE

WANTED—MORE BABIES

As a mother of three children, I read with much interest your article, "Must Childbirth Kill?" This frank discussion of such a vital issue in everyone's life should set people right. It should let prospective fathers and mothers know that, given due care and consid-

eration, childbirth is a normal occurrence with normal outcome. Men should more thoroughly realize their responsibility in aiding the wife with proper surroundings and care. Women should more thoroughly realize their responsibility in being fair to their own bodies and to the coming baby. Fear of childbirth should be turned into a feeling of responsibility for best conditions possible for child-bearing.

Often the women in better circumstances who could give themselves and babies the right chance, hesitate to accept motherhood, not realizing they have much of the outcome under their own control. We need more babies in better homes.

Thanks for your contribution of the much needed education along this line for parents, nurses, doctors and the public.

IRENE DOUGLASS WALDO
Fairhope, Ala.

(Continued on page 86)



RAW THROAT? Start Gargling Now!

At the first sign of a raw, dry, ticklish throat, gargle with Zonite.

Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds—at contact; (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing. If you're looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash—Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to ½ glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.



DANDRUFF ITCH? Here's an Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Here is a simple treatment that does what skin specialists say is necessary if you want to combat dandruff caused by germs:—

1. Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.
2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *This gives head an antiseptic cleansing—stimulates scalp—kills germs on hair and scalp at contact!*
3. Lather head with good shampoo, using same Zonite solution. *This loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*
4. Rinse very thoroughly. *This leaves scalp clean and sweet.*
5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. *This relieves dryness.* Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We are convinced that if you use this Zonite treatment faithfully, you'll be delighted with results. *That is why we guarantee complete satisfaction—or your money back in full!*



*Zonite is a clear, colorless, liquid antiseptic—an improvement on the famous Dakin Solution which revolutionized World-War surgery . . .

Use **ZONITE** for
FIRST AID • SORE THROAT
BAD BREATH • DANDRUFF
FEMININE CLEANSING

FEBRUARY, 1939

Radio
MIRROR

VOL. 11 NO. 4

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

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ARE you a champion speller?—or do you just wish you were? In either case, here's a list of words that will give you some uneasy moments before you get the correct spelling. They're supplied by Paul Wing, Master of the NBC Spelling Bee, broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5:30 E.S.T., and sponsored by the makers of Ener-gine.

Only one of the three suggested spellings is the right one. Mark the words you think are correct, then turn to page 60 for the answers.

1. *Todey—tody—toady.* A truck-ler to the rich or powerful.

2. *Adipose — adapose — adapois.* Of, or pertaining to animal fat.

3. *Felisity — felicity — fellicity.* State of being happy; bliss.

4. *Bootees — booties — bootease.* Infants' boots of knitted wool.

5. *Volubally—vollubly—volubly.* Talkatively.

6. *Residivous—recidivous—resci-divous.* Relapsing or falling back into prior criminal habits.

7. *Beneficent—bennificent—benif-*

PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

icent. Performing acts of kindness or charity.

8. *Discrepensy — discrepancy — discrepancy.* Disagreement; variance.

9. *Atrophid—atrophied—atrofied.* Shrunken; wasted; emaciated.

10. *Peccadillo — peccadilo — pec-adillo.* A slight offense; a petty fault.

11. *Forecasel — forcastle — fore-castle.* The forward part of a ship where the sailors live.

12. *Fricassee — fricasse — fric-casee.* Chicken cut into pieces and stewed in gravy.

13. *Palota—pelota—pellota.* Any Basque, Spanish, or Spanish-American game played in a court with a ball and wickerwork basket.

14. *Lagatto—legatto—legato.* In music: Smooth and connected with no breaks between successive tones.

15. *Cabby — cabbie — cabbey.* A cabman.

16. *Offera-tory — offertory — offatory.* A collection taken at a religious ceremony.

17. *Noticeably — noticably — noticeably.* Conspicuously.

18. *Chieftin—chieftan—chieftain.* The chief, ruling an uncivilized tribe or people.

19. *Spiel—speil—speel.* A talk, speech, story, etc.

20. *Ensalage — ensilage — en-sillage.* The process of preserving fodder in a silo.

21. *Ostrocism — ostracism — os-tracism.* Exclusion by general consent from common privileges, favor, etc.

22. *Decedent—decedant—decead-ent.* A deceased person.

23. *Ciel—ceil—seil.* To overlay or line, as to line a room with plaster.

24. *Sheavs — sheeves — sheaves.* Bundles of wheat, straw, or other plants.

25. *Plagiarism—plagarism—plag-ierism.* The act of stealing or purloining and passing off as one's own, the ideas of another.

Famous Art Model tells of thrilling beauty this new shampoo reveals in her hair

If dull, dry-looking hair dims your glamour and charm, spoils the effect of your new coiffures . . . Try this easy new way used by Miss Helen Hansen, famous Art Model, to reveal the true loveliness of her hair. Miss Hansen says:

"In my profession I absolutely must have my hair sparkling and gleaming with all of its natural brilliance, so that the camera can catch every gleam and glint. I have never found a shampoo that quite equals Special Drene for Dry Hair for this purpose. After a shampoo with Special Drene my hair is soft and manageable for any hair style and photographers tell me the highlights are actually breath-taking."

Works Beauty Wonders for Dull, Dry-Looking Hair

WOMEN whose careers demand they be beautiful, as well as countless thousands of others who take pride in their appearance, have thrilled to the startling results of the new Special Drene for Dry Hair. With a single washing, hair which was dull and dry-looking, revealed all its exciting natural charm.

Special Drene makes this astonishing difference in the appearance of hair because: *First*, it removes dulling film left on hair by many old-style shampoos. *Second*, it washes away dirt, grease, even loose dandruff flakes with a single sudsing. *Third*, because Special Drene is not a soap—not an oil, it does not leave a



Illustrates
Improper Way
Hair dull, covered
with cloudy film

beauty-clouding film to hide natural luster; nor a greasy film to gather dust. Your hair is left so sparkling clean that lemon, vinegar or other after-rinses are unnecessary.

If your hair is dull or dry-looking, get new Special Drene for Dry Hair at drug, department and 10¢ stores. Or ask your beauty oper-



Illustrates
Correct New Way
No dull film; hair soft,
shining like silk

ator for this thrilling new shampoo. Contains no harmful chemicals, no bleach. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Guaranteed by Procter and Gamble. So revolutionary in results—it is America's largest selling shampoo! Try it—you'll thrill to see your hair reveal its natural glamorous beauty! Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Special drene for Dry Hair

or use Regular drene for Shampooing Normal or Oily Hair

What's New from

A GREAT ADVANCE

in

Feminine Hygiene



ZONITORS ARE GREASELESS

Perhaps you too have hoped that someone would someday develop a suppository like this! So safe to use (free from "burn" danger and harmful drugs). So dainty, snow-white, antiseptic . . . and GREASELESS!

Well, here it is! Zonitors kill germs at contact and remain in long, effective antiseptic action. Absolutely safe to use, too — because they contain no harmful, irritating drugs.

Zonitors are made with a *unique* GREASELESS base — nothing messy, nothing to melt or run. They are odorless — and deodorizing.

And Zonitors are easy to use! No mixing. No fussing. And they wash away completely with plain water.

Full instructions in package. \$1 for box of 12 individual glass vials — at all U. S. and Canadian druggists.

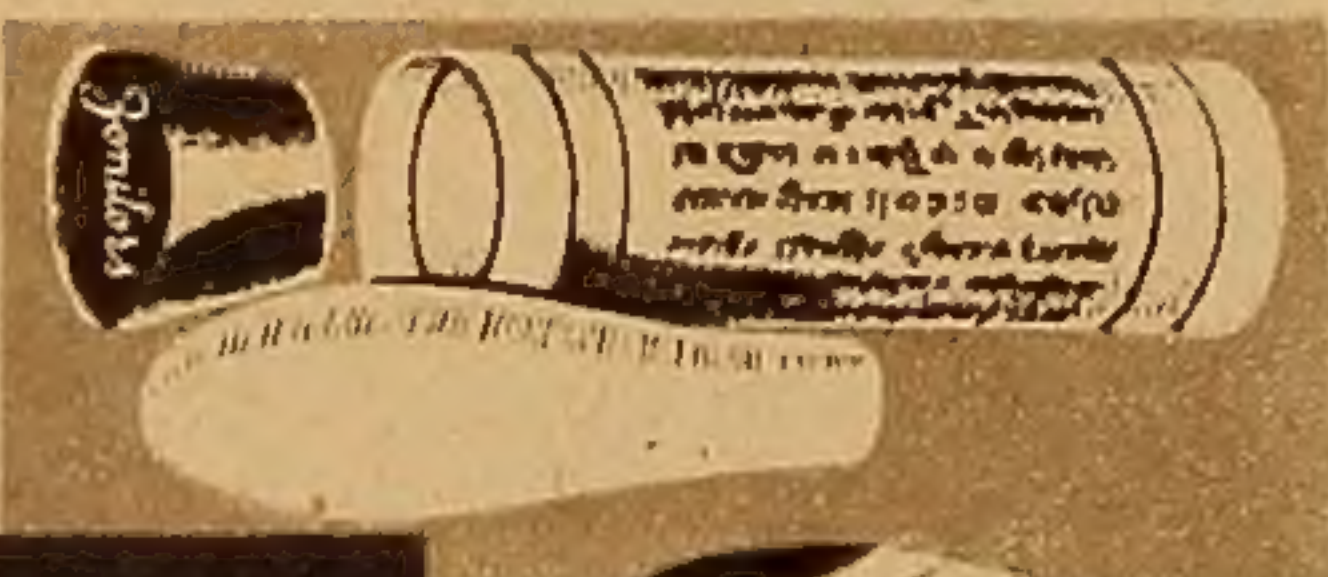
Later, For Your Douche

Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water — for a thorough antiseptic cleansing.

Zonite kills all kinds of germs — at contact! And it's a marvelous deodorant, too.

FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Dept. 3206, Zonite Products Corp., Chrysler Building, New York City.

Each in individual glass vial.



Zonitors
FOR
FEMININE HYGIENE
A Zonite Product



Dorothy Lamour decided that six months was long enough to be parted from her man.

JOEL McCREA admits that he's Hollywood's most absent-minded actor. Just as he was leaving home for the Lux Radio Theater, where he was co-starring in "Next Time We Love," Cecil B. DeMille's secretary telephoned that the producer-director would like to have him for his dinner guest to talk over the DeMille movie, "Union Pacific." "Tell him I can't tonight because I've got a radio program," McCrea answered, completely forgetting that the radio program was DeMille's own show, and that DeMille meant dinner after the broadcast.

* * *

Because Carlton E. Morse and the members of the One Man's Family cast don't like to change surroundings, the broadcast hasn't moved into the new NBC studios in Hollywood, but still originates in station KEHE, which isn't even an NBC affiliate.

* * *

Arch Oboler, one of radio's most famous dramatists, has written a play called "Dr. Croton," which is scheduled for a Broadway production this winter. It's a melodrama, like his Lights Out scripts.

* * *

H. V. Kaltenborn's swell work as



CBS' commentator during the European crisis has brought him a contract with Pathe News, the newsreel company. He's to be assistant editor and foreign news advisor. You'll continue hearing him on the air, too.

* * *

The strange episode of Pancho Polesie, the famous "opera star" who appeared on Bing Crosby's program a few weeks ago, has never been satisfactorily explained on the air. It has never been explained on the air at all, as far as that goes. Senor Polesie was given a colossal introduction, in which Bing explained that he was a Crosby discovery, making his debut in this country, and something pretty extra special in the line of opera stars. Senor Polesie then sang "The Dipsy Doodle" a way it was never sung before, and, if everybody is lucky, will never be sung again. Bing never bothered to explain that Senor Pan-

Coast to Coast

By DAN SENSENEY

cho was really Herb Polesie, a Hollywood movie producer, because he supposed listeners would realize it was all a gag. Some people didn't, though, and are still complaining bitterly that having a famous opera star sing "The Dipsy Doodle" was carrying informality a little too far. Bing pulled the same joke a year or so ago, when he gave Jerry Colonna (now on Bob Hope's program) a similar buildup. The Colonna hoax was explained on the following week's broadcast, however.

* * *

Incidentally, you can expect the battle of the outboard shirts to crop up on the Crosby program every now and then for the rest of the winter, probably. When Bing returned from his last year's trip to Honolulu he brought with him one or two of those brightly-colored shirts without tails. In spite of all the kidding he took, off the air and on, he persisted in wearing them, clinging to them with the same affection your husband exhibits toward that disgraceful old hat of his. Finally he even started a fad—you must have noticed young men wearing those same outboard shirts last summer. When Bob Burns returned from his Honolulu vacation,

he brought along six rainbow-hued shirts which for eye-smiting lustre made Bing's pride and joy look like something that had been to the laundry too often. So Bing wouldn't feel too badly, Bob gave him a couple.

* * *

Dorothy Lamour's decision to take a week's vacation from the Chase and Sanborn show started an epidemic of vacationitis among the other members of the cast. Don Ameche trotted off to Palm Springs with his family; Edgar Bergen accepted an invitation to spend three days at a friend's ranch; Nelson Eddy took a trip to Santa Barbara; and Music Maestro Robert Armbruster drove up to Yosemite Valley. Only one regular Chase and Sanborn star stayed home: Charlie McCarthy.

* * *

In spite of the fact that Mary Small is a featured singer on Ben Bernie's Sunday-afternoon programs, she's still a very young young lady, whose mother makes sure that she keeps regular hours and meets only the right people. Like any other seventeen-year-old, Mary chafes under this apron-string policy, and one evening she and Janice Gilbert, a radio actress who only recently emerged



Here's your chance to get a peep at Bing Crosby's outboard shirt.

from the child-star classification, decided to step out. Dressed up in their best evening frocks, they first stormed the Stork Club. Denied admission there because they didn't have a reservation, they went on to New York's other cafe-society gathering-place, the Club 21—where they also found that reservations were necessary to get in. In despair, they announced that they were Mary Small and Janice Gilbert. The doorman smiled in polite disbelief, and went right on refusing to let them in. And so Mary and Janice quietly went to a movie and then home, two little celebrities who were still too young. (Continued on next page)

IN WINTER... Let Hinds Lotion help your hands say nice things about you



Even one application makes **Chapped Hands** feel smoother!

PEOPLE look at your hands and think—"She's well groomed, *hands so smooth!*"... Or—"She's let herself go, *hands so rough!*" Don't let them stay that way. Use Hinds. Extra-creamy, extra-softening. Even one application helps soften up flaky chapping. Hinds coaxes back the "Honeymoon Softness" that wind, cold, steam heat, and hard water take away. Right now you can try Hinds without risking a cent. Good-Will Bargain (below) is at toilet goods counters.

TIME EXTENDED ON GOOD-WILL BARGAIN

MONEY BACK—Buy the medium size Hinds. You get a Good-Will gift bottle with it. Try the gift bottle first. If it doesn't convince you that Hinds is grand for chapped hands, take the large bottle back unopened, where you bought it—and get Money Back.

EXTRA LOTION—Keep both bottles and you get nearly 20% extra lotion—at no extra cost! More of this fine favorite lotion for the money than ever before! Hinds also comes in 10c, 25c, \$1 sizes.



FORECAST: Chapping weather

HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM

\$25,000.00

25 GRAND PRIZES OF \$1,000 EACH

Decide Now to Win One of Them!

ALREADY TRUE STORY has paid \$571,000, a fortune, for true stories written by its readers. The bulk of this huge sum has gone to men and women who never before had written for publication. And now comes another glorious opportunity. Twenty-five thousand dollars has been set aside to be paid for the twenty-five best true stories submitted on or before Friday, March 31, 1939.

One thousand dollars each for twenty-five true stories, simply and convincingly told—what a chance for you to cash in richly on a memory! For all true stories are simply memories of past happenings either in the lives of those who set them down or the lives of persons whom they know. Surely in your own life or the life of an acquaintance there is a happening which, if set down in words, would put you in line for one of the twenty-five \$1,000 grand prizes. It would be a pity indeed not to write it. In your own best interests start today.

In writing your story, tell it simply and clearly just as it happened, being sure to include all background information, such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to give a reader a complete understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that actually happened. Above all, do not refrain from writing it for fear you lack the necessary skill. Trained literary ability is not necessary. Yours does not need to be the best story submitted, nor the tenth best, nor the twentieth. If it should be the twenty-fifth best still it would be worth \$1,000 to you. Certainly you can hope to be among the best twenty-five.

No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure or success, if it contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how beautifully or skilfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, to each of the twenty-five persons submitting the twenty-five best true stories will be awarded a grand prize of \$1,000. You may be among them, but only if you write and send in your story.

If you have not already received a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories which has proved to be most effective, by all means mail the coupon today and one will be sent to you promptly. Also do not fail to read the rules carefully and follow them out in particular, thus making sure that your story will reach us in such form as to insure its full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story, send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you can help to avoid a last-minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not send us carbon copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 1,000 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll. DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. RECORD TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON. OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned. You may submit more than one manuscript, but not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual in this contest.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for the balance due will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscripts to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends Friday, March 31, 1939.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 38C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

COUPON

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 38C
P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories."

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....State.....

(Print plain. Give name of state in full.)

What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued)

ANDY DEVINE, the new mayor of Van Nuys, California, will have to tone down his taste in clothes if he expects to measure up to Jack Benny's standards of what the well-dressed politician will wear. Andy arrived the other day at the Benny broadcast dressed in a polo shirt, sport jacket, and extra-loud slacks—at which Jack observed dryly, "A fine way for a mayor to dress. You don't catch LaGuardia looking like a preview of a Hollywood tailor's nightmare."

* * *

Radio has a new bride and groom, since Barbara Weeks and Carl Frank were married in Spuyten Duyvil, New York, on October 26. Barbara plays the title role in the CBS serial, Her Honor, Nancy James, and Carl is the announcer on Your Family and Mine on NBC and the Good Will Hour on MBS. John Loveton, the producer of the Good Will Hour, paid back Carl for a similar service by being his best man at the wedding. No, no honeymoon—Carl was due at the Good Will Hour broadcast Sunday night, and neither of them could take time off from their serial shows.

* * *

Still in the domestic news, the Lew Whites expect their first baby in February, and are hoping it may arrive on Valentine's Day. Lew supplies the organ music on many a daytime radio show.

* * *

AUDIENCES at Paul Whiteman's Wednesday night CBS programs are sometimes puzzled by the impressive pose taken by Sonny Schuyler, the featured vocalist, when he sings. Sonny is apt to fold his arms across his chest, succeeding in looking rather like a statesman instead of a popular singer. Here's the explanation: Sonny is a bit subject to mike fright, which plays hob with his voice, making it quavery instead of strong and sure. The only way he's found to subdue the jitters is to fold his arms across his chest. That does it every time.

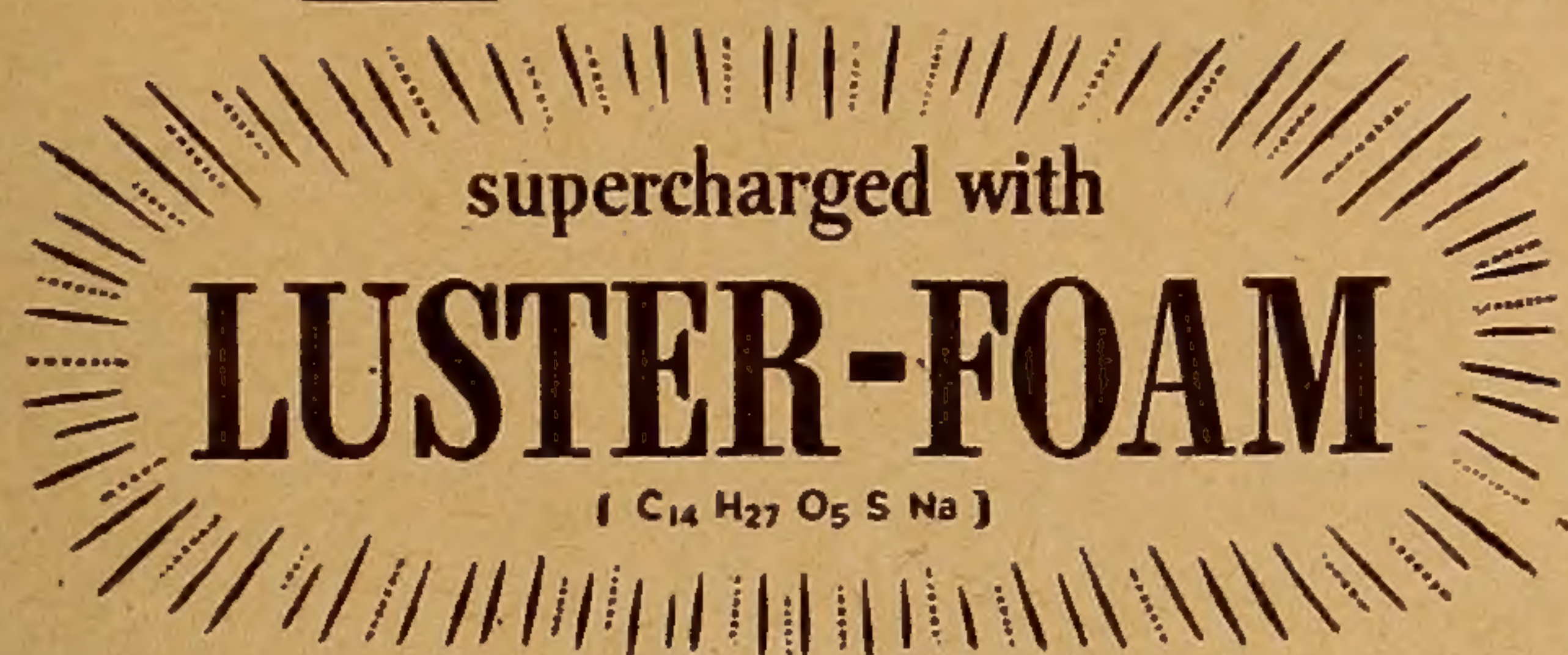
(Continued on page 51)



Mary Small is grown up now—She's on the Ben Bernie show.

**ALL
YOURS** { **CLEANLINESS** *that's unbelievable!*
LUSTER *you've always desired!*
MOUTH FRESHNESS *that lasts!*

WITH THE NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



Luster-Foam gets better results because it is more penetrating . . . foams into tiny pits, cracks, and fissures where so much decay begins.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam is energized into a stimulating, aromatic "bubble bath" that freshens the mouth delightfully and actually performs a miracle on teeth.

The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its amazing penetrating power.

It swiftly goes to work on the remote and hard-to-reach areas where, some authorities say, more than 75% of decay starts . . . between the teeth . . . back of the teeth . . . on bite surfaces with their tiny pits, cracks, and fissures. No wonder that some authorities

hail it as one of the most important contributions to dental care.

As that safe, dainty Luster-Foam detergent "bubble bath" freshens the mouth it also performs these benefits:

1. Quickly sweeps away food deposits and new surface stains. **2.** Attacks film which dulls the natural luster of the teeth. **3.** Aids in preventing dangerous acid ferments which hasten decay.

Once you try the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam you will agree with the ver-



dict of a nationwide Women's Consumer Survey which voted it a decided favorite over two leading brands, a 2 to 1 choice over the third, and a slight edge over the fourth leading brand. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same except for the fourth paste. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.

WHERE LADIES TAKE A BEATING...



AT THE BRIDGE TABLE. More colds than you can count start there. A cold never keeps a woman home when she has the prospect of making a slam in spades. She takes it with her to Mabel's and endangers them all. Too bad they don't put up Listerine as a prize for high score.



AT BARGAIN SALES. No cold ever kept a woman away from one. When you shop you run the risk of being infected. Others cough or sneeze in your direction and bacteria enters through nose or throat. Fatigue encourages germs to begin their destructive work.



AT THE COOK STOVE. Sudden temperature changes or drafts, may be other contributing causes of colds. A woman meets them often . . . over the cook stove . . . coming from the theatre . . . stepping out of her car into the cold air.

At the first sign of a cold or sore throat Listerine . . . quick!

Tests showed germs associated with colds and sore throat reduced as much as 96.7%, 15 minutes after gargling Listerine

Wet feet . . . sudden temperature changes . . . direct exposure to germs . . . all may be contributing causes of colds and simple sore throat. After such exposures, gargle Listerine Antiseptic quick! It may spare you a serious cold or painful sore throat.

At such times, Listerine Antiseptic

seems to give Nature the helping hand it needs in controlling the dangerous bacteria in mouth and throat. The pictures at the right show high germ reductions in the mouth, in tests made following Listerine Antiseptic gargle—ranging up to 96.7%, 15 minutes after the gargle; up to 80%, even after one hour.

Keep Listerine handy and always use it at the first symptom of trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.





HOLLYWOOD RADIO WHISPERS

Tarzan to the mike! Johnny Weissmuller, above, says Fisher, will broadcast this spring.

By **GEORGE FISHER**

Listen to his program on Saturday nights, at 6:30, over the Mutual network.



Above, Fanny Brice and her daughter Frances. Frances gets her first movie break in "Zaza."

Below, Rudy Vallee in Hollywood—maybe to make a new picture—directs his broadcast.



Fink

THE Bob Hopes are busy denying stork rumors, and all because of an innocent little gag in Bob's radio monologue recently, which ran as follows:

"Congratulations are in order tonight. There's been a little addition at the Hope House . . . of course, it's been expected for quite a while . . . say, aren't they cute at first? . . . Gee, my wife will be surprised when she sees my new car."

Seems that many listeners heard all but the last sentence.

* * *

Studio workers are calling Bob Taylor "Tarzan" because he hasn't had his hair cut in ten weeks. The reason for the long hair is this: Bob didn't like the wig which the studio had made for him to wear in his new picture "Stand Up and Fight"; instead, Bob decided to let his own hair grow to the necessary length. "Stand Up and Fight" is supposed to be a hair-raising story!

* * *

Ken Murray and Edgar Bergen are two of Hollywood's closest friends, and they never fail to pull some new gag on each other at the most inopportune moments. Recently Murray arrived in Hollywood from New York and phoned Bergen, under the guise of the editor of the New York Times. Bergen was at his politest . . . Murray in his best "editor's" voice. After arranging a meeting, Murray chimed in, "By the way, we have a mutual friend . . . Ken Murray." Bergen replied, "Oh yes . . . Ken's out here now, you know." That was too much for Murray . . . and he let out one of his infectious laughs . . . and Bergen immediately recognized it. You'd think that after sixteen years they'd run out of gags . . . but, of course, Bergen can always fall back on Charlie McCarthy's woodencisms.

(Continued on page 10)

At Last!

YOU SEE THEM CLASH ON THE SCREEN!



A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Coming Soon!

Screenplay by GEORGE MARION, Jr.
Original story by Charles Bogle
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Associate Producer: LESTER COWAN

W.C. FIELDS
in
**You Can't Cheat
an Honest Man**
with
Edgar BERGEN
and
Charlie McARTHUR



TEST
Thynmold
for 10 days
... at our
expense!

GIRDLE OR
BRASSIERE
may be worn
separately

Appear **SLIMMER** ... at once!

WOULD you like to **SLENDERIZE** your **SILHOUETTE**... and wear dresses **sizes smaller**? That is just what the Thynmold Perforated Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe it possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we will send you a beautiful **THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere** to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot wear a dress smaller than you normally wear, it costs you nothing.

BULGES Smoothed Out INSTANTLY!

Make the simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat... the thickness of waist... the width of hips. Now slip into your **THYNMOLD** and see the amazing difference! Your new outline is not only smaller, but all bulges have been smoothed out *instantly*!

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your **THYNMOLD**. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed. If you are not delighted... if **THYNMOLD** does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Made of the Famous PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate... its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation. **Send for free illustrated folder**

**Quickly
CORRECT
YOUR
FIGURE
FAULTS**

BEFORE... A Bulging Reflection in Your Ordinary Girdle



AFTER... Sizes Smaller... No Bulges... in Thynmold!



Thynmold GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept. 182, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y.

Send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name.....
Address.....
.....



The Jon Halls won't be having the time for such dinner parties now that Frances Langford is on Texaco.

The scripts for the Edward G. Robinson show, "Big Town", are especially written each week by some of Hollywood's biggest and best writers. Recent show, "Hell and High Water" was the work of Crane Wilbur... old time leading man for Pearl White... also the author of "Alcatraz". This air drama, however, was Wilbur's first important venture into radio writing.

Crutches and an adhesive-tape bound ankle meant nothing to Shirley Ross recently, when she celebrated with her husband, Ken Dolan, at the House of Murphy. Injuries were caused by a free-for-all battle with Madeleine Carroll in "Cafe Society" called for in the script. During the brawl she caught her foot in a cable of a lamp and tore a ligament in her ankle. The injury was not too serious, and she returned to work the following week.

If and when Raymond Paige signs his next contract... he may bring his new show to the West Coast. For the first time, he has built a show to his own liking... the kind he has always wanted.

Rudy Vallee's new singer, Caryl Gould, who is currently appearing with him at the Coconut Grove, is a sultry brunette... the first singer with Rudy since Fay Webb. Judy Starr and Alice Faye, two of his best-known singers, were definite blondes.

Gene Krupa, who is currently making a Paramount picture, is wowing Hollywood with his sensational rhythms at the Palomar, popular Hollywood dance spot. Krupa, named by

Paul Whiteman as the outstanding drummer of this country, attracts Hollywood jitterbugs as well as the cinema great by his drum wizardry.

The political situation in Europe has done a lot for South American tourist travel. With Ty Power already there, and Clark Gable and Bob Taylor both announcing it as their next vacation spot, it looks as though Hollywood has finally discovered that there are really **TWO Americas!**

A star always gets what he wants in Hollywood... sometimes! Dick Powell wanted to get away from singing roles, so Warners put him into "Always Leave Them Laughing," surrounded by 38 songs!

Johnny Weissmuller will be on the air early this spring. Which reminds me Johnny has made only **THREE** Tarzan pictures in six years. But now he's really going to work. His new film contract calls for him to make three Tarzan pictures in three years. So far in his film career, Weissmuller has seldom had to speak a line in his pictures... he merely says "Ugh!" The terms of his new contract call for him to say twice as much... in other words, "Ugh! Ugh!"

Confidentially, it seems that sooner or later they all go Hollywood. Even Bob Burns has a new streamlined Bazooka!

And there's the one about Charlie McCarthy; Charlie is doing so well at Universal that he's been signed to a new, long-term-ite contract!

Confidentially, I tip my hat to Jerry Colonna, be-mustached comedian of the Bob Hope show, for putting an egotistical star in his place. The star in question remarked to Colonna that he wouldn't stoop so low as to raise a big mustache just for people to laugh at, whereupon Colonna replied, "I'd rather have them laugh at a big mustache than sneer at a big head!"

* * *

Unknown to Hollywood, Fanny Brice's nineteen-year-old daughter Frances has been working in the Claudette Colbert picture, "Zaza," as one of the dancers in the Floradora Sextette. It all happened when Fanny coached Miss Colbert in her dancing sequences . . . revealing tricks to Claudette that Fanny spent a lifetime in developing. Claudette was so appreciative, she urged the studio to sign Fanny's daughter, who had for a long time been eager to work in pictures!

* * *

Dorothy Lamour, Chase & Sanborn songbird, was selected to ride in the Santa Claus Parade in Hollywood this year.

* * *

Thayer Ridgeway, Sales Manager of KHJ, Los Angeles outlet for the Mutual Network, used to be a writer on the Los Angeles Examiner. Just before he left there some ten years ago, he wrote a series of articles . . . under the title, "Put Your Message Before the Moderns." The articles were never used. . . . But recently, the articles were printed in their entirety . . . by his former paper.

. . . ten years after he had written them!

* * *

Recently when Comedian Bob Hope visited Elliott Roosevelt in Fort Worth, Texas, Bob slept in Elliott's only guest room. The next morning, at breakfast, Elliott asked Bob how he slept. "Fine," said Hope, "why?" "Well," said Elliott, "that guest room was built especially for one person, and in all the time we have lived here, he slept in it only once." The special guest, as you probably have surmised, was the President of the United States.

* * *

Deanna Durbin is a grown-up girl now . . . recently she was the guest of honor at the British-American Society's Armistice Ball at Hollywood's Ambassador Hotel. Her gown was the envy of many a glamorous star.

* * *

Because of her role in MGM's "Honolulu," Gracie Allen is learning the Hula dance, straight from the hips of a genuine Waikiki dancer.

* * *

Pretty 19-year-old Sara Berner, who does the impersonations on the Cantor show, has been signed to a Broadway contract. Her first role is the lead in Eddie Davis' new revue, "The Curtain Rises." Miss Berner is considered by Cantor to be the greatest impersonator and dialectician of all time.

Bob "Believe It or Not" Ripley is now a Hollywood actor. He has made 27 shorts, but "Lawless Era," based on the life of Jesse James, is the first he has made in Hollywood.

* * *

When Ted Fio Rito quit dance band batoning following his stay at Topsy's, famous Los Angeles nitery, Hollywood lost one of its oldest and best-liked dance leaders. Ted tells me he will limit himself to composing, and conducting the band on the Jack Haley show. Muzzy Marcelino, Fio Rito's vocalist, has taken up the baton with his own musical clan.

* * *

Mabel Todd has just returned to Hollywood from her triumphant New York stage appearance, where she appeared at Loew's State with Milton Berle and Tony Romano—you'll remember Mabel and Tony were highlights of the Al Pearce show several years ago. This was Mabel's first return to New York since her success in pictures . . . and her home town welcomed her with open arms.

* * *

Since Lester Elliott, secretary and valet to comedian Charles Ruggles for nine years, suffered injuries in an auto crash, Ruggles has had to do a lone wolf act on the set of "Parents on Probation," and on the Texaco show, on which he is featured.



Petal Smooth Skin
GAINS ON EVERY TACK

NOW
YOUR POWDER BASE PROVIDES
EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"
TOO!*

NOW when you smooth your skin for powder with Pond's Vanishing Cream, you give it extra skin care. Now Pond's contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again.

Use Pond's Vanishing Cream before powder and for overnight to provide extra "skin-vitamin" for your skin. Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

"Sun and wind don't roughen my skin! I've always used Pond's Vanishing Cream to keep my skin soft for powder. One application helps smooth away little roughnesses."

Thelma Spradley

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.
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Jitterbugs

WE'RE NOT WHAT YOU THINK

By One of Them

YOU'VE read a lot of things about me, I know. And not all of them nice. You've read all about how I get up and jump and yell and stomp my feet and kick my legs when I hear swing music. You've seen pictures in the papers and magazines of me doing these things, with my arms and legs sticking out like a star fish. You've read about how maybe I go into drunken sex orgies and smoke marijuana after listening to swing music.

But you've never before given me a chance to speak for myself. That's what I'm going to do now.

In the first place, I don't go in for drunken sex orgies and I don't smoke marijuana. I'm too tired after doing a fast Lindy hop or shag for the former, and the latter is out because any kind of smoking hurts your wind. And besides, anything that befuddles your head keeps you from hearing the music right.

Of course, maybe I do dance a way that seems to older people a little wild. But you can't expect a girl who knows how to drive an automobile and who can read any day how people fly from California to New York in twenty hours, and who also knows about the *Normandie* crossing the Atlantic in four days, to monkey around with minuets or schottisches (however you spell it) or waltzes. Those dances go with horses and buggies.

How did I get this way? Well, that's a hard one.

I've asked lots of my friends the same question, just to make this story authentic. And they all say the same thing. They say they always liked jazz, from way back when they were kids. Maybe somebody played them an old Dixieland Jazz Band record. Or one by the Mound City Blue Blowers. Or something by Frank Trumbauer's orchestra with Bix Beiderbecke on the cornet. Maybe "Tiger Rag." Or "Sugar Foot Stomp." Or "Mississippi Mud." Or "Singing the Blues."

You didn't have to tell a real jitterbug—only they didn't call us that then—what was good about it. We'd start tapping our feet and clapping our hands straight off.

That goes for the real, genuine jitterbug. He doesn't know why he likes the stuff, but he likes it. And it's not because somebody else tells him he ought to like it either, the way people sometimes tell you you *ought* to like Beethoven or Bach, whether you understand Beethoven and Bach or not.

Maybe if we'd been brought up by candle light to ride in bumpy stage coaches and go to services in draughty cathedrals and study Latin and Greek and not have enough orange juice or go to the dentist every six months, we'd be different.

But we weren't. We had electric lights and enough heat and minstrel shows. (Continued on page 60)



WHY I HATE THEM

By a Famous Dance Band Leader

I REMEMBER when swing first began to get the people. I remember it well, because it got me too. That was about two years ago. It seems much longer than that now. It seems an eternity.

When swing came in I had a fairly big name in the band business. I had a group of musicians who had worked with me a long time. We had built a style. Building a style isn't easy, it takes years of work. We were a sweet band. Sweet nothing, the sort of music we played was downright tender.

But along came swing, slowly at first, then all of a sudden. And after it came, all of a sudden it went wild, and everybody wanted it. I had to give up my sweet style, or slip slowly down the ladder and take to one-nighters. When you've been leading a band, and blowing an instrument in the big league as long as I had, you don't slip if you can help it. You know how hard it is to get back up again.

So I changed from sweet music to swing. I had to let some of my men go, musicians who had worked with me a long while. I got a hot trumpet section, and a couple of screaming saxes. I even changed my own style of playing, and I won't tell you what instrument I play because then you'd know who I am. What I've got to say would knock me right out of this swing business, and I can't afford to go now. Right now I'm cleaning up, but it's been killing me. Maybe I'm not smart enough to know you can't take it with you. I knew a lot of guys who



Jitterbug favorites — reading clockwise,
Tommy Dorsey, Bunny Berigan, Louis Pri-
ma, a jam session, Gene Krupa, Cab Cal-
loway, Benny Goodman and Clyde McCoy.

didn't take anything with them.
When I went swing with the rest of
the world, I didn't mind it so much at
first. I hated to change my band, and
let some of my musicians go, but I liked
swing then; it wasn't so bad.

I'd played plenty of swing, but not for cats
and jitterbugs. Four or five of us guys would
go over to our hotel after playing a date and
begin to mess around. You know, blowing it
out plenty hot and loud for our own amusement.
Batting away at anything we liked, just for re-
laxation. Sometimes we jammed it for hours,
even until we'd get a few hot licks on the door
from the hotel manager—off beat, of course—
telling us to quiet down or jive out of his hotel.
But it was fun then. It was a fine life. And
swing was played the way it ought to be played.
For musicians, for those who can understand it.
Maybe it was two weeks after we started play-
ing swing for the cash customers, maybe it was
less, when I began to notice the difference in
myself and my men. There were no more
laughs. There were no jam sessions after
hours. When we came off the stand after a
six-hour session we were weak around the
knees. We were dead tired from blowing
our brains out for the cats and jitterbugs.

Even at that, the first few months weren't
so bad. We were too worked up about
swing to be able to tell what it was
doing to us. The yelling, cheering,
shouting jitterbugs kept us keyed
up. It was good, at first, to
see kids get so excited
about music, even if
they didn't know
what it was

all about. And the price of the band
went sky high. We all made more
money than we had ever made. That
helped. You have no idea how it helped.

But none of us could keep up the pace.
The long, continuous playing, the unceasing
clamor of the swing fans for more and more.
Playing a wind instrument means constant
pressure against the lips. Playing soft, sweet
stuff will often cause lip irritation. But swing
absolutely tears the lips to pieces. I've seen
players in my brass section wince every time
they put their horns to their lips. That agonized
look on their faces wasn't ecstasy; they weren't
"out of the world," as the jitterbugs so gloriously
put it.

Listen, jitterbug, you yell for your swing, but
I'd love to see you up there slapping it out hour
after hour! Next time you yell "Send me! Send
me!" get up next to the band and take a good,
close look at the lips of the men in the brass sec-
tion. It isn't pretty to see. They're red and
raw, cracked and parched, nearly bleeding.
Now you've got an idea of how the surface of
a brass player's lips look after a couple of
months of playing swing.

The nervous tension, the long hours, the
terrifying noise was too much for us. Some
of us took to drinking. You can like it
or not, a lot of us didn't, but that's the
easiest way to keep going. I know
one leader who has been drinking
himself out of the business. He
drinks heavy—about two
quarts a day. Sure, he can
certainly swing out,

(Continued on
page 62)

Calendar-1939



Listen to Fibber McGee on the NBC Red network, Tuesdays at 9:30 P.M.

WHY I'M PICKETING THE

New Year

By FIBBER MCGEE

A CERTAIN Roman gentleman, one Julius Caesar, whose best friend was his toga, had a brainstorm in 46 B.C. He discovered that there were 365 days in the year. The next thing he knew, he'd invented the calendar. Which would have been all right by me if he hadn't included the month of January.

It's too late now to do much about it. January has become a national institution. But there's no law that says you have to ruin your health, your bank account, and your happy home life just because of it.

There's a mistaken and pretty popular notion that the New Year is a cause for celebration. After years of colliding with the New Year head on and coming out much the worse for wear, I feel it's time to suggest a new order of things.

Of course there's a bright side to it. It leaves over 300 shopping days before you have to take back all your Christmas presents and exchange them for

things you thought you'd get and didn't.

The first step naturally is to be able to breathe when you wake up on the first day. Unless you can do that, there's not much use my going on. For years I used to lie in bed, keep my eyes shut tight and pretend it was still December 31. But you can carry anything too far and, so when it got to be January tenth, my wife would tiptoe into the room, say "Happy New Year," empty a pitcher of ice cubes on my head and hand me my check book. After all, the discount on bills payable is only good until the tenth of the month. Then she'd say,

"Fibber, our worries are over. I've worked out a budget for us."

Now, what's happy about a new year when you begin it with a budget?

We have a new budget every year. Ten percent for clothes (the wife's), another (Continued on page 74)

ASTOUNDING

Outcome

OF THE "MARTIAN SCARE"



Welles directs a radio program.

Strange and paradoxical are these untold facts about the broadcast that terrified a nation and the young genius who directed it

By NORTON RUSSELL

WHILE Orson Welles was broadcasting the Mercury Theater's production of "The War of the Worlds" he didn't have the slightest notion that he was frightening hundreds of people into convulsion fits. It was only when he emerged from the studio, to find the building surrounded by police cars, blue-coats swarming through the corridors and brandishing their nightsticks, and irate CBS officials on the verge of apoplexy, that he realized the enormity of his Hallowe'en broadcast.

Then he thought, along with many of his listeners, that the end of the world had come. The only difference was that it seemed to be the end of his own little private world of phenomenal success at the age of twenty-three.

The morning after the broadcast, after a night which—if you looked at his unshaven, worried face—had obviously been sleepless, he turned up at CBS to make abject apologies to reporters, cameramen, and news-reel photographers. He was still sure he'd ruined himself. "If I'd planned to wreck my career," he told everyone who looked sympathetic, and some who didn't, "I couldn't have gone about it better."

But the wreck of his career turned out instead to be a nice fat contract for himself and the Mercury Theater troupe—a contract with Campbell's Soups at a reported salary of \$7,500 a week. If he'd planned to put himself right into the big money, he couldn't have succeeded more gloriously.

That's one unforeseen result of the most talked-of broadcast of this or many years. But there were other results, just as unexpected. In fact, if you can make one statement about that famous program, it is this: All of its results were exactly the opposite of what everyone thought they'd be. And since everyone thought all the results would be bad, the strange fact gradually emerges that the scare was a pretty healthy thing for all concerned, after all.

Take what it's done for the young genius who was

the central figure in all the commotion—Mr. Orson Welles.

Up until the night of October 30, you could have mentioned his name anywhere in the United States except New York without drawing a spark of interest from nine out of every ten people. The tenth person might have known that he had something to do with a Sunday-night radio program.

Yet for the last four years Orson has been an important radio actor. He's sent cold shivers up and down your back many a time if you've ever listened to The Shadow programs, in which he played the title role until this season. You've heard him acting in the March of Time and many another commercial show. You've even heard him reading poetry in the pauses between a lady announcer's cooking recipes. But that wasn't the sort of thing that would make a dent in the public's consciousness. Radio actors, unless they hire high-powered press-agents, don't become famous.

On Broadway, he was well known, all right. He's been the Main Stem's wonder-boy ever since he produced a Federal Theater version of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" with a cast of colored actors. He followed this up with another Federal Theater hit or two, then branched out to become director, star, stage-manager, scenic designer, and general handyman for his own Mercury Theater. But Broadway isn't America, and it's doubtful if all his excellent work on the New York stage would ever have made him matter much to the rest of the country.

And then—an accident, an innocent mistake, a blunder . . . And everybody in the country knew who he was. Overnight, the attention of 12,000,000 people was focussed on this young man, as it would never have been if he'd just gone on producing and starring in good radio shows and good plays.

This winter he is planning on taking his Mercury Theater players on a transcontinental tour. He couldn't even have seriously considered such plans before the

Pix Pub.



Two years before the "Martian" broadcast, Orson Welles' performances on the stage had brought him Broadway fame. Left to right, his startling make-ups in "Danton's Death," "Heartbreak House," and "Dr. Faustus."

Martians descended on New Jersey, because—to be quite frank about it—the Mercury plays are rather far over on the “arty” side, and standing on their own merits would be a questionable gamble for audiences outside of their big, cosmopolitan home city. Now, with all the publicity the Mercury has gained, a tour would stand a good chance of making money.

ONE thing that Orson, at least, certainly never expected to happen, after that Martian broadcast, is his contract with the Campbell people. Negotiations had been on between the Mercury and Campbell's for some time, but no contracts had been signed. Campbell's was openly anxious to find a substitute for its costly Hollywood Hotel, but for some reason it hadn't made up its mind. Orson was sure everything was off, after the scare broadcast. But instead of calling negotiations off, they hired the Mercury troupe—and at a price which was even higher than had been asked before the broadcast!

Violent mutterings of censorship were the first reaction to the Hallowe'en scare. Network officials were afraid to breathe lest the Federal Communications Commission hand down an order that all scripts must be approved by it before being put on the air. It looked as though the American system of radio might be turned topsy-turvy, just because of one brief broadcast.

But see what actually happened. People got to thinking things over, and they decided that the most dangerous thing about the “War of the Worlds” broadcast was that it might bring on censorship of radio. The very newspapers which had printed the most highly-colored stories about the scare let a day or two pass, and then came out with editorials urging the government not to let itself be stampeded into censoring radio in any way, shape or form.

And the growing agitation for censorship, which has been fretting radio for the past year, seems thereupon to have received a healthy set-back.

Even more remarkable was the fact that a fictional drama, a bit of fantasy, should help strengthen the nation's rearmament and defense program. Panic such as that which gripped people from Maine to California on October 30 could have only one explanation, military and naval experts figured. The United States was woefully unprepared to protect itself from attack and frighteningly conscious of that unpreparedness. People were all too ready to believe that a foreign enemy could invade New Jersey and take possession of the New York metropolitan district.

Columnist Dorothy Thompson even went so far as to suggest that Orson be awarded the Congressional Medal for jolting America into a realization of its defenseless position. He probably won't get the medal. But he did set the government a-thinking.

Another good thing “The War of the Worlds” accomplished was to bar hysterical news reporters from the air. No more, broadcasters agreed, would news bulle-

tins be read hysterically, as if the fate of the world had just been decided the wrong way. In the future, if an announcer yells “Flash!” at you, you can be sure that he really has something of vital, even terrible, importance to tell you.

And—strangest aftermath of all—Campbell Soup's decision to drop their Hollywood show and sponsor a program which had been considered too highbrow for commercial radio has started another ball rolling. Rolling, it may be, away from Hollywood. Within a week after Campbell's announced their new plans came rumors of other Hollywood programs in trouble, worrying over impending cast changes, thinking about discarding “glamorous” movie names and returning to New York.

After all, during the time when the supposedly top-ranking star, Charlie McCarthy, was on the air there were still enough listeners to a humble sustaining program to cause a panic. And that's a fact that has led smart advertising men to wonder if the big variety shows haven't about reached the limit of their effectiveness, and if listeners won't go in a big way for a less high-powered program.

Still another unforeseen development cropped up in the legal department. The day after the Martian broadcast there were all sorts of dire predictions that CBS and Orson would be flooded with suits for damages by people who in their fright had injured

themselves. So far, according to the most reliable information, very few of these heralded suits have been filed. There have been letters threatening suits—plenty of them—but little actual legal action.

TWO moving picture companies and a famous author have benefited by the scare broadcast—believe it or not. Paramount had a half-finished picture called “Invasion” in the works on October 30, and as this is written they are rushing completion in order to catch the customers while the publicity is still hot. And Universal lost no time in knocking together a feature-length picture from its old serial, “Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars,” retitling it “Mars Attacks the World,” and putting it into the theaters, where it did very nicely. Finally, the sales of books by H. G. Wells, who wrote the story from which Orson adapted the broadcast, boomed immediately.

And the man responsible for all these changes in viewpoint, all these conferences about preparedness in Washington, all these admissions paid and books sold, is a youngster barely twenty-three years old!

According to the sworn records of Kenosha, Wisconsin, where Orson was born, that's his age. Skeptic after skeptic who didn't—wouldn't—couldn't believe that such a mere child could create the success of the Mercury Theater, has wired to Kenosha, requesting copies of his birth certificate. The copies always arrive by return mail, all correct and attested.

For some reason, it irritates many of his co-workers in the Broadway vineyard (*Continued on page 70*)



"The Shadow" was Orson's biggest radio role until this season.

By
GLADYS
HALL



MGM

OUT OF *Exile*

WILLIAM POWELL is back at work again—back on the M-G-M lot, recreating the well-beloved character of Nick Charles, mistakenly but frequently called The Thin Man. After almost a year of illness, a year in which it was whispered that he would never again face a camera, Bill Powell is

proving that the gossips were wrong.

That's news, and good news. But what you don't know is that it was radio, and a now-departed program, which really brought Bill back to his public.

Hollywood Hotel is off the air now, probably for good, after four honorable years of entertainment,

but its closing weeks were one of the best swan-songs any program ever had, for they introduced Bill Powell to the air: a new radio personality, as polished and charming to the ear as he is to the eye; a fastidious workman; in short, a fine actor. Hollywood Hotel taught Bill that he (Continued on page 72)

The Thin Man is back at work again, free from the bondage of ill health, and radio shares the credit! A vivid closeup of Bill Powell at the mike

HOW TO TELL YOUR CHILDREN ABOUT SEX



Gabriel Heatter—commentator, and director of *We, the People*, who had the courage to speak his mind on this subject.

by Judy Ashley

HOW much should we tell our children? How should we tell it? At what age? Should we even tell them anything? Should we, perhaps, let them find out about sex in their own way, from their own friends?

Those are the most difficult questions—if not the most important—that a parent must answer.

A few years ago educators thought they had the correct answer: "Tell them everything, and tell them early." But now the pendulum of thought and opinion is beginning to reverse its swing. Some parents are wondering if too much frankness may not be as harmful as too little—and articles and interviews by prominent educators in the press are lending support to their doubts. Indeed, some of these published statements might lead one to believe that we are headed back toward an era of prudery.

In the midst of the controversy, the sincere, honest parent, anxious only to do what is best for her children, is left in confusion. It's for such parents that this article is intended—as a guide to a sane and sensible method of sex instruction.

Gabriel Heatter, radio's news commentator and master of ceremonies on *We, the People*, is the father of a twenty-year-old daughter and an eighteen-year-old son who are living results of such a sane and sensible method.

Heatter himself is a reformed "old-fashioned" parent, inclined at first to shy away from too much frankness; but Mrs. Heatter has always been an advocate of modern theories. Between them they followed the middle of the road, and thus discovered the way to treat this delicate problem with real wisdom.

"I didn't believe in 'modern education,'" Heatter confesses now. "Mrs. Heatter was always far ahead of me in that respect, and we even used to quarrel over how much we should tell the children. If I'd been left to myself Maida and Basil would have been put off when they came to us with their questions. I'd have told them that nice people didn't talk about such things until they were older. I would have, really—although

I'm a little ashamed to admit it now. I'd have been wrong. Because if there's one thing I'm proud and happy over today, it's my children's healthy, unashamed minds and morals.

"But because I did start out with that old-fashioned viewpoint, I can also see now that a middle-of-the-road policy in telling your children about sex is much wiser than the method too many parents are following today, of forcing sex knowledge on children when they aren't ready to receive it.

"Parents—because so much has been said and written on the subject—get obsessed with the necessity of telling their children about sex. The result is that they try so hard to do what they believe to be their duty that pretty soon

sex is occupying far too important a place in the child's delicate mind.

"I know one woman who actually pesters her twelve-year-old son with sex information. He isn't interested, not in the least. He'd much rather talk about baseball. But she keeps on, and gradually she's building up in that boy's mind a belief that, to her, sex is the most important thing in the world. Naturally, he's receptive—what child isn't?—and eventually sex will become abnormally important to him too.

"She doesn't realize it but this woman is doing exactly what her 'old-fashioned' ancestors did—placing an undue emphasis on sex. They did it by hiding the facts; she is doing it by flaunting them.

"Look at it as a matter of diet. In feeding your children, you give them a balanced diet, don't you? A certain amount of meat, of green vegetables, of starches, of cereals? You would no more deprive them of one kind of food—starches, for instance—than you would feed them on it exclusively. A child's mental diet should be just as varied. He should have as much sex information as he needs, and no more.

"The only way you can tell when a child needs sex information is through his questions. In bringing up Maida and Basil, Mrs. Heatter and I answered all questions—but we never (Continued on page 76)



H. Armstrong Roberts

Only the kind of frankness that made this daring interview possible will solve the problem parents find hardest to face

TELEVISION

It's no guess-work now! Facts, not fancies—real first time read the complete, authentic story of

MANY Americans will have television sets operating in their homes within six months time! They will have purchased these sets on the open market. For *at least* four hours, every week, they will be able to see and hear television programs. The television sets will be within the reach of the average man's purse, and the cost of operating these sets will amount to little more than what it now costs to operate a radio.

What this article has to say is not tempered with "ifs, maybes, or buts," as the articles about television have been in the past. It is based on fact. It will take into consideration, however, the deficiencies as well as the new and known advantages these sets will have when they are placed on the market. Further than this, to show you the far reaching significance television will have on you, the consumer.

Television sets will go on sale April 30th, 1939. Some sets may go on sale before this time, perhaps even by January 1st. The definite date set, however, by the

Radio Manufacturers of America is April 30th. These sets will be put out by practically all the large companies who are now manufacturing radio sets.

The cost of these sets has been estimated between \$150.00 and \$1000, the cost depending upon the size of the screen. The set the average buyer will want to purchase will cost between \$200 and \$300. *All these sets will be equipped with sound as well as sight.* There will be some sets on the market which will carry sight only, but these sets probably won't last very long and will not be purchased as heavily as the sight and sound sets.

These television sets will be on sale in large cities only. They will be sold by all the large department stores and establishments of this kind which now sell radios. The reason television sets will only be sold in large cities is because television transmitters will be located only in large cities, and television can *now* only be transmitted a distance of 40 or 50 miles.

The cities which will have television

BY JACK SHER

Television receivers similar to the RCA model below, will be on sale by April 30.



Twin television towers—Chrysler Building; opposite page, The Empire State.

a Reality!

sets and real programs! Here for the television—the how, when, and how much!

transmitters will be first of all New York, where on April 1st weekly television broadcasts will begin. These broadcasts will come from both NBC and CBS. NBC has its television transmitter located atop the Empire State Building, and CBS operates its from the top of the Chrysler building.

Next most likely place for television will be Los Angeles, where it has been making most rapid strides—that city having more good technical men per capita than any in the United States. Other cities erecting television transmitters are Philadelphia, where experiments have been already carried on, Boston, Pittsburgh, Albany, and Chicago.

If you do not live within a fifty mile radius of these cities, you will have to wait for television. The length of that wait will be taken up later.

The size of the television screen when it first comes out will be 7½ by 10 inches. The size of this screen will change rapidly as production of sets increase. As a mat-

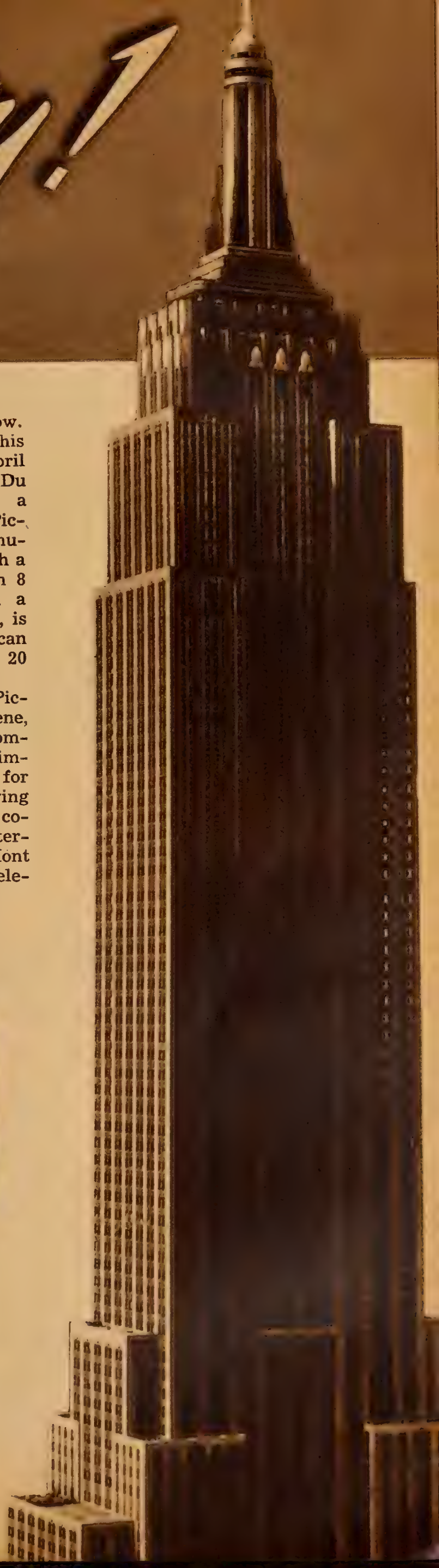
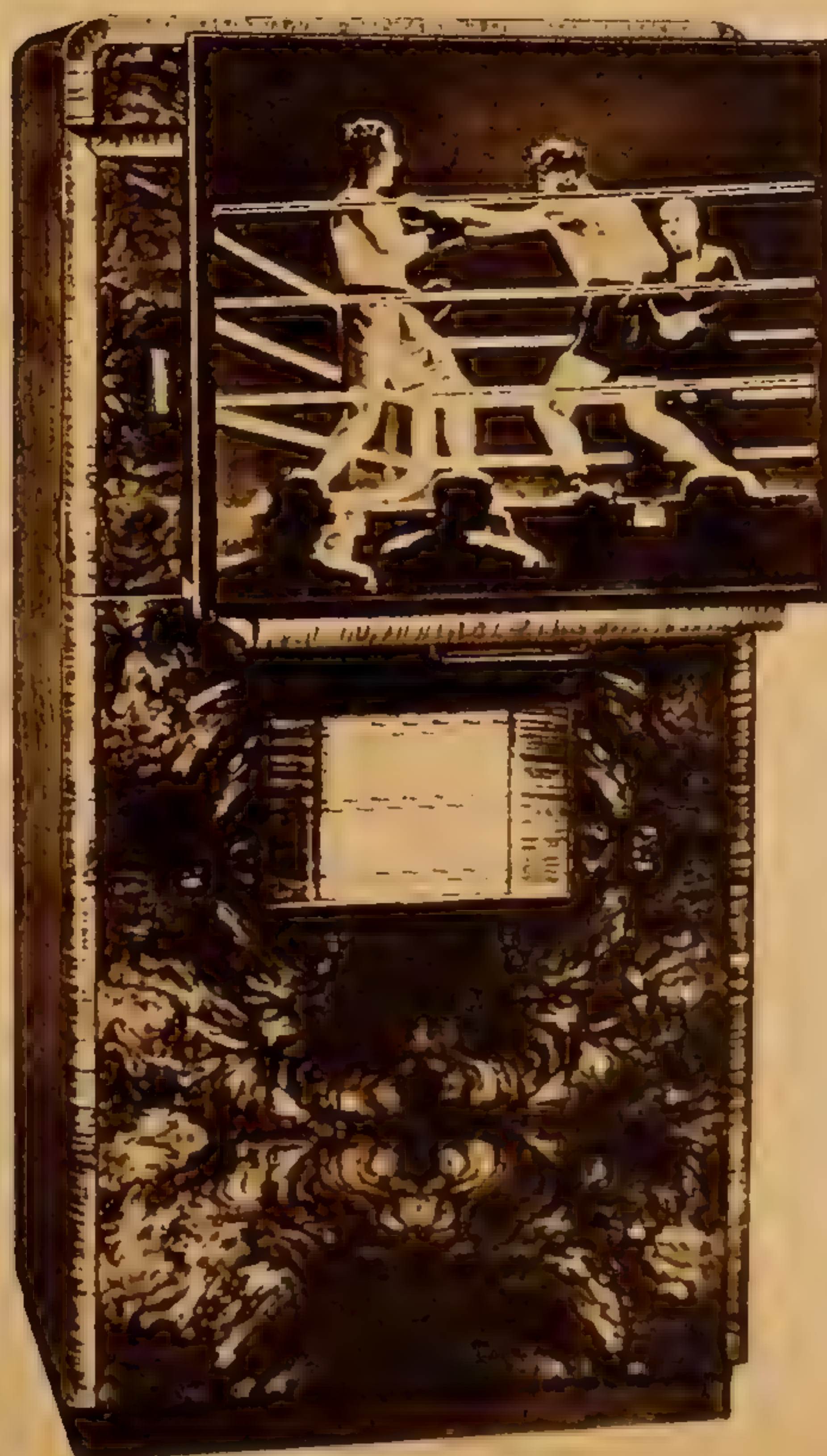
ter of fact, it is changing now. After David Sarnoff made his announcement of the April 30th television debut, the Du Mont television company, a subsidiary of Paramount Pictures, announced that on January 1st they will be out with a television set which has an 8 by 11 inch screen. And a British company, Scophony, is at work on sets for American consumption that will have 20 by 24 inch screens.

The entry of Paramount Pictures into the television scene, through its subsidiary company, Du Mont, is very important, since it indicates for the first time that the moving picture industry will cooperate with this new entertainment medium. Du Mont is now manufacturing tele-

(Continued on page 64)

A new figure in television—Eddie Cantor is interested in...

... the Scophony set. English designed, it has a larger screen.



WARNING

If you object to the gruesome and the thrilling, if your blood runs cold at weird happenings, and if your soul balks at cruel murder—DON'T READ THIS STORY



Cat wife

FICTIONIZED FROM THE *LIGHTS OUT* RADIO DRAMA BY ARCH OBOLER, ORIGINALLY BROADCAST OVER NBC, ADMITTEDLY PRESENTED FOR CHILLS AND THRILLS ONLY. RADIO MIRROR PUBLISHES IT FOR THE SAME REASON

Illustration by Will Hammel

THERE were lights in the house when he came home that night—blazing lights and the harsh rasp of laughter.

He opened the front door quietly with his key, stood a moment in the hall, taking off his coat and setting his brief case down on the spindly, walnut-veneered table. Through the half-open door into the living room, he heard his wife's voice—noisy, blurring her words a very little.

"Come on," she was saying, "stick around, and let's have some more fun!"

He went into the living room. Linda, at the piano, saw him and struck a burlesque chord. "Hiya, Johnny boy!" she shouted. "Welcome home! I'm giving a party."

On the chesterfield couch were a man and a woman, lolling back with highball glasses in their hands. The man was little, sharp-featured, cunning. The woman was flabby, gross, dressed in violent colors. He felt a sudden shame that his wife should know such people.

"Get out!" he said through tight lips. "Get out—right now!"

"Go away," Linda scolded him. "You're spoiling my party. Kenny, throw him out—he's only my husband."

The man called Kenny didn't look at her. He and his companion got up from the couch. "Okay, okay," he said placatingly. "We was just going, Mister." They sidled past him, through the door.

"Come back, come back!" Linda screamed angrily. "He can't get away with this!" (Continued on page 67)



Martha Raye and Tiny Tim swing it at Al Jolson's party. Martha's one of the stars most frequently seen at nightclubs, favoring the Palomar.

RADIO'S STARS

Get around

Once they were home-loving folk, but the Hollywood social bug got them and now they're going places

HOLLYWOOD is bringing the stars of radio out of their shells. Generally, radio people aren't, and never have been, as socially minded as their picture colleagues. They've always been inclined to prefer the bright lights of the home fireside to the brighter lights of the currently popular night clubs. But today, when so many of them are living in Hollywood, they're learning how to have fun in public as well as private, and you'll see them in such places as the Trocadero, Brown Derby, and La Conga, formerly exclusive movie spots.

(Continued on next page)



RADIO'S favorite hangouts at the moment are La Conga and Wally Vernon's Stage One, but they may soon switch their attentions to a brand new meeting place. Stars like new places, and are in the habit of attending all openings, often at the request of the managers, who want the publicity. For luncheon, they go to the Brown Derby, for dinner to the Trocadero, seldom wavering in their allegiance.

You seldom find Fannie Brice nightclubbing (Baby Snooks just won't let her). Above with Charlie Chaplin at the Trocadero. Right, the Cafe Victor Hugo brings out three homebodies—Joe E. Brown, Bing Crosby, Gene Tunney.



Don Ameche is one of the rare chronic diner-outers—always with Mrs. A. Left, at the Clover Club with Harry Richman. Below, Shirley Temple, Charlie, and Edgar Bergen at the Legion parade.

RADIO'S STARS GET AROUND



DEMOCRACY and informality are the keynotes of radio society. Conspicuously absent are exclusive cliques. Rival comedians or singers are apt to be best friends—for instance, Eddie Cantor and Jack Benny have weekly casino games, and the Bennys and George Burnses go everywhere. An unpublicized social activity is the party Nelson Eddy gives at his home every other Sunday to the Chase & Sanborn cast.



Eddy Duchin's band at the Coconut Grove brought out Stuart Erwin and his wife. Left, the newly married Clark Andrews (she's Claire Trevor) were the inspiration for several parties recently.



Right, even in the midst of gay night life, Barbara Stanwyck and Jack Benny prove they can go in for serious discussion. The Bennys are often seen partying with the Andy Devines as well as the Burnses.



A familiar Hollywood foursome is Carole Lombard, Clark Gable and Mr. and Mrs. Andy Devine. Mrs. Andy is in the picture at the left too, but she's lurking in the shadows behind Clark's shoulder.

Photos by Hyman Fink

Whose Love Story?

The names and faces are different, but the romance is the same! Can you identify the two famous stars who played this real-life drama?

THE "He" and "She" in this picture-story are two of radio's best loved stars—and you should be able to identify them even if professional models do impersonate them in these pictures. Read the story, try to decide who the hero and heroine are, and then turn to page 82 for their real picture.

The story begins on Christmas Eve, backstage in a small-town theater where our sweethearts are playing in vaudeville. They've been partners for a year, and he is already in love with her—but she persistently refuses his frequent proposals. It is after the evening performances, and the troupe is planning to hold a holiday party, complete with Christmas tree, on the stage. For the role of Santa Claus they've picked out our hero, and decked out in his Santa costume, he drops into the heroine's dressing room, hoping that maybe she'll accept him at last. Now start the story and see what happens.



She's still refusing him. She tells him she doesn't love him, and says angrily she wishes he wouldn't keep bringing up a painful subject.

Completely crushed, he makes a very poor Santa Claus—growls at the children and mixes up all the presents. But he reaches a big decision.

After the party he tells her he's through—either she marries him or he quits the act. She is so shocked she runs from the room in tears.





Neither gets much sleep that night—and just as he picks up the phone to apologize, she calls him to say that she's sorry, she didn't realize how much she loved him until he made her cry, and she'll marry him if he still wants her.

On their wedding day, a short time later, they arrive in a new town at five in the morning. The hotel clerk warns them that if they register before seven o'clock they'll be charged for a whole extra day.



So, tired and cold, they wait in the lobby until seven, when they start out to find the justice of the peace.

Even then, they're almost too late, because they barely catch him as he's starting out on a day's hunting trip!





Fred MacMurray, rehearsing a Lux Theater show, ponders the correct delivery of a difficult phrase.

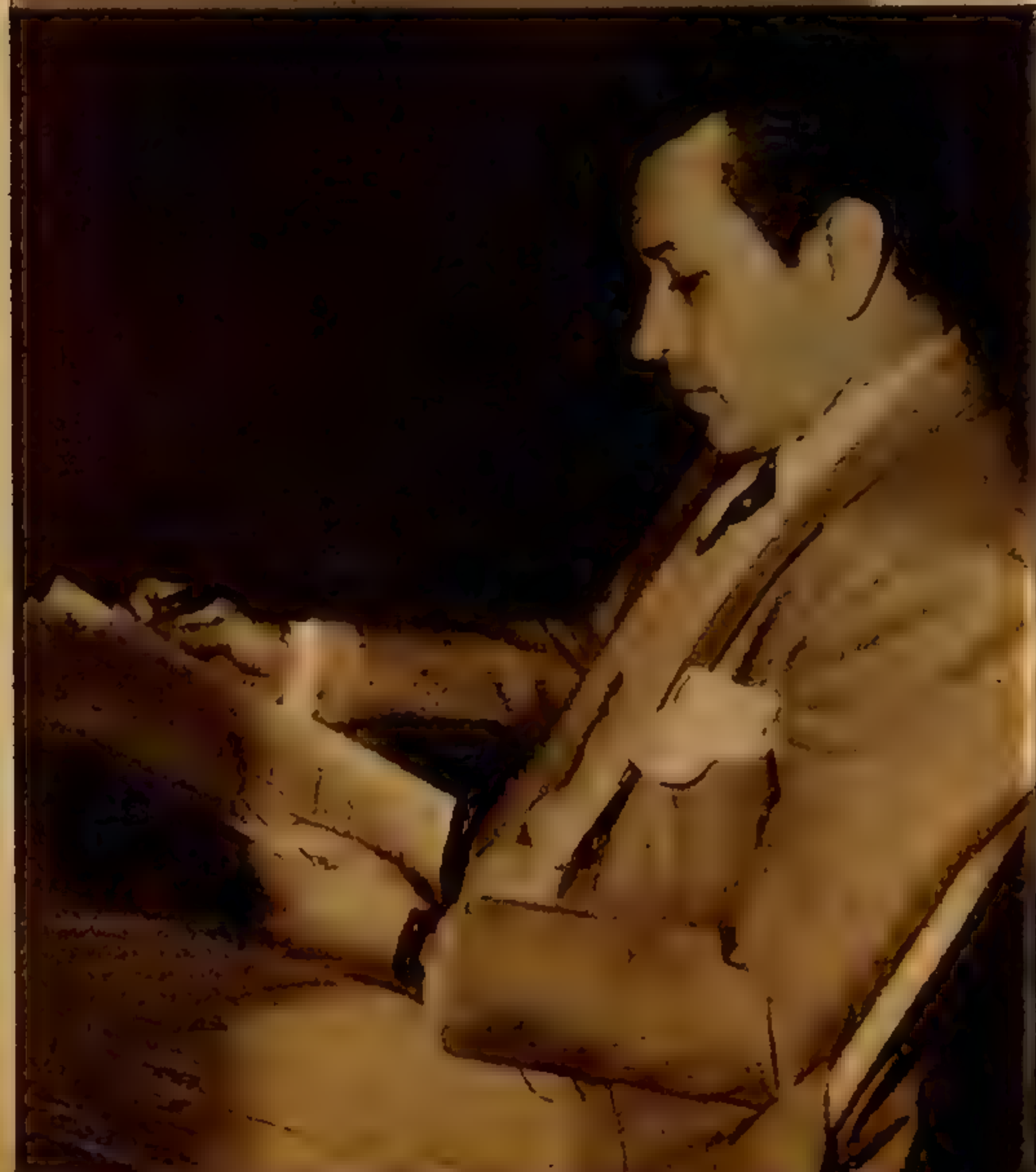
Movie Stars Climb off their HIGH HORSE



Above, Jimmie Stewart changes his script with the floor for a desk; below, George Raft studies.

Today's crop of movie guest stars on the air have learned a lesson from their predecessors—they realize broadcasting is a job, not a prank!

WHEN big radio shows first began to originate in Hollywood, all a famous movie star had to do in a guest appearance was to giggle prettily a few times, rattle off a page of script any old way, and bow off the stage to great applause. But listeners tired of such haphazard performances, and now those days are gone forever. Today, Hollywood's big picture stars know that a radio show means careful study, long hours of rehearsal, cutting, changing, and expanding of scripts, meticulous timing of lines—in a word, real work. Stars know, perhaps, that a poor radio performance reflects itself—unhappily—in decreasing receipts at the movie box-office. Here you see a few humble students of the radio art who respect this comparatively unfamiliar medium and go about mastering it as earnestly as they'd go about shooting a new movie.



Left, Mickey Rooney also favors the floor for a desk; below in this hard-working, serious-faced young woman you'd hardly recognize the glamorous Dorothy Lamour.



RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

Seated in the midst of a studio audience which is riotously enjoying a comedy broadcast, Wallace Beery hasn't time to laugh—he's busy picking up microphone technique.





Big Sister

ORIGINATED BY LILIAN LAUFERTY AND FICTIONIZED BY HOPE
HALE FROM THE POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM OF THE SAME NAME

Sponsored by the Makers of Rinso

Story thus far: RUTH Evans would never question any wish of Dr. John Wayne, the brilliant surgeon whose skill had enabled her little brother Ned to walk again. Late one afternoon when a chauffeur-driven limousine called for her, with the message that she was to come in to meet Dr. Wayne, she went at once, without stopping to wonder. But the message was a trick devised by John's neurotic and jealous wife, Norma, to place John and Ruth in a compromising situation in a deserted cabin, where they could be discovered by Norma and a detective. The trick was successful, and Norma left the cabin triumphantly, swearing that she would cause a divorce scandal that would wreck John's career. Following her back to town in John's car, John and Ruth came upon the scene of an automobile accident in which Norma had been seriously injured. They went to the farmhouse where Norma had been taken, and John examined her, discovering that the only chance of saving her life lay in immediate

operation. If he waited until help arrived from town, Norma would surely die. Yet if he operated, he might still fail to save her. In his dilemma, John turned to Ruth, knowing that her love and confidence would not fail him. She advised him to operate—not realizing until too late that the slatternly woman who owned the farm had been listening to their conversation from the doorway.

NEVER would Ruth forget this half hour. Before her, in the smoky light of the oil lamp held in her tense hand, Ruth saw a bleeding, dying body being tortured with the clean cruelty of surgery. With this sight went the knowledge that almost surely the outcome of this operation would mean ruin to her and to the man who was performing it. If Norma Wayne died, John Wayne could be accused of her murder. If she lived she would carry out her threat of blasting his career with scandal.



■ "John!" Ruth called. But the ship's whistle drowned out their shouts.

■ To escape—that was John's only thought! But there was one thing he forgot—that you can't run away from the heart of the woman who loves you. Begin reading this thrilling novel of modern love now

Illustration by Franz Felix

It was her lover, bending over that bed, his quick, amazingly deft hands moving with the desperate speed of a race with death.

Ruth bit her lip until the blood was warm upon her tongue. She forced the aching muscles of her arm to hold the lamp higher. She closed her eyes. But they opened at his exclamation.

"What is it, John?"

"Two hands aren't enough," he muttered.

"Can't I help?"

"A fainting woman," he said grimly, "would be the final touch."

"I won't faint," Ruth said against the testimony of waves of frightening sickness washing over her. "I'll fix a stand for the lamp and I'll just wash my hands—"

Somehow she did not faint. Somehow the minutes of that experience ticked by. She guessed the meaning of his quick, almost angry commands, made her numb fingers execute them. At last she straightened her back and met his eyes. Slowly he came back from

surgeon to man and recognition dawned in his face.

"Ruth! I forgot it was the first time you'd seen a thing like this. You were wonderful, Ruth!"

That was enough to pay Ruth for everything—even for what lay ahead.

For even after the nightmare week that followed, while Norma hung between life and death, there was more. The news that she would live did not spell the end.

IN his office at the hospital Ruth found John with his head bowed between his hands. It was not the pose of a man who has just won a major battle.

"John, dear," she whispered with a light soft hand on his hair. He started. "What's the matter?" she asked gently.

He seized her hand and held his cheek against it. "Everything," he said.

"I don't understand. You told me yesterday Norma would live."

(Continued on page 80)

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY



**The bitter-sweet tale of how Ned Sparks forgot to smile
and discovered that a sour puss brings honeyed rewards**

CONTRARY to all rumors, Ned ("Laughing Boy") Sparks was not weened, like Coolidge, on a pickle. It was a gherkin. Some sources say it was a gherkin at Guelph, which is in Ontario, which is in Canada. "It's "Sai-nt Thomas," says Sparks in his nasal monotone. "Sai-nt Thomas in Ontario, Canada, was where I was born."

But you could safely bet a barrel of vinegar against

one undersized green lemon that nobody in St. Thomas ever thought Ned would be what he is now—the surprise comedy hit of the Wednesday-night Texaco program, acclaimed by critics and home-folks alike as the single outstanding new comedy star of the 1938 season.

In St. Thomas, Edward Arthur Sparkman, for that's his name, was noted when he was a child for his seriousness. He never (Continued on page 53)

By MARIAN RHEA



Una THE KENTUCKY BELL RINGER

The sad, sad tale of how Una Merkel discovered—just barely in time—that it's smart to be dumb after all

IT WASN'T until a couple of weeks before the new Texaco Theater of the Air opened at CBS that Una Merkel got at the real root of the trouble. Until then, she had harbored dark fears that she must have halitosis or some equally undesirable and anti-social affliction.

"I used to wake up in the middle of the night and stew over what was happening to me," she confided.

"I thought maybe I had become the victim of a whispering campaign."

The thing was, she had worked regularly in the movies for nine years and had thought that she could count on several more. And then, suddenly she found herself confronted by a great and disconcerting Era of Leisure in which she never once faced a camera. Of course, from time to time, it (Continued on page 78)

Radio Mirror

Dust those lurking cobwebs out of your head with a brand new batch of teasers. Everybody's doin' it!

HOW'S your I. Q. today? Straining at the leash and raring to go? Then just give it a crack at the following sets of questions, inspired by radio's popular quiz programs. All the queries are guaranteed brand new, never before in print or on the air, and they'll keep your brain jumping.

You can play RADIO MIRROR'S Quiz Game by yourself, or you can save it and use it for entertainment next time you have a party of friends at your house. Either way, it's lots of fun, and all you need is a pencil and a piece of paper.

When you've had your try at answering all the questions, turn to page 88 for the correct answers, and add up your score. There are forty-five questions. Give yourself ten points for each complete correct answer—five points if you've been right on one part of a two-part question, and two points for each part of a five-part question. Our experts say that a score of 375 entitles you to a blue ribbon and a parchment diploma. Anything between 200 and 375 means that you're a good, average scholar; but a score below 200 tells you to do some home work.

All ready? There's the starting gun!

Suggested by
KAY KYSER'S KOLLEGE
(NBC, Wednesdays at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. What instrument did the late Bix Beiderbecke play?
2. Name the conductors of the Philadelphia, Boston, and New York Philharmonic Orchestras.
3. On what nights do you regularly hear the following radio singers? Kenny Baker, Bea Wain, Lucille Manners, Joan Edwards, Tony Martin.
4. Name five songs whose titles contain the word *heart*.
5. Identify these five bandleaders from the following clues to their last names:
(a) The color of an overcast sky on a winter day.

- (b) The eleventh letter of the alphabet.
- (c) A native of Edinburgh or Glasgow.
- (d) A man who has never done an evil deed in his life.
- (e) An Irish-English dramatist whose first two initials are G. B.

6. What recent dance hit can be performed only to one tune?
7. If you were a jitterbug, which five of these danceband leaders would you favor? Glen Gray, Tommy Dorsey, Guy Lombardo, Wayne King, Art Shaw, Ray Noble, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Sammy Kaye, Chick Webb, Kay Kyser.
8. Who composed the following five tunes?
(a) "Over There." (b) "School Days." (c) "All Alone." (d) "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life." (e) "Rhapsody in Blue."
9. What kind of products sponsor the following band leaders? (For instance, a pipe tobacco sponsors



This is a Scotsman, you can see:
Now what bandleader can he be?

- Ben Bernie.) (a) Eddy Duchin.
(b) Benny Goodman. (c) Guy Lombardo. (d) Fred Waring. (e) Phil Spitalny.
10. Complete the following song titles:
(a) "At Long Last"
(b) "There's a Faraway Look"
(c) "I've Got a Pocketful"
(d) "Drink to Me Only"
(e) "Carry Me Back"

Suggested by
TRUE OR FALSE
(NBC, Mondays at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

Are these statements true or false?

1. The head of Lincoln on a penny faces toward the right.
2. "Listen, the Wind!" is Anne Morrow Lindbergh's first book.
3. It was over forty years ago that H. G. Wells wrote the story from which the Mercury Theater adapted its broadcast, "The War of the Worlds."
4. There are more red stripes in the United States flag than there are white stripes.
5. "Flirtation Walk" is the name of a path in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.
6. Calvin Coolidge was President of the United States for two terms.
7. A mural is a small black and white picture.
8. The *Titanic* sank on its first voyage from Europe to America.
9. Madame Marie Curie was a French scientist.
10. "We, the People of the United States" are the first words of the Declaration of Independence.

Suggested by
THE ASK-IT-BASKET
(CBS, Wednesdays at 7:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. What kind of products are each of the following slogans used to advertise? (For instance, "No brush, no lather, no rub-in" advertises a shaving cream.)
(a) "Floating power."
(b) "Branded with the Devil—but fit for the Gods."

Mammoth Quiz

- (c) "Do as your dentist does."
- (d) "When it rains, it pours."
- (e) "So crisp they crackle."
- 2. The term for a United States Senator is which—two, four, or six years? For a United States Representative—one, two, three, or four years?
- 3. Name the largest and the smallest states in the Union.
- 4. What are the oldest living things in the world?
- 5. What have the following men got in common? Thomas E. Dewey, Arturo Toscanini, Adolphe Menjou, Neville Chamberlain, and Adolph Hitler.

Suggested by
PROFESSOR QUIZ
 (CBS, Saturdays at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

- 1. How many stripes are in the United States flag, and what do they stand for?
- 2. One kilogram weighs approximately 2.2 pounds. Approximately, how many kilograms does a 21-pound object weigh?
- 3. Where are the Maginot Line and the Siegfried Line?
- 4. A lesson in holiday dates:
 - (a) Decoration Day falls on May 30 or May 31?
 - (b) Columbus Day is September 12 or October 12?
 - (c) Armistice Day is on November 11 or November 12?
 - (d) St. Valentine's Day falls in February or March?
 - (e) St. Patrick's Day is on March 16 or March 17?
- 5. If you have six ties, and wear them in rotation, a different one each day, how many times will you wear each of them during the month of December?

Suggested by
INFORMATION, PLEASE
 (NBC, Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

- 1. Identify the following comic strip characters with their proper comic strips:
 - (a) Baby Dumpling.
 - (b) Emmy Schmalz.
 - (c) Perry Winkle.
 - (d) The Jeep.
 - (e) Snuffy.
- 2. Name four things which make the month of February different from any other month.
- 3. Unscramble the following list of games and numbers by putting

- each game with the number that tells how many men are on its team. Football, basketball, baseball, polo, hockey—4, 5, 6, 9, 11.
- 4. What movie companies are identified by the following trademarks?
 - (a) A mountain.
 - (b) A woman with a torch.
 - (c) A radio tower.
 - (d) A lion.
 - (e) A model of the earth turning.
- 5. The following sentences are incomplete. Finish them by putting the words *game, food, drink, flower, article of clothing* in their proper places.
 - (a) Sukiyaki is a
 - (b) A horse's neck is a
 - (c) An anemone is a
 - (d) Jai alai is a
 - (e) A benjamin is a

Suggested by
THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES
 (NBC, Tuesdays at 9:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

- 1. (a) Gregg and Pitman are both famous for
- (b) Disraeli and Bismarck are both famous because
- (c) Amelia Earhart and Beryl Markham are both famous because
- (d) Ty Cobb and Jerome Dean are both famous for
- (e) Arnold Zweig and John dos



How many men make a team in polo? Four, ten, or do they play solo?

- Passos are both famous for
- 2. If the United States lost both its President and Vice President, who would be acting President until the next election?
- 3. Which of the following moving pictures were originally stage plays and which were novels?
 - (a) "The Citadel."
 - (b) "Boy Meets Girl."
 - (c) "The Sisters."
 - (d) "Four Daughters."
 - (e) "Brother Rat."
- 4. What is the purpose of a fuse?
- 5. Distinguish between Margaret Sanger and Margaret Sangster.

Suggested by
VOX POP
 (NBC, Saturdays at 9:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

- 1. What places or things do the following nicknames refer to?
 - (a) The Father of Waters.
 - (b) Old Faithful.
 - (c) The Pearl of the Adriatic.
 - (d) The Gateway to the Mediterranean.
 - (e) The Tight Little Isle.
- 2. A lesson in Hollywood marriages: Are the following people married or single? Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, Madeleine Carroll, Jean Arthur, Joan Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert, William Powell, Martha Raye, Margaret Sullavan.
- 3. Who wrote the following "best-sellers"?
 - (a) Paradise Lost."
 - (b) "Ivanhoe."
 - (c) "Vanity Fair."
 - (d) "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."
 - (e) "The House of the Seven Gables."
- 4. What are the names of the following plays by William Shakespeare?
 - (a) The one about "star-crossed lovers."
 - (b) The one about a Moor and his wife.
 - (c) The one whose heroine goes mad and drowns herself.
 - (d) The one about "a pound of flesh."
 - (e) The one about two sets of twin brothers.
- 5. Who were—or are—these people?
 - (a) The Serpent of the Nile.
 - (b) The Happy Warrior.
 - (c) The Virgin Queen.
 - (d) Madame Capet.
 - (e) The Little Corporal.

(For answers see page 88.)

The GRACIE ALLEN

Has Philo Vance been trying to solve the murder of the wrong man? A swift and unexpected turn of events brings the mystery of the poisoned cigarette near a climax

The story thus far:

ON the night of Philip Allen's death an oddly assorted group of people attended the sinister *Cafe Domdaniel*. Philo Vance, the famous detective was there out of curiosity. Gracie Allen, an employee of the In-O-Scent Perfume Company, had come with one suitor, Mr. Puttle, partly to make another suitor, George Burns, jealous, and partly to persuade her brother Philip, a dish-washer in the cafe, not to quit his job. George Burns was keeping an eye on Gracie. One of Sergeant Heath's detectives was across the street, watching to see that Benny the Buzzard, an escaped criminal, did not return to his old haunt. And Owl Owen, master criminal, was there for reasons of his own. Vance already knew Gracie, having met her that afternoon in the country when a cigarette tossed from a passing car had burned a hole in her dress. At that time, he had jokingly told her he had come to the country to kill a man. . . . Shortly after Vance left the *Domdaniel*, word reached him that Gracie's brother had been found mysteriously dead in the office of Mirche, the *Domdaniel's* proprietor. Sergeant Heath was soon convinced that George Burns was guilty of Philip's death, but Vance was unsatisfied, and persuaded District Attorney Markham to let George go free pending further investigation. Gracie, trying to help Vance solve the case—although she was still unaware that her brother was the murdered man—unwittingly revealed the existence of a secret door to Mirche's office, thus explaining how Philip had been found there when no one saw him enter. The autopsy showed that his death had been caused by an obscure but very powerful poison. Meanwhile, Vance's investigations led him to an interview with Owl Owen, a fatally ill madman who was Mirche's silent partner in the *Domdaniel*. Gracie, turning up with another clue, offered Vance the cigarette which had burned the hole in her dress—



MURDER CASE

By S.S. VAN DINE

Illustration by Joseph Tesar

Dixie Del Marr leaned against the desk, looking at us with cold resignation. Owen sat smiling faintly, cynically.

and, smelling it, Vance realized that it appeared to be impregnated with the same poison which had caused Philip's death. Gracie then made a startling accusation—that Philo Vance was the murderer!

PART V ANOTHER SHOCK

GRACIE ALLEN'S appalling accusation came like a paralyzing shock. It was several moments before I could collect myself sufficiently to see the logic behind it. It was the natural outcome of the story which Vance had built up for the girl the afternoon he had first met her.

Markham, with only meager details of that rustic encounter and knowing nothing of the tall tale spun by Vance, must have recalled immediately the conversation at the Bellwood Country Club, in which Vance had expressed his extravagant ideas as to how Pellinzi should be disposed of.

Heath, too, flabbergasted by the girl's announcement, must have recalled that Friday-night dinner; and it was not beyond reason to assume that he now held some hazy suspicion of Vance's guilt.

Vance himself was momentarily astounded, for he suddenly realized how Gracie Allen's accusation took on the color of plausibility.

Markham approached the girl with an austere frown.

"That is a grave charge you have just made, Miss Allen," he said. His gruff tone indicated the intangible doubts in the recesses of his mind. "Tell me just why you say Mr. Vance killed Benny the Buzzard."

"Why, I didn't say it—that is, I didn't make it up out of my own head. I just sort of repeated it. It was Mr. Vance who said it. He said it when I first met him in Riverdale. I will tell you. Well, I went up to Riverdale last Saturday afternoon with Mr. Puttle—he's one of our salesmen, you know. Well, we got to Riverdale—I often go there—I think it's just lovely up there. But (Continued on page 57)

Artie Shaw, rising new favorite of the jitterbug gang.

Why was Anson Weeks' meeting with Judy Garland a surprise?

THE FEUD between the Chicago hotels, supper clubs and the networks should blow over by New Year's Day and many of the very fine dance bands playing in the Windy City will once again be on the air . . .

A thundering shakeup of Horace Heidt's Brigadiers is now in effect. Horace just recently recruited the Steele Sisters, a trio formerly heard on the all-employee "Musical Steel-makers" fiesta, to replace the King Sisters . . . Other heads may fall as Horace continues his search for new talent . . . Don't be surprised if sixteen-year-old Dorothy Anne Crow, of the same steel stanza, is the next Heidt employee . . .

Maxine Grey has again left Kemp's band to recuperate from that awful train wreck. Her suit of \$100,000 against the railroad is now in the works . . . Judy Starr has replaced Maxine . . . Bob Allen, of the Kemp crew, is the cause for Suzanne Hatch breaking her engagement to café society pugilist, Enzo Fiermonte . . . While Maxine Grey is resting in

sunny California, radio executive Tommy Lee will hold her hand . . . George Hall will return to the New York Hotel Taft early in 1939 and replace Enoch Light . . . Larry Clinton replaces Sammy Kaye in the Hotel Commodore, New York, on January 10 . . . Dave Tough, the dreamy drummer, has left Goodman . . . Dave Apollon, whose brand of Russian-Hawaiian music is well known to theater-goers, sunk \$35,000 in a flop New York night club . . . Shirley Howard is doing a comeback via Mutual . . . Buddy Clark and Doris Rhodes had it out at CBS one day. Result: Doris left Buddy's sustaining programs.

KEEP YOUR EARS TUNED TO

ARTIE SHAW: Now making music on Robert Benchley's CBS stanzas. Shaw is the New York lad who migrated to New Haven and began playing saxophone in Rudy Vallee's band while still in knickers. Following service in NBC and CBS house bands, a sensational performance in a swing concert in 1936 won Artie backing for a band. A gruelling junket around the country just recently culminated with an engagement at the Hotel Lincoln in New York. Artie has a loyal and large following who approve his self-styled title, "king of clarinet." I don't know whether Benny Goodman approves.

LANG THOMPSON: Whose melodies have come from the Midwest via MBS. Lang is a tall, handsome young man who is also quite bright. He knew that in order for his infant organization to attract attention, he would have to create some trick. So

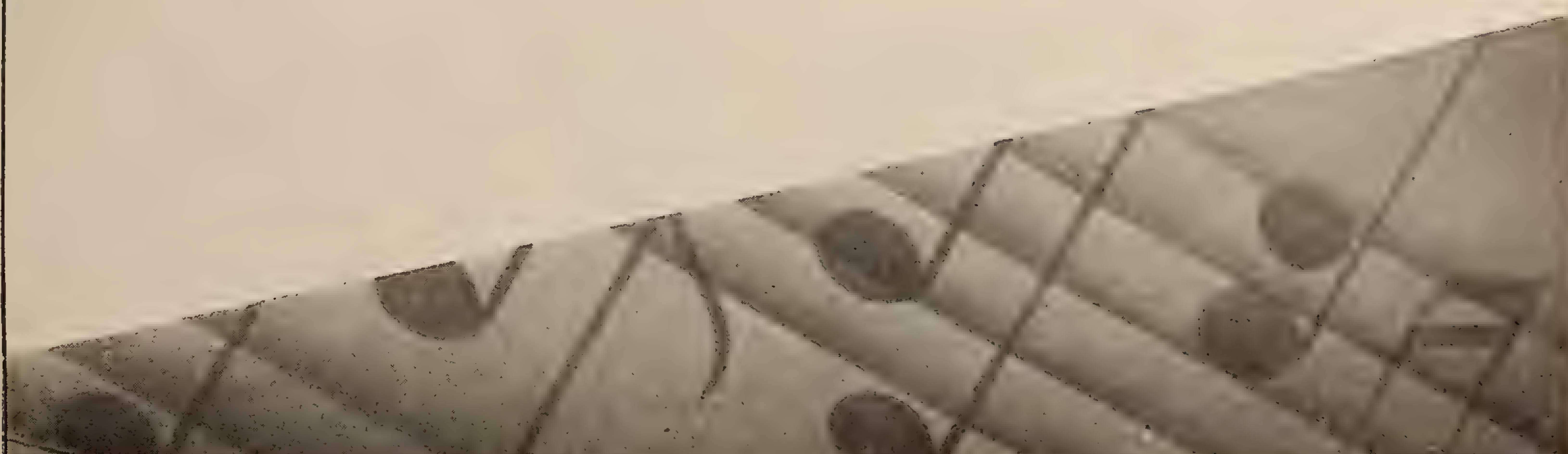
(Continued on page 66)



RADIO MIRROR • **almanac**

DECEMBER 27 TO JANUARY 24

**MAKE A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION NOW THAT
YOU'LL NEVER BE WITHOUT THIS HANDY
PROGRAM GUIDE AND CALENDAR OF ALL THE
NETWORK BROADCASTS YOU MUSTN'T MISS**



		Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00	NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio NBC-Red: Organ Recital
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures NBC-Red: Four Showmen
		8:45	NBC-Red: Animal News
		9:00	CBS: From the Organ Loft NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line NBC-Red: Turn Back the Clock
		8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: Tom Terriss
		8:25	9:25 CBS: Press Radio News
		8:30	9:30 CBS: Wings Over Jordan NBC-Red: Melody Moments
		9:00	10:00 CBS: Church of the Air NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies NBC-Red: Radio Pulpit
		8:00	10:00 11:00 NBC: Press Radio News
		8:05	10:05 11:05 NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto
		8:15	10:15 11:15 NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
		8:30	10:30 11:30 CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY NBC-Blue: Southernaires NBC-Red: Madrigal Singers
		9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
		9:30	11:30 12:30 CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
		10:00	12:00 1:00 CBS: Church of the Air NBC-Blue: GREAT PLAYS
		10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: Europe Calling MBS: Lutheran Hour
		10:45	12:45 1:45 NBC-Red: Bob Becker
		11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Blue: THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA NBC-Red: Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's
		12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: N. Y. PHILHARMONIC NBC-Blue: Armco Band (Jan. 15) NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
		1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: National Vespers NBC-Red: Ranger's Serenade
		1:30	3:30 4:30 NBC-Red: The World is Yours
		2:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: Words Without Music NBC-Blue: Met. Opera Auditions NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra
		4:30	5:30 MBS: The Shadow CBS: BEN BERNIE NBC-Blue: Malcolm La Prade NBC-Red: The Spelling Bee
		2:45	4:45 5:45 NBC-Blue: The Master Builder
		3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: SILVER THEATER NBC-Blue: New Friends of Music NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
		3:30	5:30 6:30 CBS: Gateway to Hollywood MBS: Show of The Week NBC-Red: A Tale of Today
		4:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: People's Platform NBC-Red: JACK BENNY
		4:30	6:30 7:30 CBS: Screen Actors' Guild NBC-Blue: Seth Parker NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
		5:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: DON AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN, NELSON EDDY
		6:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: FORD SYMPHONY NBC-Blue: HOLLYWOOD PLAYHOUSE NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
		8:00	8:30 9:30 NBC-Blue: WALTER WINCHELL NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
		8:15	8:45 9:45 NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
		7:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: Robert Benchley NBC-Red: KELLOGG PROGRAM MBS: Good Will Hour
		7:30	9:30 10:30 CBS: Headlines and Bylines NBC-Blue: Cheerio
		8:00	10:00 11:00 CBS: Dance orchestra NBC: Dance orchestra

Motto of the Day

Sunday's HIGHLIGHTS

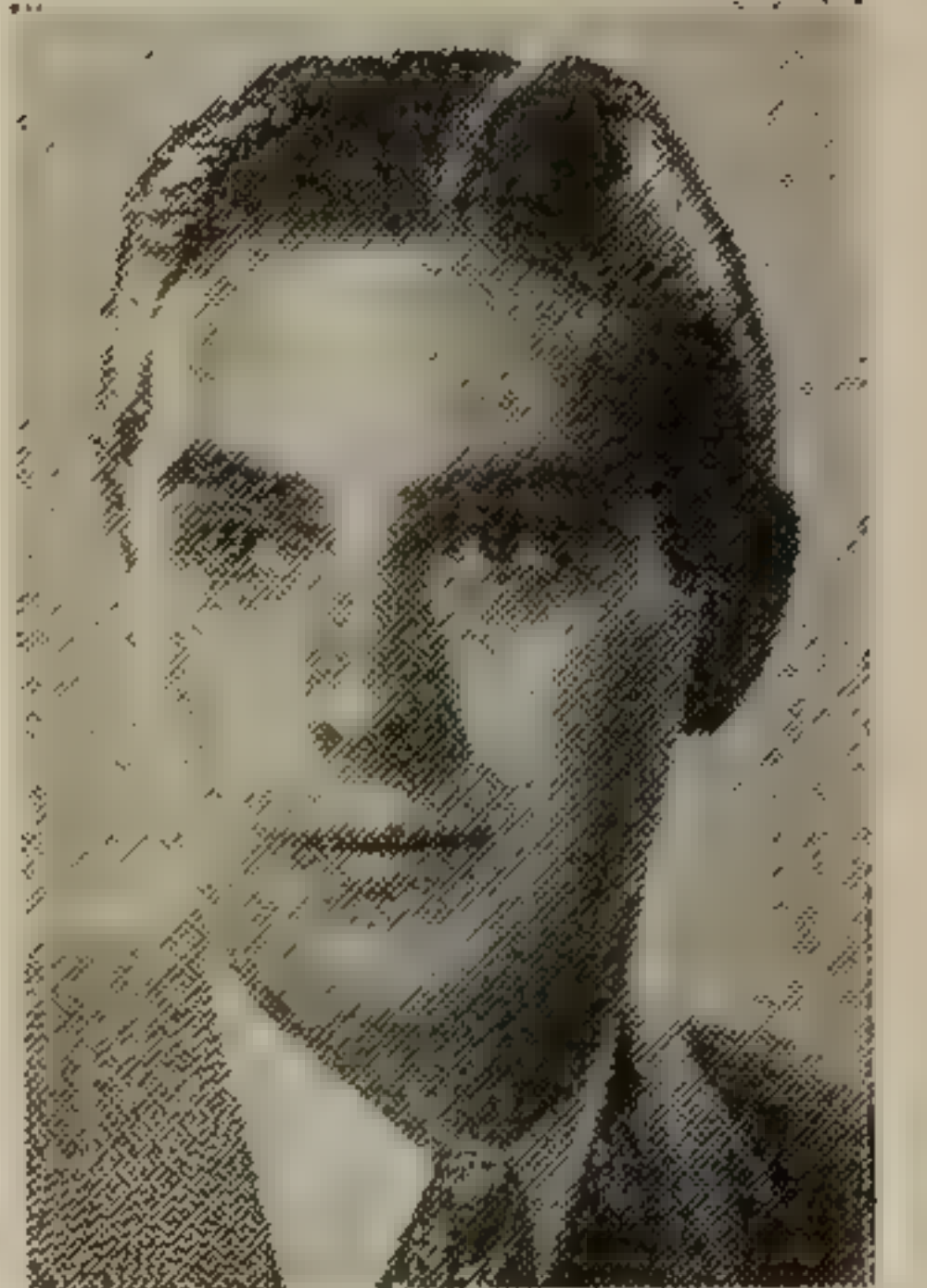
By
Lew
Lehr

It's mean to kick a man when he's down—but it's a good way to get him up.

Highlights For Sunday, Jan. 1

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to everyone, is the wish of Radio Mirror and all your radio favorites! . . . And to get 1939 off to a rousing start, handsome *Tyrone Power* returns to the air tonight, starring on the Hollywood Playhouse show. You'll hear him on *NBC-Blue* at 9:00 tonight, and every Sunday night from now until next June. . . . *Charles Boyer*, who took over the show while Tyrone was off vacationing, has no radio plans just now, but he did such a good job that the sponsors have already put him under contract for next season. . . . At 6:30 you'll hear your last of *Billy House* and

his *Laugh Liner* program, for next week it will be replaced by a new Hollywood show—which your *Almanac* will tell you all about when the time comes. . . . *Mutual* has cooked up a big New Year's Day program, consisting of a review of 1938's biggest news events . . . and the other networks will probably also have something of the sort. . . . *Mutual's Show of the Week*, from 6:00 to 7:00, gives us the ten top song hits of the past year. . . . This afternoon at 5:15, *Mutual* broadcasts the annual East-West football classic, with Dick Smith and Mike Francovitch announcing.



Tyrone Power comes back to the Hollywood Playhouse for the next six months.

Highlights For Sunday, Jan. 8

TWO young aspirants to dramatic fame are starting out tonight on the road to glory—because at 6:30 on *CBS* there's the first broadcast of a new show called *Gateway to Hollywood*. Sponsored by Wrigley's Gum, it's a glorified talent hunt for new movie faces, conducted by old-time producer *Jesse L. Lasky* and the *RKO* studios. Each week you'll hear a dramatic playlet starring two young unknown actors, a boy and a girl. The best two heard during the season will get Hollywood contracts. . . . On *NBC-Blue* at 5:30 this afternoon, *Malcolm LaPrade* gives one of his travel-talks, telling you about

foreign lands. . . . A new violinist is the guest star this afternoon on the *Philharmonic* concert over *CBS* at 3:00. The name is *Guilda Bustabo*. . . . Another Hollywood program makes its debut tonight, at 7:30 on *CBS*. It's a variety show, sponsored by *Gulf Oil* in co-operation with the *Screen Actors' Guild*, and plans to specialize in drama. Each week it'll have a new guest star. . . . A familiar and greatly admired voice is the featured attraction on tonight's *Ford Symphony Hour*, *CBS* at 9:00—*Lauritz Melchior*, Danish tenor, is singing, and undoubtedly he'll offer one or two songs from his specialty, Wagnerian opera.



Lauritz Melchior, of the Metropolitan, is guest star on this evening's *Ford Hour*.

Highlights For Sunday, Jan. 15

BE a "first-listener" today, and hear the two new programs that are making their debuts. . . . The first one is at 3:30 on *NBC-Blue*—the *Armco Band*, back after a long vacation. There's not so much band music on the air that you can afford to ignore this excellent program—that is, it will be excellent if it measures up to the standard set in previous years. . . . The next new show is something to get really excited about, because it stars *Carole Lombard* in her first weekly program. It's a variety hour, sponsored by *Kellogg* on *NBC-Red* at 10:00 and *La Carole* will be both a dramatic act-

ress and a comedienne on it—so listen in . . . *Ernest Schelling*, the Uncle Ernest who conducts the Saturday-morning children's concerts, is on the *Philharmonic* concert this afternoon at 3:00, playing the piano in a number with the orchestra. . . . And *Jussi Bjoerling* (pronounced Yu-see B-yor-ling), the sensational new tenor, is the *Ford Hour's* guest. He comes from Sweden, and is the youngest star at the Metropolitan Opera House, where he made his debut this season—he isn't quite twenty-eight years old. New York critics think he's fine—so listen in tonight and render your judgment.

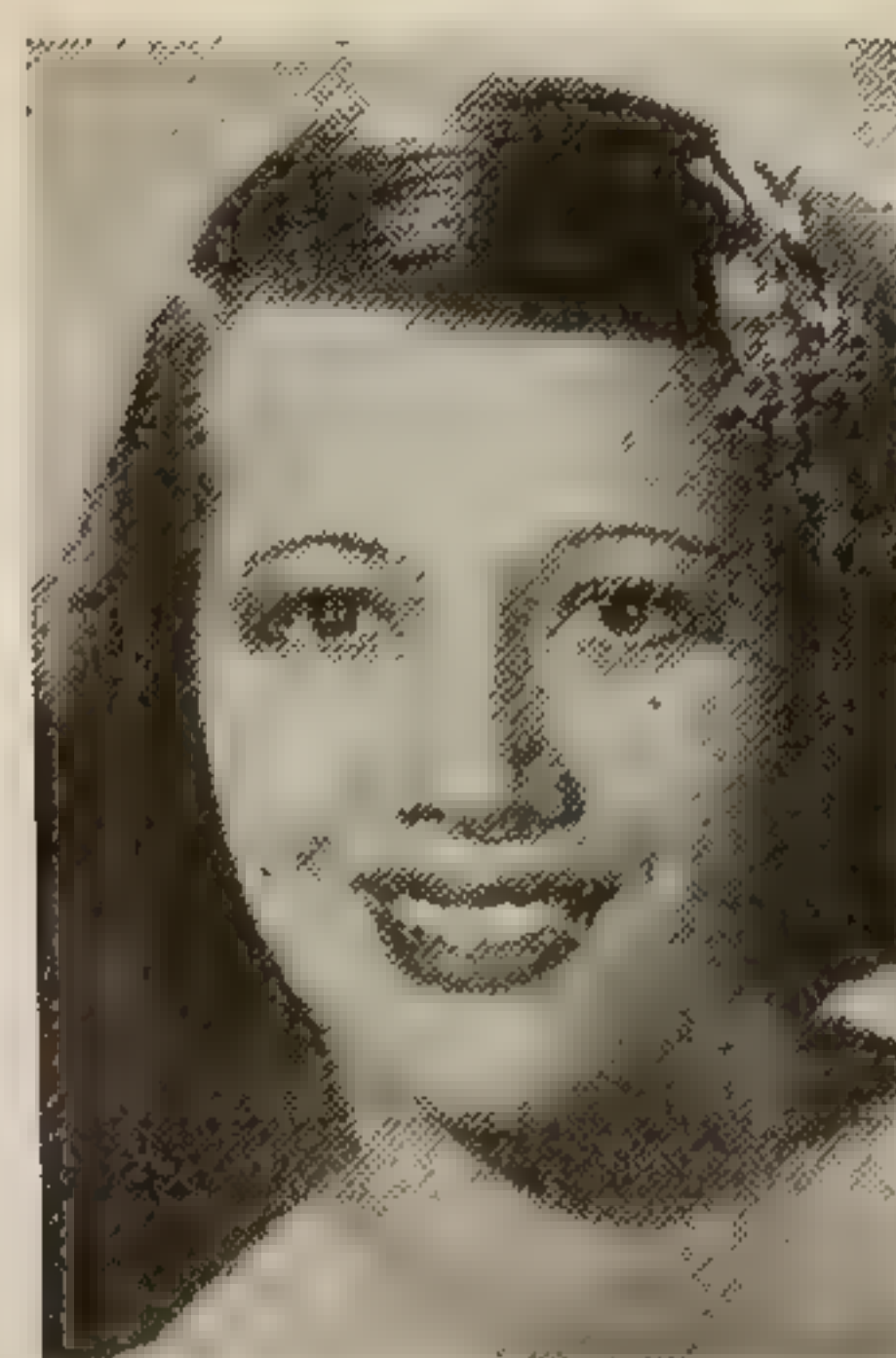


Tonight's *Ford Hour* guest: *Jussi Bjoerling*, the Metropolitan's newest tenor.

Highlights For Sunday, Jan. 22

THE *Original Good Will Hour*, on *Mutual* at 10:00 P.M., celebrates the close of its first year on the air tonight by presenting a program made up of the best and most thrilling real-life dramas it has broadcast during the last twelve months. Ought to be enthralling air fare, if you like the more serious sort of thing. . . . *Dainty Lily Pons*, who hasn't often been heard lately, is the guest star on the *Ford Symphony Hour*, *CBS* at 9:00. You can bet that leading the applause will be her husband, *Andre Kostelanetz*. . . . The *Philharmonic* seems to run to violinists for its guests these days. This after-

noon's *CBS* program at 3:00 has another, *Nathan Milstein*, playing either a Mendelssohn or a Tchaikovsky concerto. . . . Serious drama lovers won't miss the *NBC Great Play*, on the *Blue* network at 1:00. Today it is Schiller's "*Mary Stuart*." . . . For more light-hearted key twisters there is the *Magic Key* of *RCA*, a very fine variety show, at 2:00 on *NBC-Blue* . . . not to forget *Jack Benny*, who still leads all the comedians, in your *Almanac's* opinion, on *NBC-Red* at 7:00. . . . And both *NBC* and *CBS* are carrying a gala all-star show from 10:00 to 11:00, in honor of President Roosevelt's birthday.



Lily Pons sings some coloratura arias on *CBS* tonight, as the *Ford Hour's* guest.

Eastern Standard Time		
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	
	8:00	NBC-Red: Milt Herth Trio
	8:15	NBC-Blue: Norsemen Quartet
	8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Swing Serenade
	8:45	NBC-Red: Radio Rubes
	8:00	9:00 CBS: Richard Maxwell
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Press Radio News
	8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: The Family Man
	8:30	9:30 CBS: Girl Interne
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00 MBS: School of the Air
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
1:00	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	9:30	NBC-Blue: Madame Courageous
1:15	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Central City
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Time for Thought
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over
	12:30	1:30 CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Words and Music
	12:45	1:45 CBS: This Day is Ours
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Those Happy Gilmans
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Irene Beasley
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: School of the Air
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 MBS: Ed Fitzgerald
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Curtis Institute of Music
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Let's Pretend
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	5:00	NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
	5:15	NBC-Blue: Terry and the Pirates
	5:15	NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Press Radio News
	5:00	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
	5:30	NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
	5:45	CBS: The Mighty Show
	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
5:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Howie Wing
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Bob Trout
10:00	5:45	6:45 CBS: Sophie Tucker
	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Father and Son
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: County Seat
	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Alias Jimmy Valentine
7:00	9:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill
7:30	9:30	7:30 CBS: EDDIE CANTOR
7:30	7:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
	6:30	NBC-Red: Emily Post
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Cavalcade of America
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Carson Robison
7:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: AL PEARCE
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Pick and Pat
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Those We Love
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Hour of Charm
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Eddy Duchin
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: True or False
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: The Contented Hour

Motto of the Day

Monday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Eddie
Cantor

We need fewer light heads behind the head lights.

Highlights For Monday, Jan. 2

THE last football games of the season are the big news today. Usually played on New Year's Day, they come today this year because New Year's Day was a Sunday, and so two holidays grow where one grew before. . . . First on your schedule is the Orange Bowl Game from Miami, Florida, which will be carried by CBS. Next, the Sugar Bowl Game from Tulane Stadium, New Orleans, broadcast at 2:00, EST., over Mutual and NBC-Red. And last of the holiday trio, the Rose Bowl Game from Pasadena, California, on NBC-Red at 4:30. Other networks than the ones mentioned may carry the broad-

casts—these are just the ones your Almanac is sure of. . . . West coast listeners will get their first chances today to hear two very popular daytime serial shows—*John's Other Wife*, and *Just Plain Bill*, heard in the east at 10:15 and 10:30 A.M. Starting today, they'll have repeat broadcasts so that *John's Other Wife* will be heard in the west at 10:00, and *Just Plain Bill* at 10:15—both on NBC-Red. . . . Listen to *Richard Maxwell* on CBS this morning at 9:00 for some good singing and homely philosophy. If you haven't discovered Maxwell yet, you'll thank us for recommending him.

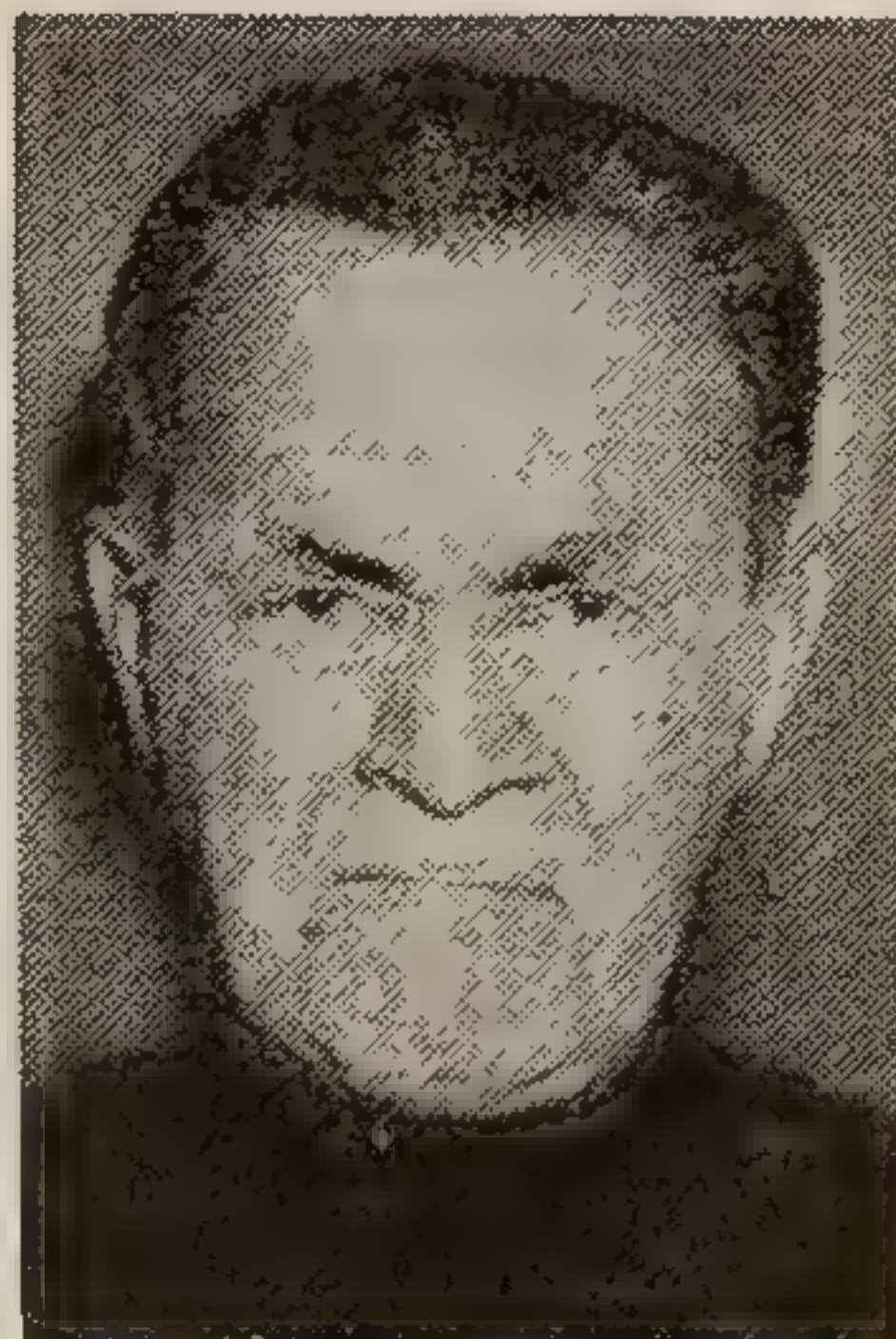


Richard Maxwell has one of those early-morning shows that start the day right.

Highlights For Monday, Jan. 9

WHAT sounds as if it will be a pretty complicated story before it ends up is running along on NBC-Blue every morning except Saturday and Sunday at 10:45. Called *Central City*, it's a new serial which replaced *Ma Perkins* a few weeks ago. . . . *Central City* is a typical American industrial city of about 50,000 people, and the drama is presented in an episodic manner, demonstrating that the lives of people in such a city are closely intertwined. Individual scenes are connected by *Tom Powers*, acting as a narrator, and *Van Hefflin*, *Eleanor Phelps*, *Elspeth Eric*, *Selena Royle*, and *Frank*

Wilcox play leading roles. . . . Interesting to note that most of these actors are well-known Broadway stage stars. . . . *Alan Devitt*, who plays *Wong* in *This Day is Ours*, the serial on CBS at 1:45, is a specialist in Chinese and Japanese characters, and has been in radio about eight years, after a career on the legitimate stage and in vaudeville. . . . When the *March of Time* was on the air, nearly all its Oriental parts were taken by Alan. . . . Listen to the Rochester Civic Orchestra on NBC-Blue this afternoon at 3:00. . . . And to *Club Matinee* on the same network at 4:00.



Chinese specialist Alan Devitt dons his make-up for *Wong* in *This Day is Ours*.

Highlights For Monday, Jan. 16

ARMISTICE Week's gift to radio was pretty little *Thomasine Birch*, who was born in St. Louis a day or so after the Armistice was signed, and made her first radio appearance in Kansas City in 1934. Now she sings on the *NBC Breakfast Club*, at 9:05 this morning on the *Blue* network; and on the *Club Matinee*, at 4:00 this afternoon over the same network. . . . also on the *Thursday-night People I Have Known* show. . . . Everybody around the studios calls her *Tommye* instead of *Thomasine*. . . . She came to NBC after a season of singing with *Roger Pryor's* orchestra. . . . It's

birthday greetings today to commentator *John B. Kennedy*, who was born on January 16, 1895, in Quebec. . . . A serial program that promises to be different is *County Seat*, on CBS at 7:00 tonight and every night except Saturday and Sunday. It's written by *Milton Geiger*, whose work has often been heard on the *Vallee*, *Chase and Sanborn*, and other programs, and it centers around a small-town druggist who simply can't help getting mixed up in his neighbors' lives. . . . *The Cavalcade of America*, is back again, on CBS tonight at 8:00. It dramatizes great events in this country.



Tommye Birch sings on the *Breakfast Club* and *Club Matinee* shows today.

Highlights For Monday, Jan. 23

THE public end of a famous feud between two famous brothers will come tonight on the stroke of twelve, when *Jimmy* and *Tommy Dorsey* make up. . . . This is Tommy's last night as orchestra leader at the Hotel New Yorker, and tomorrow night is Jimmy's first, so exactly at midnight Tommy is going to hand Jimmy the baton and let him carry on from there. . . . The Dorseys really were sore at each other for a while, but they have been good friends again for some time now. Tonight's stunt is sort of a public affirmation of that friendship. . . . CBS is bringing you the Dorsey music from

the New Yorker. . . . *Lenore Kingston*, who plays the role of *Mercedes* in the *Don Winslow of the Navy* serial, on NBC-Blue at 5:30 this afternoon, has been in radio since she was fourteen. She's now twenty-one, with hazel eyes, yellow hair, an occasional freckle, and a passion for chocolate cake. . . . She comes of a theatrical family and likes to dance until late at night after her work in the studio. . . . *Bob Guilbert*, the lad who plays *Don Winslow*, turned down an appointment to Annapolis because he wanted to be an actor. He went through college on scholarships instead.



Mercedes Colby in *Don Winslow of the Navy* is played by blonde Lenore Kingston.

Eastern Standard Time		
Pacific Standard Time	Central Standard Time	8:00 NBC-Red: Milt Herth Trio
	8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:45	NBC-Red: Radio Rubes
	8:00	9:00 CBS: Richard Maxwell
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Press-Radio News
	8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:30	9:30 CBS: Girl Interne
	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: Happy Jack
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00 MBS: School of the Air
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
1:00	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
	4:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:15	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Central City
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life
	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
	12:00	NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	9:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Time for Thought
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Road of Life
	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: This Day Is Ours
	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Those Happy Gilmans
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Irene Beasley
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: School of the Air
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of all Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Concert Hall
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: Highways to Health
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: Of Men and Books
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Music for Fun
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	5:00	NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
	5:15	NBC-Blue: Terry and the Pirates
4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
	5:00	5:30 NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
5:30	5:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
4:45	5:45	CBS: The Mighty Show
	5:45	NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Press-Radio News
5:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Howie Wing
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Bob Trout
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Angler and Hunter
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: Barry Wood
3:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
	6:45	NBC-Red: Father and Son
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: County Seat
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	9:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
7:30	6:15	7:15 CBS: Jimmie Fidler
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: HELEN MENKEN
6:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Quite by Accident
	8:30	7:00 CBS: EDWARD G. ROBINSON
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
9:00	7:30	8:30 CBS: Al Jolson
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: For Men Only
	6:00	8:00 CBS: We, The People
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Blue: Mary and Bob
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
	6:30	8:30 CBS: Benny Goodman
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: FIBBER MCGEE
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Dr. Christian
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Cal Tinney
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: BOB HOPE
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Uncle Ezra

Motto of the Day

Tuesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Irene
Beasley

The easy chair is what makes life so hard for many of us.

Highlights For Tuesday, Dec. 27

THERE are all sorts of jobs in radio, but none stranger than John Cole's. He's official taster for the Mary Lee Taylor program on CBS at 11:00 this morning. Yes, that's right—official taster. . . . It's John's job not only to announce this *Pet Milk* program, but also to sample the results of the recipes which Mary Lee Taylor tests on the show. . . . John has been the taster ever since the program first went on the air five years ago. At that time he was just a cub member of the advertising agency which handled the broadcast, and happened to speak a few words into a microphone before the audition for a professional

announcer. . . . The audition never took place, because John got the job instead. . . . He's twenty-six years old, and unmarried, and spends his free time in writing, rehearsing, and acting in dramatic shows for local stations. . . . Mary Lee Taylor plans her recipes for the show, and tests and retests them many times before she gives them her approval for demonstration on the air or for inclusion in one of the several cookbooks she edits. She tries them out on both gas and electric ranges, to be sure they'll come out right. . . . Like John Cole, Mary Lee had never had any radio experience at all before starting this show.



Meet John Cole—
Official Taster on
Mary Lee Taylor's
CBS program, 11:00.



Sixteen-year-old
Toni Gilman has been
on the air since be-
fore she could read.

Highlights For Tuesday, Jan. 3

ONE way to be a radio star is to begin working at a microphone even before you're able to read. That's what Toni Gilman, who plays *Betty Adams* in NBC's *Woman in White* program, did . . . with the result that now she's a real radio veteran at the age of sixteen. . . . In between her air appearances—every day except Saturday and Sunday at 10:45 on NBC-Red—Toni goes on sandwiching in her school work, as well as some swimming and horseback riding. . . . She was one of *Madge Tucker's* child stars in the days when she memorized her lines, aided by her mother, for the broadcasts. . . . Have you per-

haps been wondering what had become of *Edward MacHugh*, the *Gospel Singer*? He's on NBC-Red this morning at 9:45. . . . A good-humored serial you're likely to enjoy is *Those Happy Gilmans*, on NBC-Red at 1:45 this afternoon. . . . *Cal Tinney's* fast-moving variety show, *If I Had the Chance*, is being heard at 10:00 Tuesday nights now, on NBC-Blue, so listen in tonight. This program has the distinction of being the only one except *Jack Benny's* that was ever able to persuade *Fred Allen* to be a guest star. . . . Is *Benny Goodman*, on CBS tonight at 9:30, making his music sweeter, less swingy?

Highlights For Tuesday, Jan. 10

PORTLAND, Oregon, people are proudly listening this afternoon to *Backstage Wife*, on NBC-Red at 4:00. The reason they're proud is that *Eileen Palmer*, playing the role of *Goldie*, is a Portland girl. She recently gave up the stage to confine herself to radio work . . . which doesn't really mean a thing, because although radio's hard work, its actors seem always to be able to find time for a stage play if they really want to. . . . Loud congratulations are going from your Almanac to the sponsors of *Information Please*, on NBC-Blue at 8:30 tonight, for their refusal to cheapen the program or overload

it with commercial announcements. It remains the bright listening spot it was when it first started as a sustaining broadcast. . . . Also due for congratulations is *Edward G. Robinson*, on CBS at 8:00, for his spirited, compact *Big Town* dramas. *Big Town's* success was so great last year that many an imitator was rumored at the beginning of the 1938-1939 fall season. So far, nary an imitator has cropped up. Can it be because the better a thing is, the harder it is to copy? . . . Follow the *Highways to Health*, on CBS at 4:00 this afternoon. It's a program of practical health talks, presented by prominent doctors.



Eileen Palmer is
gold-haired in real
life—and *Goldie* on
the air today at 4.



Xavier Cugat opens
tonight at the Hotel
Statler, with wires to
both CBS and MBS.

Highlights For Tuesday, Jan. 17, 24

JANUARY 17: Both the NBC and MBS chains will carry the music of *Xavier Cugat* and his Latin-American orchestra after he opens tonight at the Statler Hotel in Detroit. . . . Xavier, one of Society's pet bandleaders, was born in Barcelona, and was a first violinist in the orchestra of the Grand Opera Company in Havana when he was only ten years old. He went on studying the violin, and was a famous concert artist here and abroad for several years. Then he gave up the concert stage to organize his own rhumba orchestra, and has been doing very well indeed at it ever since.

JANUARY 24: An anniversary that the networks certainly ought to recognize today is the hundred-and-first birthday of the Morse Code. On January 24, 1838, *Samuel F. B. Morse* sent the first telegraphed dot-and-dash message over ten miles of wire strung out from New York University. . . . This is *Jimmy Dorsey's* first night as maestro at the Hotel New Yorker—you can hear him over CBS. . . . That *Bob Hope* fellow is really funny, as you'll find out if you listen tonight at 10:00 on NBC-Red. . . . And for a pleasant, homey little program, tune in *Uncle Ezra* on the same network at 10:45.



Valentines, Violets and Vows FOR THEM

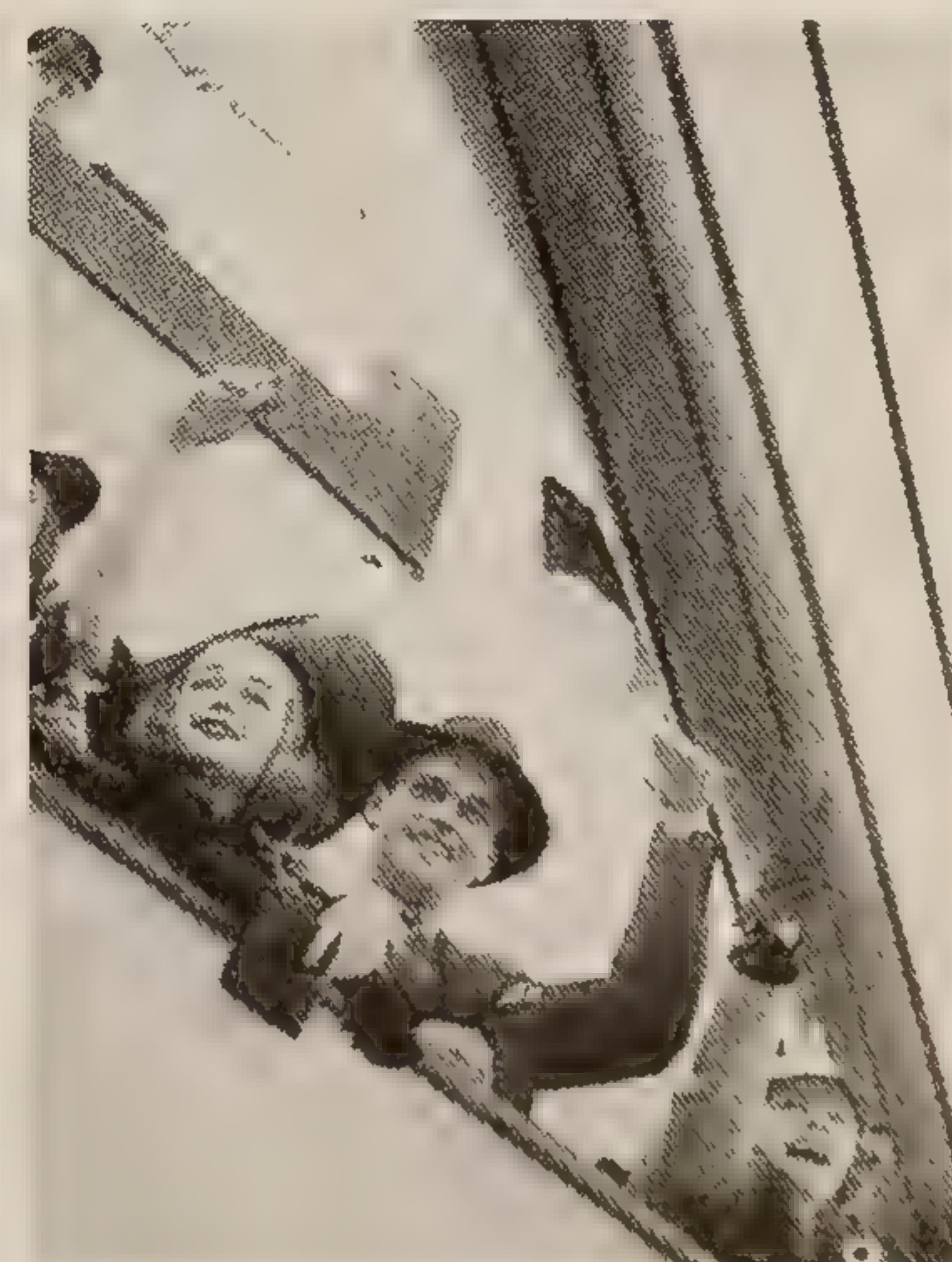
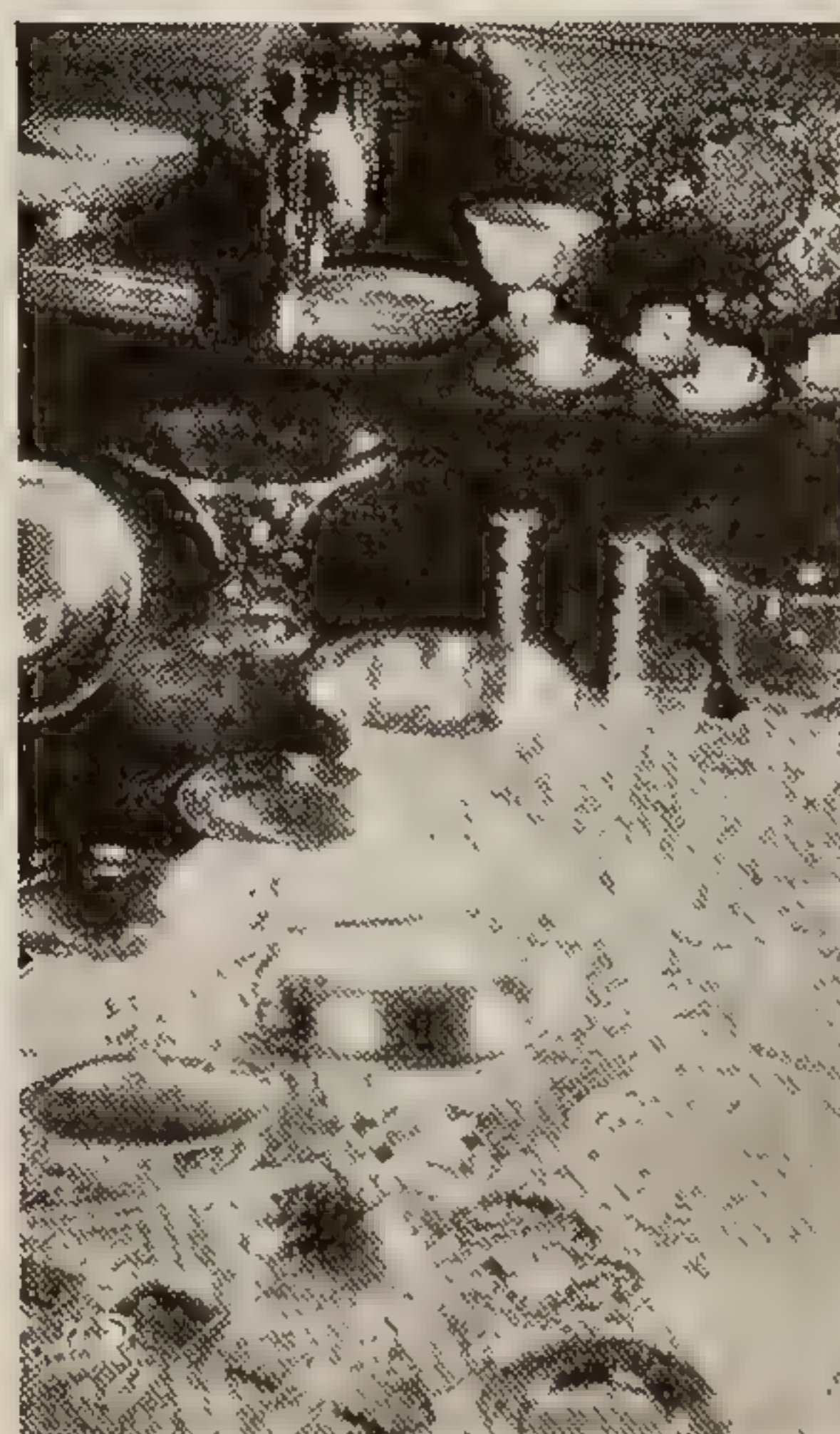


**WISE GIRLS DEPEND ON THIS EXTRA SKIN CARE—
THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN!***



Boy Teaches Girl—*Nancy Hoguet* gets a lesson in the fine art of hitting the bull's-eye. Her fresh young skin gets simple and intelligent care. "I cream my skin every day with Pond's Cold Cream. That puts extra 'skin-vitamin' into it, besides **cleaning** and **softening** it."

Most Snapshotted Engaged Couple—*Anne Clark Roosevelt* faced the camera squad cheerfully for 4 hours straight in exchange for 3 weeks' privacy before her wedding! She says: "'Skin-vitamin' helps **skin health**. I'm glad to have this plus element in such a good cream as Pond's."



Big Moment—*Camilla Morgan* (now *Mrs. Remsen Donald*) finds it takes two to cut a cake. "I'll always use Pond's," she says. "When skin needs Vitamin A, it gets **rough** and **dry**. Pond's Cold Cream helps make up for this."

245 Presents—*Marjorie Fairchild* sails for Bermuda **honeymoon** day after her wedding at St. Thomas's—one of the prettiest weddings of the season. She says: "Pond's was famous when I was still in my high chair. I use it for the reason they did then—to smooth skin **beautifully** for **make-up**."

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again.

● Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns **quicker**.

● Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

Eastern Standard Time			
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME		
	8:00	NBC-Red: Milt Herth Trio	
	8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn	
	8:30	NBC-Blue: Swing Serenade	
	8:45	NBC-Red: Radio Rubes	
	8:00	9:00 CBS: Richard Maxwell	
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Press-Radio News	
	8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club	
	8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: The Family Man	
	8:30	9:30 CBS: Girl Interne	
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children	
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh	
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly	
	9:00	10:00 MBS: School of the Air	
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah	
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge	
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Jane Arden	
1:00	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife	
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House	
	9:30	NBC-Blue: Madame Courageous	
1:15	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill	
	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother	
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Central City	
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White	
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin	
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum	
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade	
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones	
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister	
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family	
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown	
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories	
	11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life	
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life	
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Mary Margaret McBride	
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife	
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James	
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills	
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent	
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour	
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Time for Thought	
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday	
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs	
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful	
	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News	
10:15	12:15	1:15 NBC-Red: Let's Talk It Over	
	12:30	1:30 CBS: Road of Life	
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge	
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Words and Music	
	12:45	1:45 CBS: This Day Is Ours	
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Those Happy Gilmans	
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Irene Beasley	
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: Your Health	
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob	
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter	
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: School of the Air	
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady	
11:45	1:45	2:45 MBS: Ed Fitzgerald	
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Betty Crocker	
12:00	2:00	3:00 CBS: Indianapolis Symphony	
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin	
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins	
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family	
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone	
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light	
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee	
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife	
1:15	3:15	4:15 BS: Time Out for Dancing	
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas	
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade	
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Girl Alone	
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: March of Games	
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony	
	5:00	NBC-Red: Dick Tracy	
	5:15	NBC-Blue: Terry and the Pirates	
	5:15	NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine	
2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Press Radio News	
	5:00	5:30 NBC-Blue: Don Winslow	
	5:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong	
	5:45	5:45 CBS: The Mighty Show	
	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix	
	5:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie	
5:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Howie Wing	
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Bob Trout	
	5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: Gulden Serenaders	
3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: Music Is My Hobby	
10:00	5:45	6:45 CBS: Sophie Tucker	
	6:45	6:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas	
	6:45	6:45 NBC-Red: Father and Son	
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: County Seat	
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces	
7:00	9:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy	
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Lum and Abner	
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen	
8:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: Edwin C. Hill	
7:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Ask-it-Basket	
7:30	7:30	7:30 MBS: The Lone Ranger	
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: GANG BUSTERS	
	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY	
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM	
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Blue: Hobby Lobby	
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey	
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: TEXACO STAR THEATER	
9:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TONIGHT	
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: Wings for the Martins	
	9:00	10:00 CBS: Edgar A. Guest	
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S KOLLEGE	
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Fisk Jubilee Choir	
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: NBC Minstrel Show	

Motto of the Day

Wednesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Bob
Trout

Don't hammer hard until you're sure you can hit the nail on the head.

Highlights For Wednesday, Dec. 28

IT'S an easy matter nowadays to keep up on the news of the world, if you'll only take an hour or so every night to listen to the radio. . . . Besides the local newscasters on every station and the frequent *Press-Radio News* bulletins, there are such network commentators as *Edwin C. Hill*, *NBC-Red* at 7:15; *Lowell Thomas*, *NBC-Blue* at 6:45; and *Bob Trout*, *CBS* at 6:30. . . . Trout is the only one of the three who isn't sponsored—not yet, that is. He made his reputation at *WJSV*, Columbia's Washington station, where he was the most frequent announcer for the President. . . . At one time or another he has

introduced to the radio audience just about all the personalities now making history in our national Capital. . . . Starting life with an ambition to be a locomotive engineer and draw cartoons between train runs, he made his family miserable by running away from home on every possible occasion. . . . At different times he worked as a Wall Street runner, cab driver, debt collector, filling station attendant, and seaman—and finally ended up by deciding to be a writer. A pneumonia attack ended this ambition, and a radio job at *WJSV* was his next post after his recovery. . . . He's one of *CBS*'s prize announcers.



Bob Trout is one of tonight's trio of commentators to keep you up on the news.

Highlights For Wednesday, Jan. 4

JOHN BARRYMORE'S first regular air program—the *Texaco Star Theater*, on *CBS* tonight at 9:00—proves that the youngest member of the theater's Royal Family can be quite funny and very affable. . . . Quite a long jump for the man who was once America's matinee idol—although your *Almanac*, for one, can't see that he is such a great improvement over the program's first master-of-ceremonies, *Adolphe Menjou*. . . . Like all big Hollywood programs, this one is having a hectic career, filled with tinkering, time changes, and cast switches. Seems as if they were all necessary before one of these colossal

shows can get into smooth working order. . . . On *NBC-Red* at the same time as the *Texaco* show is *Fred Allen*, in a program which runs along as smoothly as if it were on ball-bearings. Mr. Allen has learned how to put a show together—but it takes him seven days of hard work every week to do it. . . . Don't forget the entertaining *Hobby Lobby* show, which never seems to lose its fascination, on *NBC-Blue* at 8:30. . . . Incidentally, *Dave Elman*, its originator and boss, has just been invited by the *Hobby Guild of South Africa* to speak at its annual meeting in Rhodesia next summer. Just a little jaunt between broadcasts!



John Barrymore is an affable gentleman as master of ceremonies for *Texaco*.

Highlights For Wednesday, Jan. 11

THE crack of pistols . . . the rat-a-tat of machine guns . . . a woman's shrill scream . . . these are the sounds that tell you it's Wednesday evening and *Gang Busters* is on the *CBS* air. . . . The dean of thrill-programs goes on its exciting way, to the delight of many a listener, your *Almanac* included. . . . Here are some side-lights on the show. . . . *Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf*, the program's narrator, has a hobby—he likes to come to rehearsals early and help the sound men set up their equipment. . . . The *Colonel's* fan mail is full of requests for aid in locating missing persons and pleas for legal advice, on subjects

ranging all the way from bigamy to bank robbery. . . . When you hear a woman scream on *Gang Busters*, the chances are that the blood-curdling sound comes from the throat of a girl hired especially for the purpose, a radio actress who makes a specialty of screaming. The job isn't as simple as it sounds—you never can be sure how the scream will sound, particularly when the air in the studio is filled with gun smoke. . . . A frequent actress on *Gang Busters* is *Frances Chaney*, who was born in Russia, studied in Constantinople, was brought to America by her parents and has recently appeared in several stage shows.



Frances Chaney, of *Gang Busters*, also plays in *CBS Workshop* and other shows.

Highlights For Wednesday, Jan. 18

ONE of the personalities you've been writing in about is *David Broekman*, music master of the *Texaco Star Theater* tonight at 9:00 on *CBS*, and no wonder, for his orchestrations and arrangements are something to get excited about. . . . David is a *Hollander*—he was born in Leyden in 1900. At seventeen, he got his first job, that of a vocal coach in the *Royal State Opera* in Amsterdam. . . . At eighteen, he conducted opera at The Hague, and in 1922 he came to America to be first violinist in the *New York Philharmonic Orchestra*. . . . In Hollywood, he became music director for *Universal Pictures*. . . .

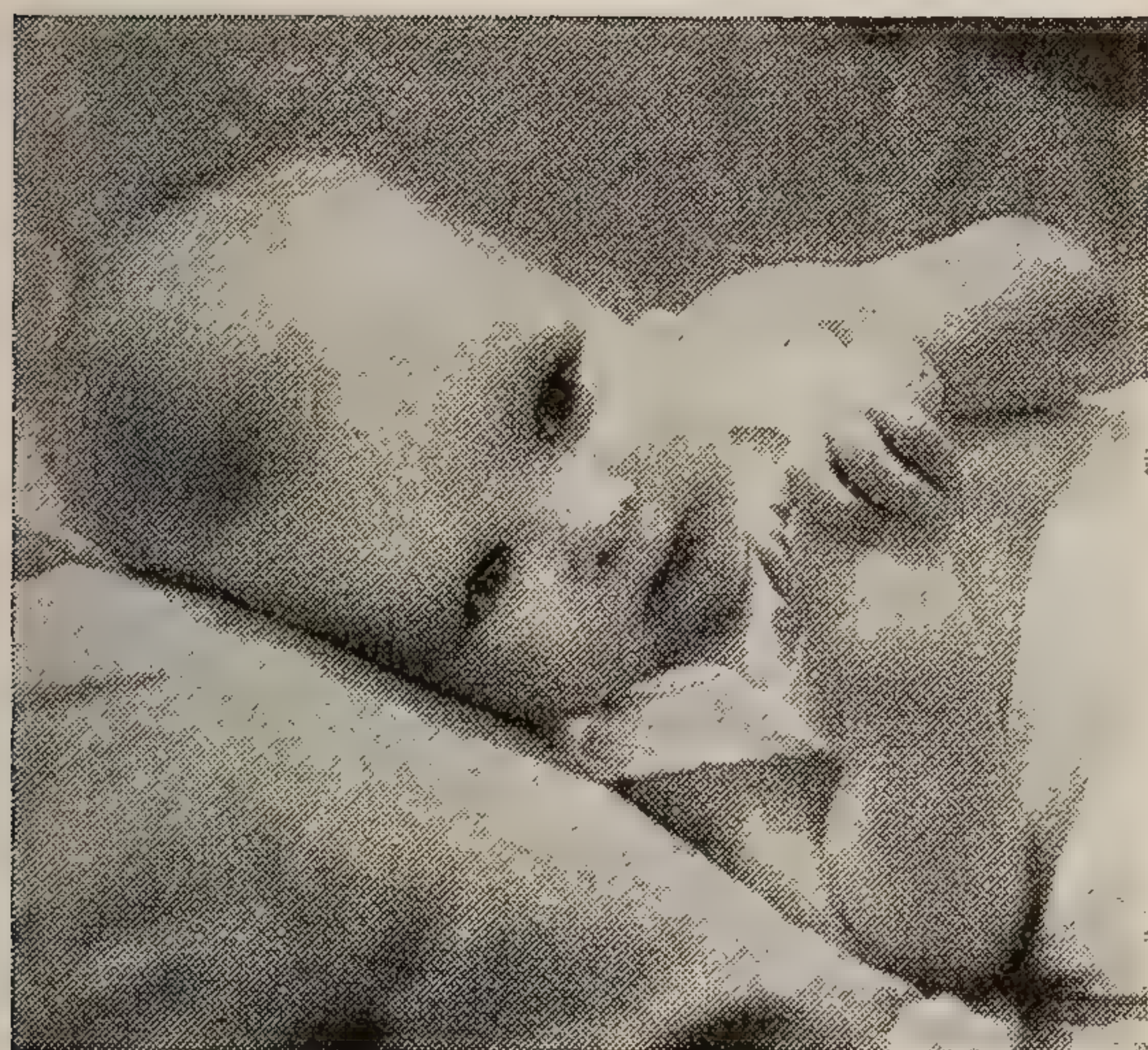
He's married, and has three children, *Melisande*, *Dietje*, and *Jacqueline*. . . . When he's rehearsing his orchestra he often sings whole sections of music to show just the effect he wants, which tickles the men in the band no end. One of them once described his voice as "a mezzo-soprano-baritone, with a decided flair for coloratura in the bass." . . . In other words, a mighty funny voice. . . . Quizzers, don't forget the *Ask-It-Basket* on *CBS* at 7:30, and *Kay Kyser's College of Musical Knowledge* on *NBC-Red* at 10:00. They'll give your knowledge of all sorts of subjects a work-out you won't soon forget.



David Broekman is the orchestra conductor on the *Texaco Theater* tonight.

Will your baby grow as fast as Johnny?

A fine start . . . on Clapp's Strained Foods



Johnny at 3 months . . . "This picture was taken at the time Johnny had his first food from a spoon," relates Johnny Davies' mother. "We had agreed to let him be one of the test babies in our town (Westfield, N. J.) and the doctor started him off on Clapp's Baby Cereal first. After that came Clapp's Strained Spinach . . . and he loved it, right from the first . . ."



Johnny at 12 months . . . "Everybody said he was the happiest baby they ever saw—and he certainly was a healthy one! He had every food on the Clapp list from five months on—I'd give him a new one every few days—and he gained better than a pound a month right along. That speaks well for the vitamins and minerals in Clapp's Foods!"



17 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Foods

Every food requested and approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. The Clapp Company—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots Green Beans • Mixed Greens

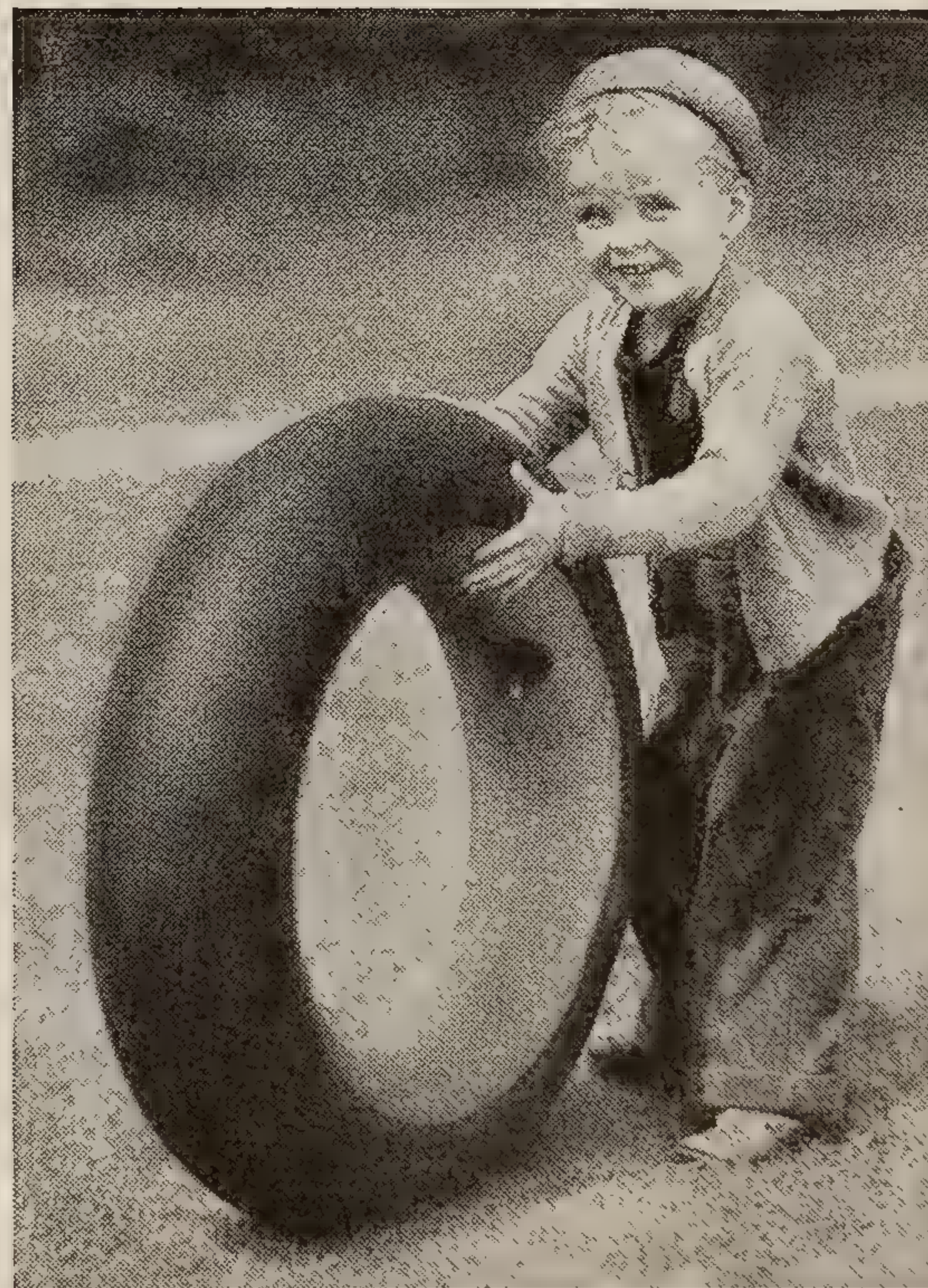
Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

The good work is continued . . . with Clapp's Chopped Foods



Johnny at 22 months . . . "A regular husky! He could already play ball with his Daddy. Of course, he'd outgrown Strained Foods, but, luckily, just at that time the Clapp people started to make Chopped Foods. They're more coarsely divided, the way doctors advise for older babies and toddlers. And such a blessing! No special marketing or cooking, yet the baby has his own menu and the family have anything they like!"



Johnny at 3 years . . . "Here's Johnny now. Isn't he a big boy? And solid as a little rock. We think he's a great credit to Clapp's Foods—but then the other babies who had them are all fine, sturdy children, too. He still gets Clapp's Chopped Foods and he's specially fond of those new Junior Dinners. They're Beef or Lamb with vegetables and cereals. Very substantial, and flavorful, too—you ought to try them."



11 Varieties of Clapp's Chopped Foods

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.



CLAPP'S BABY FOODS



STRAINED FOR BABIES . . . CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Eastern Standard Time		
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	
	8:00	NBC-Red: Milt Herth Trio
	8:15	NBC-Blue: Kampus Kids
	8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
	8:45	NBC-Red: Radio Rubes
	8:00	9:00 CBS: Richard Maxwell
	8:00	9:00 NBC: Press-Radio News
	8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
	8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: The Family Man
	8:30	9:30 CBS: Girl Interns
	8:45	9:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
	8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
1:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	9:00	10:00 MBS: School of the Air
	9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
1:15	9:15	10:15 CBS: Myrt and Marge
	9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
1:00	9:15	10:15 NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
1:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Hilltop House
2:30	4:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:15	9:30	10:30 NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
	9:45	10:45 CBS: Stepmother
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Blue: Central City
	9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Woman in White
10:45	10:00	11:00 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: David Harum
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	10:15	11:15 NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
11:00	10:30	11:30 CBS: Big Sister
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
11:15	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	11:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	10:45	11:45 NBC-Red: Road of Life
	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00 NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: The O'Neills
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: Time for Thought
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: The Goldbergs
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	12:15	1:15 NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News
	12:30	1:30 CBS: Road of Life
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: Words and Music
	12:45	1:45 CBS: This Day Is Ours
10:45	12:45	1:45 NBC-Red: Those Happy Gilmans
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: Irene Beasley
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: SCHOOL OF THE AIR
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 CBS: Howard Barlow
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC-Red: Girl Alone
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: Let's Pretend
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Blue: Affairs of Anthony
	5:00	NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
	4:15	5:15 NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
	5:00	5:30 NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
	5:30	5:30 NBC-Red: Jack Armstrong
	5:45	5:45 CBS: The Mighty Show
	5:45	5:45 NBC-Blue: Tom Mix
	5:45	5:45 NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS: Press Radio News
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Red: Met. Opera Guild
5:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: Howie Wing
3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: Bob Trout
	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
4:00	6:00	7:00 CBS: County Seat
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	9:00	7:00 NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
4:15	6:15	7:15 NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
	6:15	7:15 NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
5:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Joe Penner
8:30	7:00	8:00 CBS: KATE SMITH HOUR
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: Interesting Neighbors
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: RUDY VALLEE
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: MAJOR BOWES
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS OF 1939
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Blue: AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Walter O'Keefe
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Americans at Work
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: People I Have Known

Motto of the Day

If you waste time worrying you'll have more to worry about.

Thursday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Joe
Penner

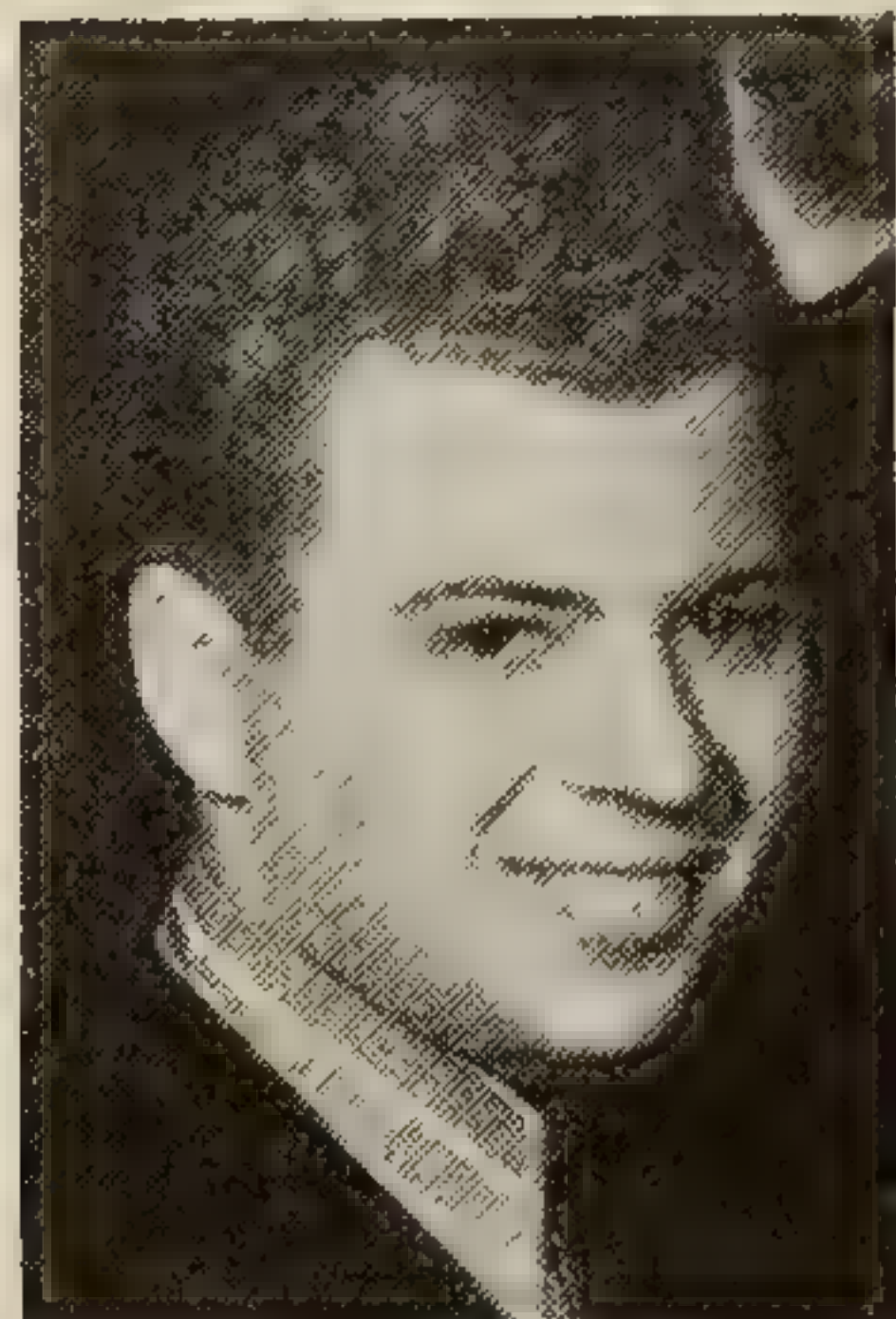
Highlights For Thursday, Dec. 29

THERE'LL be big times on the *Mutual* network's stations tonight, for *MBS* celebrates the conclusion of its second year as a coast-to-coast network with appropriately joyful shouts and a big night-time program. . . . Better be there for the birthday party. . . . Joe Sudy, a bandleader who may not be very familiar to you, opens tonight at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco, and you'll hear his music late at night on two networks, *NBC* and *MBS*. . . . If you're planning on listening to the *Metropolitan Opera* broadcast next Saturday, tune in tonight to the *Metropolitan Opera Guild*

program, *NBC-Red* at 6:00, E. S. T. A guest commentator will tell you the story of Saturday's opera, and an instrumental group will play the principal themes and tunes from it. . . . The quarter-hour program will double your enjoyment of the complete opera broadcast. . . . Eleven-year-old Tommy Lane made his professional debut as a singer only this year, but he's already an important part of Joe Penner's program on *CBS* at 7:30 tonight. . . . Tommy, whose real name is Stanley Hoffman, was auditioned by Penner after winning a vocal contest in his home town, Atlanta, Georgia.



Eleven-year-old Tommy Lane sings on Joe Penner's program tonight at 7:30 on CBS.



Ezra Stone plays Henry in the *Aldrich Family* plays on Kate Smith's hour.

Highlights For Thursday, Jan. 5

IF you haven't listened yet to the *Aldrich Family* on Kate Smith's program, *CBS* at 8:00, you really should. It won't take you long to fall under their spell . . . and particularly under the spell of Henry Aldrich, the young son of the family and leading character in the weekly sketches. Henry's every baffled and confused youngster who ever lived, as funny as he's pathetic. . . . The part is played by Ezra Stone, who also played it on the stage, in the show called "What a Life!" Henry was such a big Broadway hit that Kate Smith got the brilliant idea of having Clifford Goldsmith, the author, continue his

adventures on the air. . . . Mrs. Aldrich is played by Leah Penman, Mr. Aldrich by Blaine Fillmore, and Mary, Henry's sister, by Betty Field. . . . Are you like your Almanac—every time you hear the *Kraft Music Hall* on *NBC-Red* at 10:00, do you wait eagerly for them to play or sing the "Hail, K. M. H." song? It has one of the catchiest melodies on the air . . . one that beats most actual college songs all hollow. . . . The *Good News* program continues on its very merry way, *NBC-Red* at 9:00, with Frank Morgan and Fannie Brice's *Baby Snooks* getting funnier by the week.

Highlights For Thursday, Jan. 12

NEW radio shows are few and far between these days, but one crops up tonight for your attention. It stars Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra, singer Kay Thompson, and comedian Walter O'Keefe—all of whom have been missing from your loudspeaker for altogether too long. . . . Kostelanetz, for instance, is one of the few really original musicians radio has developed. He's never happy unless he's trying something new. . . . He's an excellent linguist—speaks seven languages fluently. . . . His favorite exclamation, when he hears a surprising remark, is—with eyebrows lifted—"Fantastic!" . . . Quiet and

modest, he isn't the sort of man you'd notice in a crowd—yet when he's with his wife, Lily Pons, they make what romantic ladies would call a "cute couple"—they're both so small. . . . His romance with Lily Pons, which culminated last summer in their marriage, is a real radio love story. They met for the first time when Lily was the star of a radio show in which Andre conducted the orchestra, and Lily was so impressed with Andre's musicianship she asked him to coach her in voice lessons. . . . When she went to Hollywood to make movies, she wouldn't sing for the sound track unless Andre was there to lead the orchestra.



Andre Kostelanetz returns to the air tonight over the CBS network at 10:00.



Back again in radio, Kay Thompson sings tonight with Andre Kostelanetz' music.

Highlights For Thursday, Jan. 19

IF you missed the new ten-o'clock *CBS* show last week—even after your Almanac's extended lecture on it—be sure and tune it in tonight, because it has all the ingredients of a very listenable forty-five minutes. . . . Funnyman Walter O'Keefe is one of radio's stormy petrels, but when he's given the chance he can also be right comical. Don't you still remember with glee his skits on the old Camel show? Recently he hasn't been very happy in his radio work, what with arguments with sponsors and other difficulties, and let's hope that this new show marks the turning of the tide. . . . Kay Thompson,

the vocalist, is a St. Louis girl, and won success soon after coming to New York several years ago. . . . An accomplished pianist, she has also composed many tunes . . . says she can't sing unless she's wearing a scarf, and her favorite is a little red one. . . . Made her public debut when she was sixteen, as a pianist, playing with the St. Louis Symphony orchestra. It was successful, even though when she sat down to play Kay discovered that she'd forgotten the first sixteen bars of the number. . . . She just told the conductor to go ahead and start playing—she'd join him later. . . . which she did.

Daisy got orchids for telling—



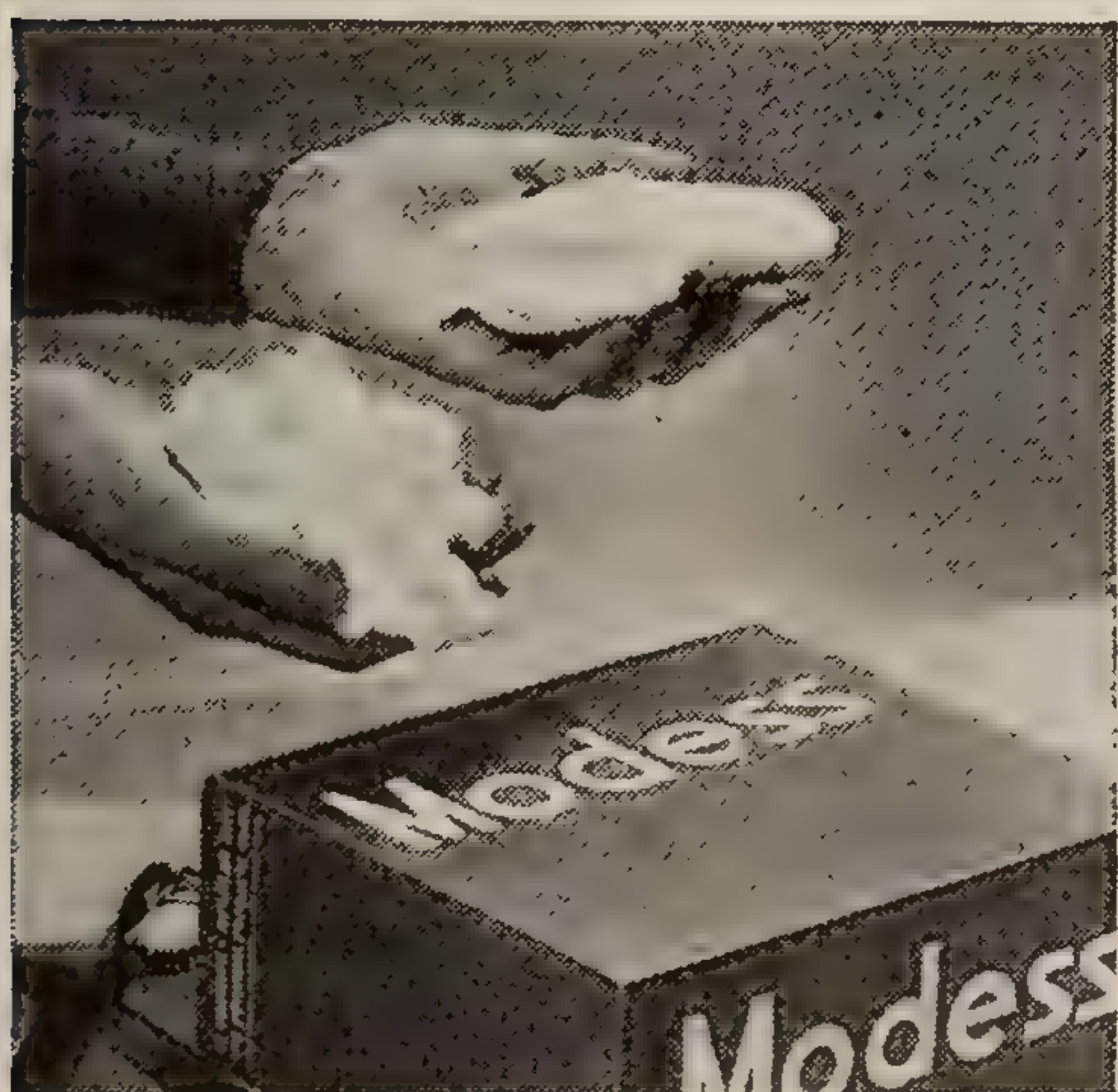
I could hardly keep a straight face at the bridge club yesterday. In strolled Daisy—with her whole shoulder aquiver with orchids. Naturally, the girls were dying to find out who'd sent them. But Daisy just smiled mysteriously and said, "Wouldn't you like to know?" Ha-ha, I thought, *wouldn't Daisy like to know!*



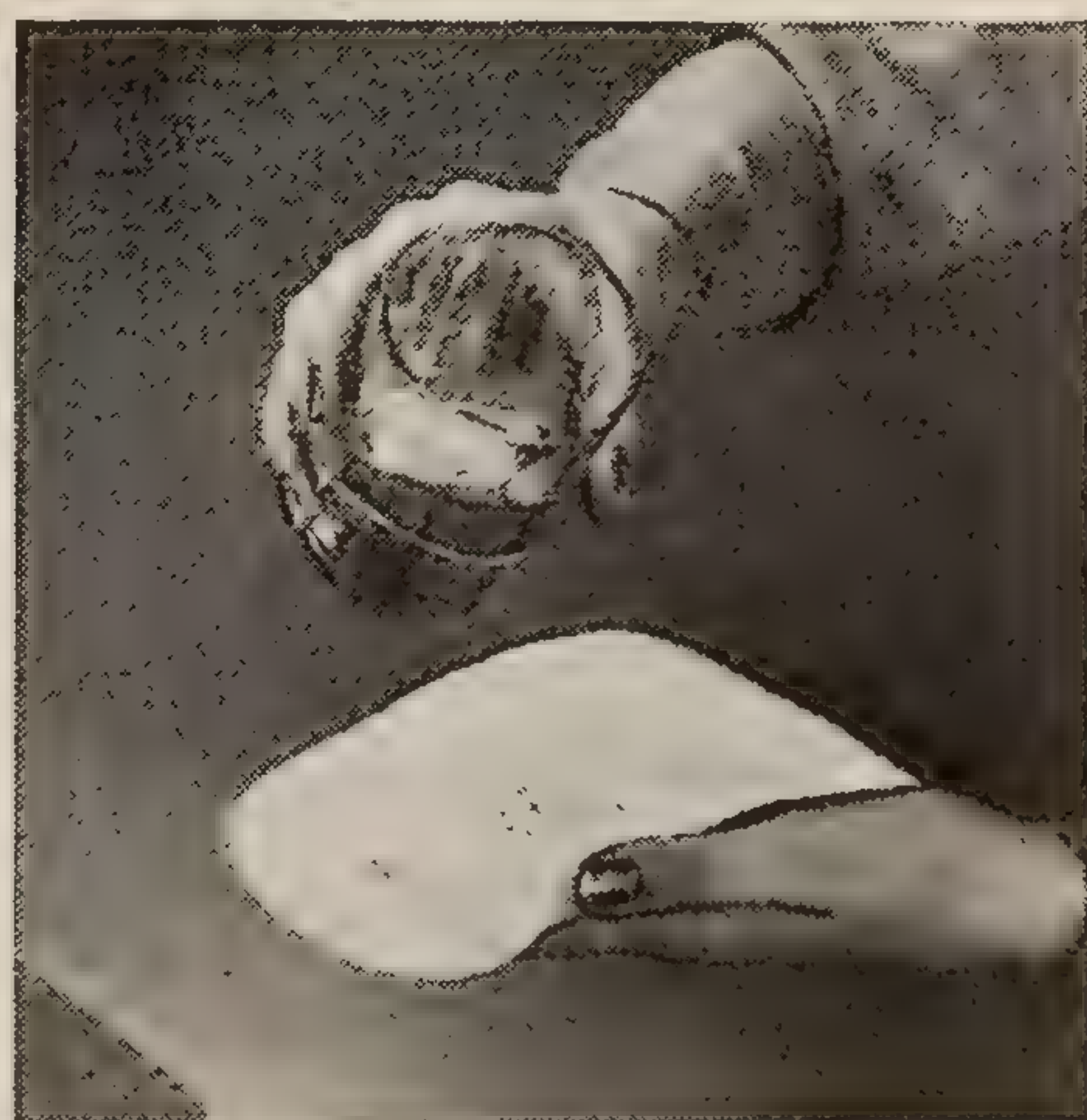
Here's what happened. I ran into Daisy downtown on Monday. I'd been shopping all afternoon, and I wasn't up to par anyway. "Daisy," I moaned, "I'm so chafed and uncomfortable I can't go another step. Let's stop in here and have a soda."



"So that's what ails you," said Daisy, when I'd explained more fully. And with that she marched over to a counter and came back in a flash with a package. "I just got you a box of Modess," she said, "and I'll deliver *it* and *you* right to your door. Come on—my car's outside . . ."



"Now for some scissors," were her first words when we got home. I handed them to her—and she cut a Modess pad in two and showed me the soft, fluffy filler. I was amazed at the difference between the "fluff-type" filler in Modess and the layer-type pads I'd been in the habit of buying!



"You bet Modess is softer," Daisy continued. "And what's more, it's *safer!* There's a moisture-resistant backing inside every Modess pad!" Whereupon she took out the backing . . . and dropped some water on it. Safer is right!—Not a drop went through!



So—the truth is that Daisy's orchids came from *me!* Modess gave me such wonderful relief—both from chafing and worry—that I thought a corsage of orchids was none too great a reward. And to make the thrill greater, I left out my card—so Daisy would think they came from an admiring beau.

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME		Eastern Standard Time	
Pacific Standard Time	Central Standard Time	Pacific Standard Time	Central Standard Time
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Motto of the Day

A man with a friendly library is never without friends.

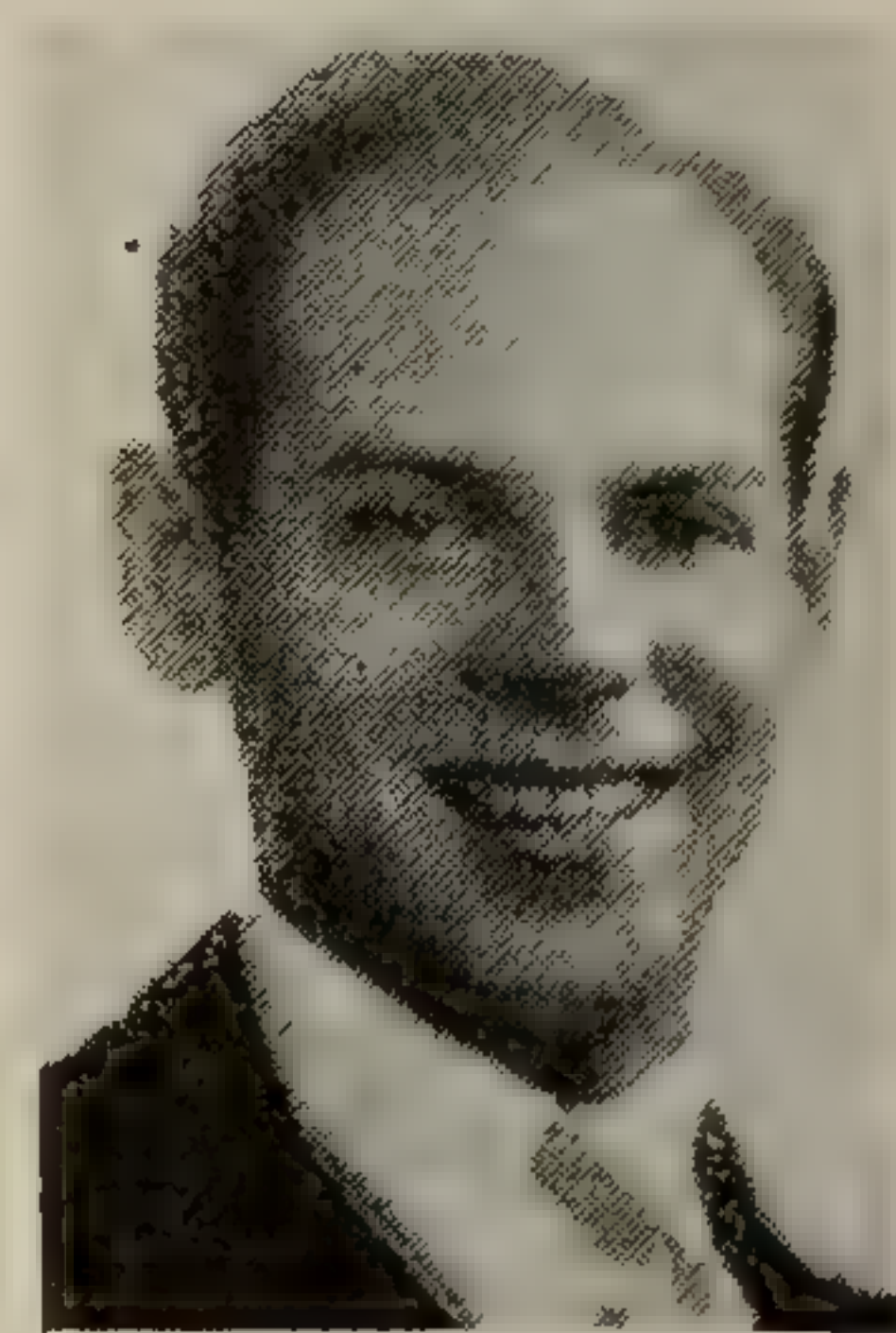
Friday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Ted
Malone

Highlights For Friday, Dec. 30

THERE'S a special broadcast for you today—the presentation of the *Sullivan Award* to the outstanding American athlete of 1938. The ceremonies take place on *NBC-Blue* at 7:30, and if you're a sports fan you won't want to miss them. Last year there was only one logical man to give the award to—*Don Budge*, the tennis ace. But this year the choice is going to be more difficult, and no matter who tonight's lucky winner is there are certain to be dissenters. . . . Still another strange radio job is the one held by *Henry Boyd*. You'll hear him on *CBS* at 11:45 this morning on the *Aunt Jenny's Stories* program,

in which he plays—guess what?—"Dickey," the pet canary. . . . Henry is radio's favorite bird imitator—does nothing else but whistle on the air. He's been in radio for fifteen years, having started back in crystal set days, and has made a comfortable living all that time, whistling. He's on call all day long at Columbia, and must be ready at any time to supply bird-songs when they're required in the script. . . . Besides doing bird imitations, he often whistles melodies in variety shows, with orchestras. He has a complete repertoire of all the known bird songs, from nightingale to swallow.



Whistler Henry Boyd plays "Dickey," the canary, on *Aunt Jenny's True Stories*.

Highlights For Friday, Jan. 6

NOW that all the tumult and the shouting of the Martian invasion has died down, listen to *Orson Welles* and his guest star tonight on *CBS* at 9:00, and treat yourself to a tasty slice of drama. . . . According to his statement before he started this new series to replace *Hollywood Hotel*, Orson is through with fantasy, and will broadcast romantic plays with a strong interest for modern people from now on. . . . Your Almanac is sorry that the perennial *Hollywood Hotel* had to go off the air, but on the other hand it has great hopes for the success of the *Mercury Theater* show. . . . *Karl Swenson*, who plays *Lord*

Henry Brinthrop in *Our Gal Sunday*, on *CBS* this afternoon at 12:45, is probably the only man living who was ever expelled from college because he wanted to be an actor. He paid so much attention to the dramatic club, and so little to his studies, that the authorities decided he'd be better off if they kicked him out. . . . Until Karl was five years old, his parents would allow him to speak nothing but Swedish—a good thing, because study of that language gave him a second set of consonants and vowels, resulting in more elastic speech and a more sensitive ear. He can now speak almost any kind of dialect.



Karl Swenson, a dead ringer for *Ralph Belamy*, is *Lord Henry* in *Our Gal Sunday*.

Highlights For Friday, Jan. 13

THIS is one of the nights when sports fans can listen to a prizefight being broadcast from Madison Square Garden. Tune in *NBC-Blue* for a round-by-round description. . . . Wonder how many months it will be before we can watch televised pictures of prizefights? . . . The *NBC Jamboree* has moved to Friday nights—you hear it on *NBC-Blue* at 8:30. It's a variety show that's as good as any sponsored program you could find, and better than some. . . . Returning for a moment to *Aunt Jenny's Stories*, on *CBS* at 11:45 this morning, the show recently added a new feminine member to its cast. She's *Vicki*

Vola, a young girl from Denver who ran away to Hollywood when she was only sixteen. On the coast she was heard over the air with *Joe Penner* and *Boris Karloff*, and last September she appeared with *Jean Hersholt* at the opening of the new *CBS* studios in San Francisco. . . . Wrap your ears around some good music this afternoon at 2:00 by listening to *Dr. Damrosch's Music Appreciation* hour over *NBC-Blue*. . . . *Sophie Tucker's* program on *CBS* at 6:45 tonight is a grand early-evening tonic. Right after tonight's show *Sophie* will hurry to a Broadway theater, where she is starring in a new musical.

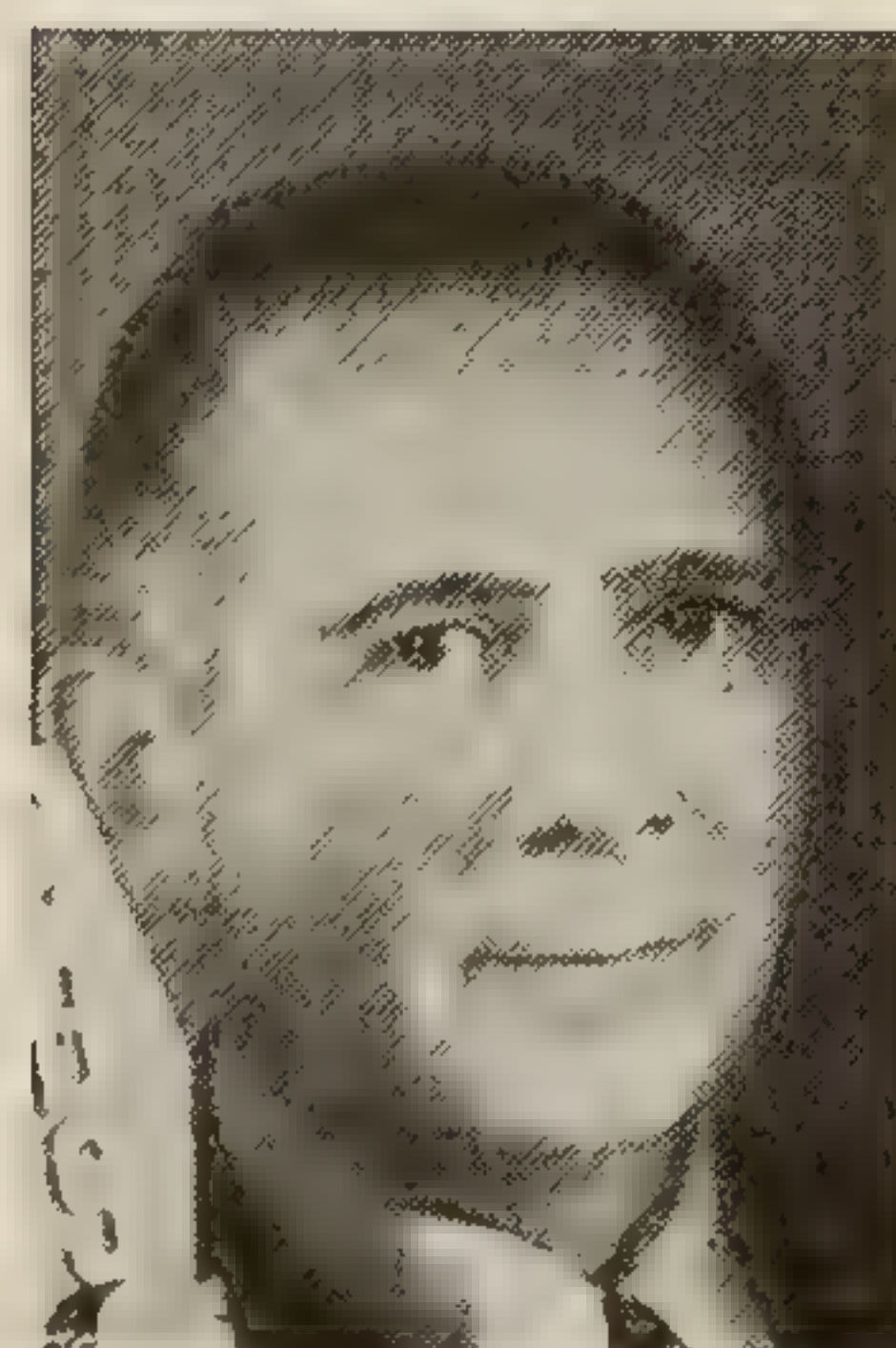


A new addition to the cast of *Aunt Jenny's Stories*—*Vicki Vola*, once of Denver

Highlights For Friday, Jan. 20

ONE of the most fascinating things to study in the world is astronomy—the movements of the stars and planets. And did you know that there's a radio program which brings you this knowledge in easy-to-understand form? It's *Men Behind the Stars*, on *CBS* this afternoon at 5:15, with *Hans Christian Adamson*, of the Museum of Natural History, and *William H. Barton* of the Hayden Planetarium. For a quarter-hour of really engrossing material, your Almanac heartily recommends this show. . . . No less an authority than *Orson Welles* considers *Ray Collins* the finest actor in radio—so

listen respectfully tonight when you hear *Ray* in the leading role of *County Seat*, the 7:00 o'clock serial on *CBS*. *Ray* plays *Doc Hackett*, the country druggist who gets mixed up in the lives of everyone who crosses his path. You've heard him hundreds of times in such shows as the *Kate Smith Hour*, *Eddie Cantor's Camel Caravan*, the *Columbia Workshop*, and others, but like most radio actors he seldom gets his name mentioned on the air. . . . He climbed the theatrical ladder by appearing in stock and vaudeville. In the role of *Doc Hackett* he gets his very first radio starring part.



"The finest actor on the air" is what *Ray Collins* of *County Seat* has been called.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 6)

LAREDO, Texas—It doesn't sound sensible, but down here station KPAB is actually giving you presents for DX, or long-distance reports. It seems that KPAB is just crazy over DX reports, and is willing to go to any lengths to get them.

So if your radio is powerful enough to pick up broadcasts many, many miles away—and, of course, if you live many, many miles away from Laredo—tune in on 1500 kilocycles some night between 2:00 and 3:00 A. M., Central Standard Time, and see if you can pick up KPAB. If you do, and write the station about it, they'll send you a Mexican souvenir—a sombrero, a piece of pottery, jumping beans, feather pictures, or some other bit of Mexican handiwork.

* * *

It was no surprise to anybody in Chicago when Bob Hawk was announced as one of the stars of Mutual's The People's Rally, Sunday afternoons, because Bob was already one of the Hub city's favorite stars.

Bob's rise was something of a phenomenon, too, because he is probably the only comedy headliner who was built up entirely through his own native wit, plus phonograph records. During his eleven years in radio—Bob is now thirty-one—he has worked for fifteen different radio stations, through every sort of program from grand opera to wrestling matches. Chicago grew to know him best as the master of ceremonies on an hour-long show given over entirely to hot swing recordings, called the Red Hot and Low-Down Revue.

On The People's Rally, he supplies the comic relief to the serious questions discussed by asking members of the audience riddles and puzzles which he calls Quixie-Doodles.

* * *

DALLAS—"And a happy day!" is the cheery parting remark on each of Eddie Dunn's Early Bird programs over WFAA here in Dallas.

Twenty-eight-year-old Eddie Dunn used to work in a radio station in Waco when he was in high school—that is, he worked there until one day he dropped twenty dollars' worth of records on the floor and broke them. Later, he sang on the air as a member of the Waco High School Male Quartet. Then he went on to higher education at Baylor University and Southern Methodist University, and didn't return to radio until 1928, as one-half of the harmony team of Munn and Dunn. Eddie sang and played ukulele accompaniment, and stayed on the WFAA staff for seven years, leaving to become advertising manager for a Fort Worth concern.

Radio lured him back to it, though, and in 1937 he returned to WFAA as master of ceremonies on its Early Bird program, where Texans hope he will be a permanent fixture.

Eddie's married, and has an Eddie Jr. and a ten-month-old daughter named Jamie Jo. His hobby, though it might more correctly be called an obsession, is candid photography. His favorite sports, as a spectator, are football, tennis, and handball. His favorite sports, as a participant, is sleeping.

(Continued on page 84)

How can a man forget so soon?



A year ago I marched down the aisle in my wedding veil. Bob promised to love me forever. But before very long, the quarrels began . . .



First it was his shirts. He said his mother used to wash them lots whiter. Gradually the nagging got worse—my curtains looked "dingy," my linens were a "disgrace." I thought he'd completely forgotten his promise, until . . .



My next-door neighbor caught me crying and promptly tossed my woes out the window. She told me my clothes had tattle-tale gray because they were only half-clean. She said I worked hard, but my lazy soap just didn't wash out *all* the dirt.



Quick as you please, I took her advice and changed to Fels-Naptha Soap. And glory, what a difference! That richer *golden* soap blended with gentle *napiha* hustles out every speck of dirt and my things simply shine like snow. Now Bob says he married a wonder. And I'm so glad that wonder is *me*!

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

		Eastern Standard Time	
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	8:00	NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orch.
		8:00	NBC-Red: Milt Herth Trio
		8:15	NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
		8:15	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:30	NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-tete
		8:45	NBC-Blue: Jack and Loretta
		8:00	9:00 NBC: Press-Radio News
		8:05	9:05 NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
		8:05	9:05 NBC-Red: The Wise Man
		8:15	9:15 CBS: Montana Slim
		8:15	9:15 NBC-Red: Instrumental Ensemble
		8:25	9:25 CBS: Press-Radio News
		8:45	9:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
		9:00	10:00 CBS: Hill Billy Champions
		9:00	10:00 NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
		9:00	10:00 NBC-Red: Saturday Morning Club
		9:15	10:15 NBC-Blue: Amanda Snow
		9:30	10:30 CBS: Four Corners Theater
		9:30	10:30 NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up
		9:45	10:45 NBC-Red: Florence Hale
		10:00	11:00 CBS: Cincinnati Conservatory
		10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: Vaughn de Leath
		10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: Benjamin Moore Show
		10:15	11:15 NBC-Blue: Radio City Four
		10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: Our Barn
		10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: Eastman School of Music
		12:00	CBS: KATE SMITH SPEAKS
		9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Blue: Education Forum
		9:00	11:00 12:00 NBC-Red: Cloutier Orch.
		9:15	11:15 12:15 NBC-Red: Al and Lee Reiser
		9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm Bureau
		9:30	11:30 12:30 NBC-Red: Call to Youth
		10:00	12:00 1:00 NBC-Red: America Presents
		10:30	12:30 1:30 CBS: Buffalo Presents
		10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Blue: Kinney Orch.
		10:30	12:30 1:30 NBC-Red: Campus Capers
		10:45	12:45 1:45 CBS: Romany Trail
		10:55	12:55 1:55 NBC-Red: METROPOLITAN OPERA
		11:00	1:00 2:00 NBC-Blue: Bill Krenz Orch.
		12:00	2:00 3:00 CBS: Poetic Strings
		12:00	2:00 3:00 NBC-Blue: Rakov's Orch.
		12:30	2:30 3:30 NBC-Blue: Ricardo Orch.
		1:00	3:00 4:00 NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
		2:00	4:00 5:00 CBS: Concert Orchestra
		2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Blue: Al Roth Orch.
		2:00	4:00 5:00 NBC-Red: Cosmopolitan Rhythm
		2:15	4:15 5:15 NBC-Red: Stamp Collectors
		2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC-Blue: Gray Gordon's Orch.
		2:30	4:30 5:30 NBC-Red: Swingology
		3:00	5:00 6:00 CBS: Press-Radio News
		3:00	5:00 6:00 NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten
		3:05	5:05 6:05 CBS: Dance Orchestra
		3:05	5:05 6:05 NBC-Blue: El Chico Revue
		3:30	5:30 6:30 CBS: Bob Trout
		3:45	5:45 6:45 NBC-Red: Religious Program
		4:00	6:00 7:00 CBS: Saturday Swing Session
		4:00	6:00 7:00 NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
		4:30	6:00 7:00 NBC-Red: Avalon Time
		8:00	6:30 7:30 CBS: Joe E. Brown
		6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
		4:30	5:30 7:30 NBC-Red: Rollini Orch.
		4:45	6:45 7:45 NBC-Red: Lives of Great Men
		8:30	7:00 8:00 CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS
		5:00	7:00 8:00 NBC-Red: TOMMY RIGGS
		9:00	7:30 8:30 CBS: Professor Quiz
		5:30	7:30 8:30 NBC-Blue: Original Plays
		9:00	7:30 8:30 NBC-Red: FRED WARING
		6:00	8:00 9:00 CBS: Men Against Death
		8:00	8:00 9:00 NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
		8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: Vox Pop
		6:30	8:30 9:30 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
		6:30	8:30 9:30 NBC-Red: Hall of Fun
		7:00	9:00 10:00 CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
		7:00	9:00 10:00 NBC-Blue: NBC SYMPHONY ORCH
		7:30	9:30 10:30 NBC-Red: Dance Music

Motto of the Day

First convince yourself that you're right—then convince others.

Saturday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Lanny
Ross

Highlights For Saturday, Dec. 31

GET ready for the biggest night of the year—the last and the biggest! If you want to don white tie and tails and go stepping among the bright lights, okay—but if you'd rather stay at home and have your fun there, radio is all ready to help you. All three networks—Columbia, National, and Mutual—are planning to travel all over the country—even all over the world—to greet 1939. . . . At 7:00 P. M., E. S. T., which is midnight in London, Mutual will broadcast the great chimes of Big Ben, and pick up the sounds of Britishers singing "Auld Lang Syne," and from then on there will be a steady

parade of merry-making and music around the clock. Some of the orchestras whose rhythms will help you celebrate: Guy Lombardo, Kay Kyser, Benny Goodman, Jan Garber, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Skinnay Ennis. And long after the New Year has come to this continent, you'll hear it arrive in Honolulu. . . . If you have time to listen to the long-hair variety of music, tonight is Artur Rodzinski's last concert conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra—Arturo Toscanini will be back next Saturday. . . . And don't forget that Lanny Ross is back on the air regularly, singing on the *Hit Parade*, CBS at 10:00.



Regular star of the *Hit Parade* on CBS at 10:00 is your old favorite, Lanny Ross.



Lotte Lehmann is on the Metropolitan's schedule today, in "Der Rosenkavalier."

Highlights For Saturday, Jan. 7

LOTTE LEHMANN, whose appearances at the Metropolitan Opera House always make the ticket-sellers work overtime, is scheduled to be on the *Met's* broadcast this afternoon, singing the star role in Richard Strauss' opera, "Der Rosenkavalier." She's the most famous interpreter of this particular operatic part in the world, so don't fail to listen to her if you possibly can—on NBC-Red at 1:55, E. S. T. . . . There's a lot of enchanting music in "Der Rosenkavalier," particularly waltzes. . . . NBC-Red has a new weekly program, starting today at 11:00 A. M., sponsored by a paint company. It's strictly

for home-makers. . . . Myrtle Vail's day will be full of congratulations from her friends—it's her birthday. She's the *Myrt* of *Myrt and Marge*, you know. . . . At 10:00 tonight, on NBC-Blue, Arturo Toscanini returns, leading the NBC orchestra in another program of symphonic music. They're still talking about sending Toscanini and the orchestra on a tour of the principal cities in America, but there's nothing definite yet. . . . They're also talking about selling this Saturday-night program to a commercial sponsor—but there again, there's nothing definite. It all comes under the head of rumor.

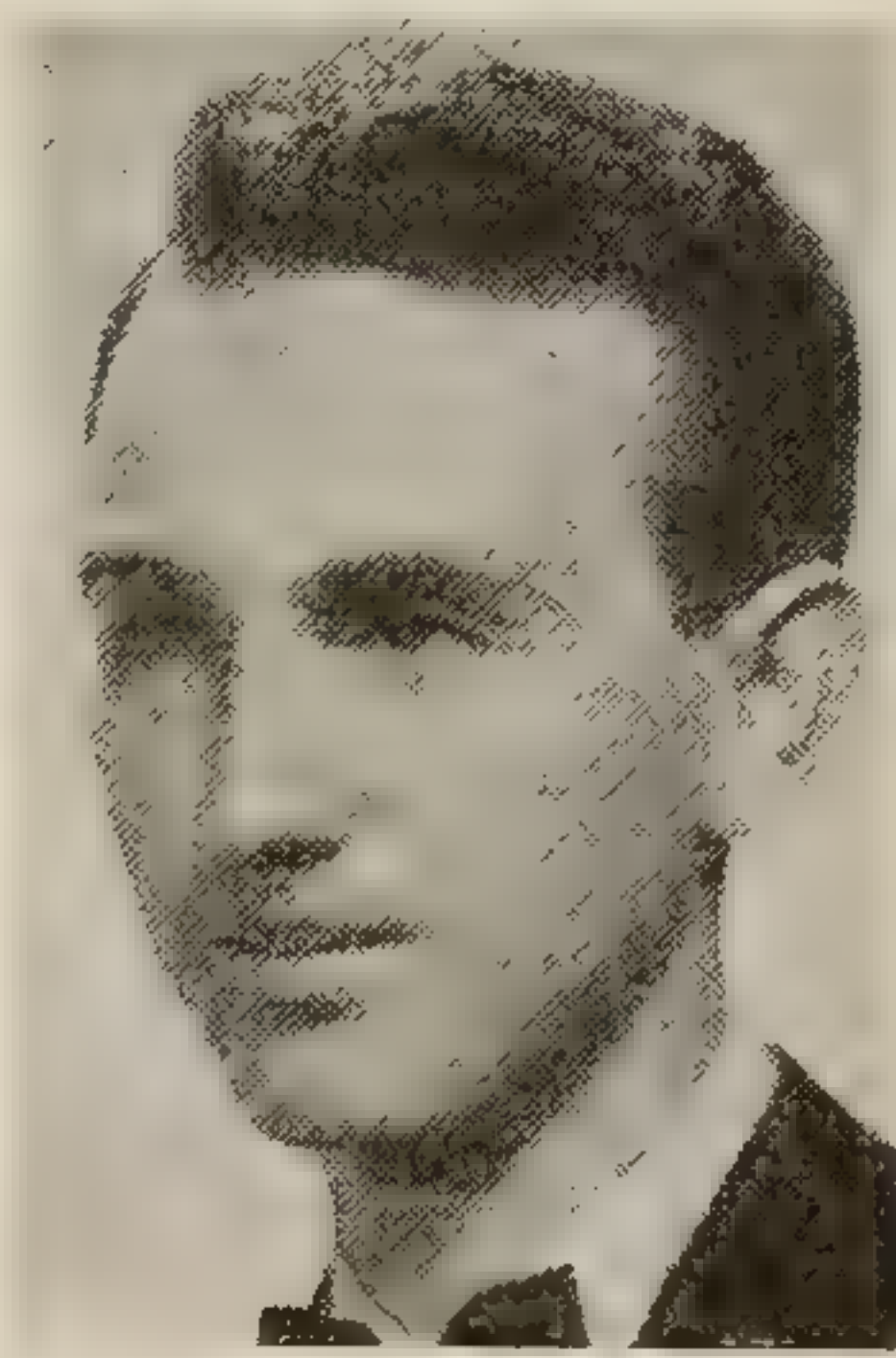
Highlights For Saturday, Jan. 14

VERY nice to listen to are *Two Bees and a Honey*, the vocal trio on Fred Waring's program, tonight on NBC-Red at 8:30 . . . and very nice to look at is *Honey*. Her real name is Lillian Perron, and she comes to New York swing-singing from Fall River, Massachusetts, and a background of severely classical music. . . . Lillian went to the Boston Conservatory of Music, but on the day the sheepskins were being handed out she was somewhere else—singing swing in a local theater. . . . At first her family thought they'd never forgive her—but now they forgive her every Saturday night when they listen

to Waring's program. . . . You and the kids can both listen this morning to CBS at 11:00, when Ernest Schelling conducts the *Philharmonic* in the regular children's concert. . . . Here's a program you may have been neglecting: *Men Against Death*, on CBS tonight at 9:00. Each week it tells the story of a famous scientist and his fight against disease. . . . Your old friend Phil Baker returns to the air tonight, as star of a new show on CBS from 9:00 to 9:30, sponsored by *Dole Pineapples*—all of which is very fine indeed, since it adds to the general hilarity of Saturday night listening.



Lillian Perron is the *Honey* of *Three Bees and a Honey* on Fred Waring's show.



Listen to Ralph Blane on the Saturday Morning Club program, on NBC-Red at 10 A.M.

Highlights For Saturday, Jan. 21

YOU'VE been writing in and demanding in no uncertain terms to be told about NBC's young tenor, Ralph Blane, and your Almanac is always delighted to do as it's told. . . . Ralph is heard this morning at 10:00 on NBC-Red, singing on the *Saturday Morning Club* program, and in addition you're likely to stumble on him in solo programs every now and then during the week. . . . Ralph's full name is Ralph Uriah Blane Hunsecker, and he was born in the romantically-named town of Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, on July 26, 1914. . . . When he was twelve years old and in grammar school, he won a

state singing contest. . . . After college he came to New York to go on the stage, and sang in several operettas and musical comedies—took the leading role in "New Faces of 1937". . . . He isn't married, and his hobby is his private zoo of strange and unusual animals which he collects on his trips abroad. . . . His current favorite pets are Tillie, a toucan (which is a bird), and Josephine, an ocelot (which is a kind of a wildcat with spotted fur). . . . His first job was that of candling eggs in his father's store—but he was promoted to cashier after his first day because he caught an egg thief.

Ned, the Alfadildo Kid

(Continued from page 34)

laughed—even when someone tickled him in the tummy. "Zut," the townspeople would say, for that, of course, is a habit with Canadians, "Zut! That Sparkman lad is a serious one." World problems weighed him down. 1894—the Dreyfus Case, for instance. And then a Cuban Revolution in 1895. In 1896 the Italians got licked at Adowa, Ethiopia. And, if that wasn't enough, he sang tenor.

"Kind of a Morton Downey tenor," says Sparks, denying that it was either a "whisky" tenor or a Bobbie Breen ditto. "Very useful in the mining camps of the Yukon, later. Tears fell like nuggets when the golden voice of Sparks sang an Irish ballad."

Along came 1898 and the gold rush in Alaska. Chilkoot became a password for admittance to the gold-seeking brotherhood. Little Edward Arthur—he didn't become Ned until later—grew restless in *Sai-nt* Thomas. So did the other inhabitants of the little town that shivered, in winter, on the northern side of Lake Erie. Finally, Ed, a solemn-faced, strong-headed little tike, hit the rainbow trail for the Yukon. He left behind father and mother, brother and sister.

GOING to Alaska to hunt gold was a swell idea, but Edward Arthur hadn't timed it right. He got there and found the great push was over. The richest lodes had been discovered, staked, were being worked. Ham and an elderly egg sold for ten dollars a plate. And you couldn't keep the plate, says Sparks. The dust that boots kicked up in the Arctic summer was Canadian top-soil; not a gram of gold in it. In the white, icy winters the breath of the husky dogs, nestled deep in the snow, arose like the smoke from a hundred teepees. It wasn't in young Ed to grin and bear it. He had never learned to grin, so he just bore it. In 1902 he made his theatrical debut. He sang—tenor, of course—in a Dawson City, Yukon, entertainment palace.

"After that I discovered the Northwest—in the worst way," says our dour hero. "Maybe you thought Lewis and Clark had a hard time. There's no harder way to travel than with a third-rate theatrical troupe. *Daw-son, White-horse, Skag-way, Jun-eau, Van-couver*," he nasally intoned. "Seattle, Spokane, Portland, Missoula, Helena, Butte—which reminds me of the funniest experience that I ever had in show business. It happened, years later, also out West, in Silver City, Colorado.

"We were playing 'Little Miss Brown' and the little lady in question was Madge Kennedy. It was the show in which I first tried working with a 'cold-pan' and it had enjoyed a very good run in New York. We had toured the country with it, and when we struck Silver City we were cock-sure about our performances. But something happened to the audience that first night. We noticed it during the opening act. There wasn't a ripple of applause. No one laughed. No one even coughed. It was like playing to the morgue.

"What is this?" we asked each other, and then we decided on what we'd do next. If we couldn't wow 'em, we'd give just a routine per-



"There's a new month
on my calendar"

"Remember how I used to be, Carol? Forever letting down my friends... breaking dates and missing appointments... staying miserably at home several days each month—because I thought I had to!"

"Then you made me see how much I was missing by doing nothing to relieve menstrual pain—really robbing myself of a full month of *living* every year. That was the time when you told me about Midol."

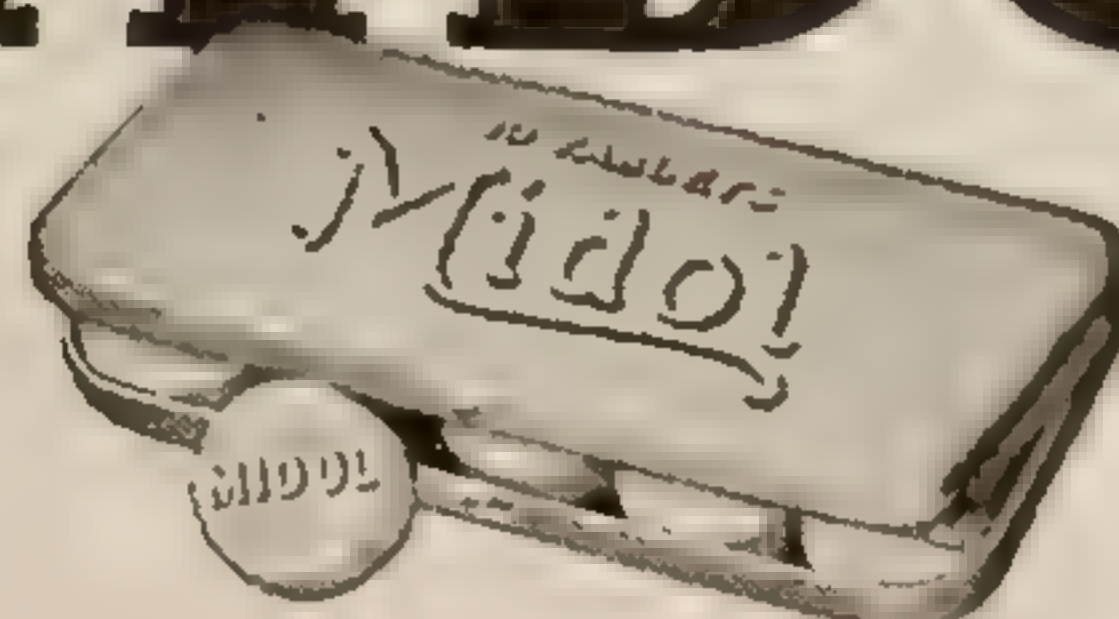
"I could bless you for it today! Why, if it weren't for Midol, I'd be at home right now. Thanks to you both, there's a new month on my calendar—an extra month of joyful and active *living*!"



DOCTORS know that severe or prolonged functional periodic pain is not natural to most women. Now thousands of women have discovered much of it is *unnecessary*. For unless there is some organic disorder calling for a physician's or surgeon's attention, most of those who try Midol find it brings swift relief from such suffering.

Midol is made for women for this sole purpose. A few Midol tablets should see you serenely through your worst day. Try Midol; discover for yourself, as many women have done, that it's easy to keep going and still keep comfortable! Your nearest druggist has Midol in trim and economical aluminum cases to tuck in purse or pocket.

MIDOL



RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

3 DELICIOUS WAYS

to save on food bills

DRESS UP
CHEAPER
MEAT CUTS
WITH TASTY
FRANCO-
AMERICAN



ADD SAVORY
GOODNESS TO
LEFT-OVERS WITH
FRANCO-
AMERICAN
SPAGHETTI



SERVE THIS
TEMPTING
SPAGHETTI
SOMETIMES AS
A MAIN DISH



*A "Millionaire's dish"
for less than 3¢ a portion*

• It's just like having an expensive chef in your kitchen to get spaghetti with a sauce like Franco-American. It's made with cheese . . . tomatoes . . . savory seasonings . . . eleven different ingredients. There's no work for you to do—just heat, serve and enjoy. The pictures above show only a few of the ways this delicious spaghetti makes food dollars go farther. A can holding three to four portions costs only ten cents. But be sure you get Franco-American. Order today.



IT'S THE KIND
WITH THE
Extra
GOOD SAUCE

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Send for FREE Recipe Book

Campbell Soup Company, Dept. 432
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free
recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

formance and let it go at that. The rest of the play sounded like a recitation of 'Jack and Jill.' We didn't know the answer to the riddle, as the audience filed out as quiet as mice. It wasn't until the next day that I learned what it was all about. I met the town marshal on the street.

"Howda'do, Mr. Sparks?" he greeted me. 'We sure enjoyed the show you put on last night at the Op'ry House.'

"Are you positive the town liked it?" I asked.

"They sure did," the marshal answered. 'You know, Mr. Sparks, we ain't never had no New York show company coming right out here to Silver City to perform, so afore you came I got the fellas together and told 'em to tell their wives and sweethearts, too, that this was a real privilege to have you people here and I wanted 'em to act like ladies and gentlemen. The first ones that started clapping or making any undue noise was gonna be thrown right into the hoosegow. And I guess they behaved purty good, didn't they?'"

To this Sparks did not crack a smile. It wasn't his custom. "I never got into the habit of grinning," he explains. "When I was a child I never laughed much and by the time I got to be a grown man there was less to laugh about. It seems that I was always worrying about things that had happened or were going to happen. When I grew old enough not to bother about worrying, my mouth had drooped so low the whole face had fallen, that there was nothing to be done about it."

BY the time this profitable tragedy had come to the classic features of Mr. Sparkman, he was already known as "Ned Sparks." "No, not because marquee electrics demanded shorter names," he tells. "I was in show business long before they used electric lights in the theater. Programs were so narrow that sometimes my name got chopped off in the middle. So I abbreviated it. I have been thirty-seven years in the entertainment world."

Thirty-seven years in show business, but it remained for the microphone to really draw sparks from Ned's flint of humor. Not until October, 1938, when Ned first went on the air to heckle everybody else on the program, did America realize what a hilarious comedian it had been overlooking.

Sometimes Mr. Sparks looks at Betsy Ann and wonders why he stayed so long in show business. Betsy Ann is of the breed who is man's best friend. Also Mr. Sparks'. She is a bulldog. "Kinder, more gentle, more loyal than any woman," says her owner, still smarting from the alimony welts inflicted by a recent marriage. "... my last marriage," he says, with finality.

"I wonder why I stayed so long in show business, for it doesn't interest me a great deal," the ex-husband continues. "My grandfather was a famous Canadian physician. I might have been one. However, study for the medical profession was out of the question, financially, when I was young. So I went into show business. I stayed in it because once I start a thing, I usually stay with it until it's done. I'm giving myself a few more years in it, and then I'm going to retire. I'm going to buy property on Canada's West Coast—Vancouver Island, perhaps—maybe

inland. And I'm going to spend the rest of my life fishing, hunting, reading, relaxing."

One reason why Sparks stayed for nearly four decades in show business was because he was able to knock down the shekels. Once knocked down they went into investments. He handles his own, although he looks not at all like a business man. His money goes into gold mines. It's probably the Klondike experience that did it. And when Sparks calls J. Wallington, of the Texaco show, "Alfadildo" with loving, but nasal, inflection, it brings memories to the frozen-pan comic. Alfadildo is the name of one of his Canadian gold mines.

There are any number of memories linked to Canada in Mr. Sparks' mind. Yearly he visits Sai-nt Thomas, or drops in on the two thousand acres he owns in the wilds of Quebec. He pays a call on Old-Friend Hepburn, Premier of Ontario; slaps scores of governmental biggies on the back. They give him receptions and parties, which remind him of the little event given in one of the provinces when the chief dignitary's wife, anxious to meet him, gushed, "Oh, Mr. Sparks, to think I'd ever meet a notorious character like yourself!"

"You either make mistakes like that or you don't," solemnly opines Mr. Sparks. He has always been the kind of fellow who didn't. Always poised, laconic, well-in-hand, that's been Sparks. He is a lifetime member of the Lambs, New York's theatrical club. A hale-fellow-well-met of Hollywood's Masquers' Club. A member of the American Club in London. One of four hand-picked members of the International Club in Toronto. Object: Conviviality. Other members: Premier Hepburn of Ontario, E. G. O'Dette, and Colonel Talbott, whose people were among the Province's First Families.

Scratch Sparks (we didn't) and you'd find a conservative. If he were in Parliament, he'd be a Tory. As a resident of the United States, he's an ardent patriot. "What we need is more American-ism," he says. He has no patience with the other "-isms"; gourmets ("what fun is there in just eating?"), tipplers—he's



Louis B. Mayer, MGM chief, at the mike for Good News of 1938.

through with hard spirits; likes ales. Nor is he a rival to Beau Fashion-Plate John Barrymore, on the same program. Sparks wears a navy blue suit with a hairline white stripe. "You see this suit?" he questions, jerking at the lapel. "When it wears out, I will buy myself another one. And I sleep in paper bags. That takes care of that. Once I started to collect a wardrobe, but the moths took it over." This touching experience occurred in New York.

Broadway and the Scotch-English Mr. Sparks were bosom buddies for sixteen years. He arrived in a cattle car with some choice Guernseys, and fifty cents clutched in his grimy little hand. Flop houses and park benches saw much of him. "Never got near enough a hotel to jump the bill," he mutters. When he finally got a role as hotel clerk in the Madge Kennedy show, "Little Miss Brown" (this was 1912), it was no use for him to attempt to play the part the way the director wanted it—bright, cheery, unctuous. But Sparks rehearsed it that way, obligingly. Opening night he neglected to smile, was downright surly. Thus, he did the first of his "cold-pan" interpretations. He was an instant hit. He was Broadway's own.

HE might still be Broadway's own if he had not stepped in with Equity and helped them stage their strike against producers. Sparks in no way endeared himself to the managers by that act. The important ones blacklisted him for awhile. So he turned to films and in 1919 played in a Constance Bennett number. In 1923 he made Hollywood his address. In the long gap between the Equity strike and films, Sparks added to his memories by helping to outsmart some smarties.

"There was a wealthy business man in New York who thought he was a playwright," tells Sparks. "He was nutty about magic tricks and he had two good ones in a play he wrote. The play itself was pure Limburger. All the actors in the cast, and there were some good ones, knew it, and they also knew that the fellow was being exploited by the show's producer, who thought he could make a lot of money with the dumb 'angel.' We actors knew that the play, as written, wouldn't last a week, so one night over at a speakeasy on Ninth Avenue, we rewrote the play, added a lot of situations and dialogue, and that was the show we put on.

"It made nine thousand dollars a week, and when we took it out on the road, it played six weeks in St. Louis, which just about makes it a record, for no show stays long in that city. We may have outsmarted the producer and given him a good show, but we didn't help the 'angel' make any money. The producer still played him for a sucker. He kept yelling about the money he was losing with the play a hit. 'That's the way they come, brother,' he was told. 'Take it or leave it.' He took it. He felt lucky he was responsible for a successful show."

Today only one thing bothers the lugubrious Mr. Sparks. Evil rumor has it that the Alfidillo Kid is borrowing the technique of Mr. W. Claudius Fields. "I've been thirty-six years in the entertainment world. Why should I start borrowing tricks now?" he asks with a glower. Why should he?



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*Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray co-starred in Paramount's "Cafe Society". Note her charming hands!

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*S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the
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She sings for the love of it—Mary Eastman, star of the CBS Saturday Night Serenade.

A STAR whose praises we long since should have sung is Mary Eastman, of the Saturday Night Serenade, heard every Saturday evening over the Columbia network at 9:30. Miss Eastman is not new to radio, although she is still young and charming. Married to a wealthy automobile executive, she makes no effort to publicize her career—is just singing because she loves it.

Miss Eastman was born in Kansas City, Mo. When eleven, she began to study voice and three years later moved to Chicago to enter the Musical College, where she was tutored by Edwardo Sacerdotte. She won a three-year scholarship, but forfeited it to go to New York and study under La Forge. During the next five years, she was featured on the radio, in musical comedy and on the concert stage.

Since her radio debut, Miss Eastman has been heard on the Buick series, the Voice of America programs for Underwood; made guest appearances with Grace Moore, Stoopnagle and Budd and other outstanding radio stars. As a hobby, she collects tropical fish and her aquarium contains several specimens of the rare Siamese fighting variety.

Miss Eastman has brown hair and a fair complexion . . . is five feet four inches tall, has a charming personality.

McLain Evans, Havre De Grace, Md.—We do not have a service for supplying photographs to our readers, but I would suggest that you write to each individual band leader you are interested in, in care of the station over which he broadcasts.

C. E. Rothenberger, Temple, Penna.—Sammy Kaye and Kay Kayser are not related. Do you think they look alike?

Marie Dorothy White, Houston, Texas—Write to One Man's Family, in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 5515 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California, for a picture of the cast . . . No fan club has been organized for One Man's Family.

Jane Howe, Indianapolis, Indiana—Thought you might be interested in the following facts on Eddy Duchin: He was born in Boston . . . first became interested in orchestras while working as a waiter in a boys' camp. He and two other musical waiters got together and organized a three-piece band consisting of piano, sax and violin. A nearby resort offered him the chance to play in public, and soon after he came to New York. In a short time he was heard at the Waldorf-Astoria with Leo Reisman's band. After that they went to the Central Park Casino and when Reisman left the Casino, Eddy formed his own band and remained to establish himself. He has insured his hands for \$100,000 . . . Spends most of his leisure time at the radio, listening to other bands . . . You may write to Eddy, in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

Harriot Betts, Minneapolis, Minn.—For a picture of Kay Kyser, write to him, in care of the National Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City . . . For information regarding a Kay Kyser fan club, contact Miss Mary Wilson, 807 Eighth Street, West Park, McKeesport, Pennsylvania.

R. G., Waco, Texas—Felix Knight was born in Macon, Georgia, on November 1, 1913. In 1932, after dabbling in aviation, he decided to take up singing as a profession . . . went to Santa Barbara, California, to study—at the same time, learning radio technique on the local stations. Later,
(Continued on page 83)

The Gracie Allen Murder Case

(Continued from page 39)

it's an *awful* long walk from Broadway—and then Mr. Puttle went to look for a nunnery—”

“Please, Miss Allen,” interrupted Markham, with admirable composure; “tell me how you happened to meet Mr. Vance, and what he said to you.”

“Oh, I was coming to that. . . . Mr. Vance came falling over the wall. And I asked him what he'd been doing. And he said he'd been killing a man. And I said what was the man's name. And he said Benny the Buzzard.”

SHE took a deep breath and hurried on.

The District Attorney turned to Vance.

“Good Heavens! How did you come to tell her such a story?”

“The balmy weather, perhaps. In the spring, y'know. . . .”

“But,” demanded the girl, “aren't you going to *arrest* him?”

“No—I—” Markham was left floundering.

“But he said *himself* he killed a man. And how else could you know? I *really* didn't think he was guilty either—at first. I thought he was just telling me a romantic story because I *love* romantic stories! But then, Mr. Vance *himself* just said . . .”

She stopped abruptly. Judging from her expression, a new idea had come into her head.

“But you *really* ought to arrest Mr. Vance,” she said with definiteness. “Even if he *isn't* guilty. I guess I

don't really think he *is* guilty myself. He's been so *awfully* nice to me. But still I think you ought to arrest him just the same. You see, what I mean is that you can pretend that you believe he killed this man in Riverdale. And *then* everything would be all right for George. And Mr. Vance wouldn't care a bit—I *know* he *wouldn't*. Would you, Mr. Vance?”

“What in Heaven's name are you driving at now?” asked Markham.

Vance smiled. “I know exactly what she means, Markham.” He turned to Miss Allen. “But really, y'know, my arrest wouldn't help Mr. Burns.”

“Oh, *yes it would*,” she insisted. “I *know* it would. Because there's somebody following him wherever he goes. And George says he bets it's a detective of some kind. You don't know how *awful* it is, Mr. Vance. But if *you* got arrested, then everybody would think that *you* were guilty and they wouldn't bother George any more; and he could go back to work and be just like he used to be. And then, after a while, they'd find the *real* person, and everything would be all right for everybody.”

She stopped to catch her breath; then quickly ran on with almost fiery determination.

“And *that's* why I think you ought to arrest Mr. Vance. And if *you don't*, I'm going to call up the newspapers and tell them *everything* he said and all about Benny the Buzzard, and how he wasn't killed at the Dom-

daniel at all, but somewhere else. I'll bet they'll print it, too. Especially as Mr. Puttle was standing just behind the tree when Mr. Vance was talking to me, and he heard *everything*. And if they don't believe *me*, they'll believe Mr. Puttle. And if they don't believe *him*, they'll have to believe the two of us together. And then I'm *sure* they'll print it. And everybody'll be so interested in a famous man like Mr. Vance maybe being guilty, that they won't bother about George any more. Don't you see what I mean?”

There was the zealous resolution of the crusader in her eyes; and her disorganized phrases pulsated with an unreasoning passion to help the man she loved.

“Good God, Chief!” blurted Heath. “There's dynamite here!” He took a step toward Miss Allen. His perturbation was almost comical. “See here, Miss,” he blustered. “Listen to me a minute. You're all wrong. You got everything mixed up. We don't know there was a murder in Riverdale. We don't know nothing about that, see? We only know about the dead guy in the café. And he wasn't the Buzzard; he was your brother—”

HE stopped short with a jerk, and his face went red.

“*Holy Mackerel!* I'm sorry as hell, Mr. Vance.”

Vance rose quickly and went to the girl's side. She had her hands to her face in a spasm of uncontrollable laughter.

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"My brother? My brother?" Then as quickly as she had burst into mirth, she sobered. "You can't fool me that way, Mr. Officer."

Vance stepped back. "Tell me,"—a sudden new note came into his voice—"what do you mean by that, Miss Allen?"

"My brother's in jail!"

FINGERPRINTS

It was at this moment that Mrs. Allen, serene and self-effacing, was guided into the room by Currie. Vance turned quickly and welcomed her with but the briefest of greetings.

"Is it true, Mrs. Allen," he asked, "that your son is not dead?"

"Yes, it is true, Mr. Vance. That's why I came over here."

Vance nodded with an understanding smile and, leading the woman to a chair, asked her to explain more fully.

"You see sir," she began in a colorless voice. "Philip was arrested over near Hackensack that awful night, after he had given up his job at the café. He was with another boy in an automobile, and a policeman got in and told this other boy—it's Stanley Smith I mean, a friend of Philip's—to drive to the police station. He accused them of stealing the car; and then, when they were on the way to the jail, the policeman said that it was the same car that had just killed an old man and run off—you know, what you call a hit-and-run murder. And this frightened Philip terribly, because he didn't know what Stanley might have done before they met. And then, when the car stopped for a light, Philip jumped out and ran away. The policeman shot at him, but he wasn't caught."

Vance nodded sympathetically. "Then Philip telephoned to me—I could tell how frightened he was—and said that the police were after him and that he was going somewhere to hide. . . . Oh, I was so terribly worried, Mr. Vance, with the poor miserable boy so scared, and hiding—you know, a fugitive from justice. And then when you came that night and told me my boy was dead, you can imagine—"

Heath had leaped forward. "But you said that was your son down at the morgue!" He flung the words at her.

"No, I didn't, Mr. Officer," the woman said simply.

"What!" bellowed Heath.

"Sergeant!" Vance held up his hand. "Mrs. Allen is quite correct. . . . If you think back, you will remember she did not once say it was her son. I'm afraid we said it for her, because we thought it was true."

"But she fainted, didn't she?" pursued Heath.

"I fainted from joy, Mr. Officer," explained the woman, "when I saw it wasn't really Philip."

"I believe I understand exactly why Mrs. Allen let us think it was her son," Vance interposed. "She knew we represented the police, and she also knew her son was hiding from them. And when she saw that we believed her son was dead, she was very glad to let us think so, imagining that would end the hunt for Philip. . . . Isn't that true, Mrs. Allen?"

"Yes, Mr. Vance." The woman nodded calmly. "And I naturally didn't want you to tell Gracie that

Philip was dead, because then I would have to tell her that he was hiding from the police; and that would have made her very unhappy. But I thought that maybe in a few days everything would come out all right; and then I would tell you. Anyhow, I thought you would find out before long that it really wasn't Philip." She looked up with a faint sad smile. "And everything *did* come out all right, just as I hoped and prayed—and *knew*—it would."

"We're all very happy that it did," said Vance. "But tell us just how everything has come out all right."

"Why, this morning," resumed Mrs. Allen, "Stanley Smith came to the house to ask for Philip. And when I told him that Philip was still hiding, he said that everything had been a mistake; and how his uncle came to the jail and proved to the police that the car was not stolen, and how it was a different car that had run over the old man. . . . So I told Gracie all about it right away, and went to take the wonderful news to my son and bring him back home. . . ."

"How come then"—the Sergeant's continued exasperation was evident in his manner—"if you told your daughter all about it, that she said just now her brother was in jail?"

Mrs. Allen smiled timidly.

"Oh, he is. You see, Saturday was such a warm night that Philip had his coat off in the car; and he left it there. That's how the police knew who he was, because he had his work-check in the pocket. So he went to the jail in Hackensack this morning to get his coat. And he's coming home for lunch."

Vance chuckled and then became suddenly serious.

"And now I must ask you all to go," he said, "and prepare for Philip's home-coming."

At this point Markham intervened. "But what about that story you were threatening to tell to the newspapers, Miss Allen? I couldn't permit anything like that."

GEORGE BURNS, with a broad grin on his face, answered the District Attorney.

"Gracie won't do that, Mr. Markham. You see, I'm perfectly happy now, and I'm going back to work tomorrow morning. I really wasn't worrying about being guilty or about having anybody following me around. But I had to tell that to Gracie—and Mr. Doolson—because you made me promise that I wouldn't say a word about Philip. And it was Philip being dead and Gracie not knowing, and everything, that made me feel so terribly bad that I just couldn't get any sleep or do any work."

"Isn't that *wonderful*!" Miss Allen clapped her hands, and then glanced slyly at Vance. "I didn't *really* want you to go to jail, Mr. Vance—except to help George."

"And now, Sergeant," said Vance as he closed the door after the trio, "get busy! Let's try to have that dead fellow identified by his fingerprints."

"You don't have to tell me to get busy, sir," returned Heath, dashing to the telephone in the hall. While the Sergeant was talking with almost incoherent agitation to the Bureau, Tracy came in. Vance sent him at once to Doremus' laboratory with the sealed envelope on the mantel.

In a few minutes Heath returned to the library.

"Are those babies on the job!" He rubbed his hands together energetically. "They'll sure burn up shoe-leather getting those fingerprints and checking up in the file. And if they don't call me back in an hour, I'll go down there and wring their necks!"

Vance himself now telephoned Doremus, explaining that an immediate report on the cigarette was essential.

It was nearly noon, and we chatted aimlessly for another hour.

As the clock over the mantel pointed to one, the telephone rang, and Vance answered it.

"There was no difficulty with that analysis," he informed us, as he hung up the receiver. "The efficient Doremus found in the cigarette the same elusive combination of poisons that bothered him so frightfully Sunday evening. . . . My jumbled story, Markham, is at last beginning to take form."

HE had barely finished speaking when the telephone rang again, and it was Heath who now dashed into the hall. As he came back into the library after a few moments, he stumbled against a small Renaissance stand near the door and sent it sprawling.

"All right, I'm excited! So what?" The Sergeant's eyes were staring. "Who do you think the murdered guy was? It's our old chum, Benny the Buzzard!"

Vance turned to Markham.

"I believe this is still my case, so to speak. You most magnanimously presented it to me, to rid yourself of my chatter last Saturday night. I must, therefore, now ask a further in-

dulgence."

"What's the indulgence you're after, Vance?" Markham asked.

"I merely wish to make an arrest."

"But you mustn't get the District Attorney's office into hot water. We must wait until the case is solved."

"Ah, but it is solved," Vance returned blandly. "I am going to the *Domdaniel* as soon as possible this afternoon. I desire to have two men—let us say Hennessey and Burke—standing guard in the passageway outside the secret door. I then desire to proceed with you and the Sergeant to the front door on the balcony, and demand entry."

"But, good Heavens, Vance! Mirche may not be waiting in his office for your visit."

"That," remarked Vance, "is a chance we must take. But I have sufficient reason to believe that Mirche's office is a beehive of secret activity today. And I would be rather astonished if the Lorelei—and Owen, too—were not there. Tonight, y'know, Owen is sailin' for the southern hemisphere, and this is his day for closin' up his mundane affairs here."

Markham pondered a moment.

"It sounds preposterous and futile," he asserted. "Unless you have some cryptic grounds for such an absurd course. . . . Very well." He capitulated.

At three o'clock that afternoon, a detective who had been watching for us, came to the corner of Seventh Avenue and informed us that Mirche had entered his office shortly after noon, and that neither he nor Miss Del Marr had been seen in the café since then.

We found the shades at the narrow

windows drawn; the door to the office was locked; nor was there any response to our insistent knocking.

"Open up, you!" Heath bawled ferociously. "Or have I gotta bust in the door?" Then he remarked to us: "I guess that'll scare 'em."

Soon we could hear the sound of scuffling and angry voices inside; and a few moments later the door was unlocked for us by Hennessey.

"It's Okay now, sir," he said to Markham. "They tried to sneak out the wall door, but Burke and I forced 'em back."

As we stepped across the threshold, a strange sight met our eyes. Burke stood with his back against the little secret door, his gun pointed significantly at the startled Mirche who was but a few steps away. Dixie Del Marr, also in line with Burke's gun, was leaning against the desk, looking at us with an expression of cold resignation. In one of the leather chairs sat Owen, smiling faintly with calm cynicism. He seemed entirely dissociated from the general tableau, like a spectator viewing a theatrical scene which offended his intellect by its absurdity.

When he caught sight of Vance, however, he rose wearily and bowed in formal greeting.

"What futile effort," he complained. Then he sat down again with a mild sigh, like one who feels he must remain to the end of a distasteful drama.

Which of the three people in Mirche's office will Vance accuse of murder? Read the unpredictable answer in the final chapters of "The Gracie Allen Murder Case"—in the March Issue of RADIO MIRROR.



*1st STEP—Mixing—takes a minute



2nd STEP—Applying—takes a minute



3rd STEP—Resting—for twenty minutes



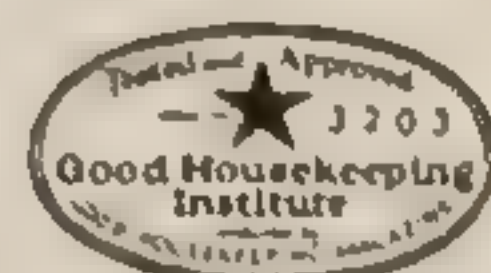
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We're Not What You Think

(Continued from page 12)

And we played football and basketball and were too energetic to sit still very long. And jazz said something to us that we understood. There was a rhythm about it that fit right into our lives.

A lot of my jitterbug friends also knew how to play some instrument, and they tell me they got excited about swing when they heard how terrific swing musicians were on the instrument they played. A boy that played trumpet, for instance. He'd hear Harry James, who plays trumpet with Benny Goodman, and he'd get so excited at the way Harry plays that horn that he'd just have to get up and show it.

Maybe people who just have to be polite no matter what, think it's not nice to show your feelings that way. But we jitterbugs think people have a right to express themselves the way they feel. And if you're happy it's a good thing, and you ought to let people know. Especially when you're young. We think swing is the greatest thing we ever heard for letting you show how happy you are. That's why we're all for it.

But I was going to tell about myself.

MAYBE I'm not exactly typical because all my formal musical education was strictly classical. I'm glad for that because it helps me appreciate a lot of fine work in modulations, and melodic figures, and original ideas that I hear swing musicians play.

But there's not enough difference between me and the rest of the jitterbugs to matter. And anyhow, I can only tell you about myself to show you why I am a jitterbug.

You see, my Dad was a musician. He's often told me how this swing craze is nothing new. He's told me how, when he was a kid and played for dances, sometimes people would come up to the band stand and listen and say, "Gee! kiddo, that boy's all right! What's he playing there? That's not in the music!" And sometimes band leaders would bawl him out and tell him to stick to the tune.

He played a violin and a saxophone and what was called a baritone horn and a lot of other things that were up in the attic of our house when I was a kid. But what he really wanted to play was the piano. So, even before I went to school, he used to teach me how to play piano by ear. Things like "Hot Lips" and "On the Alamo."

I liked it fine. I took to rhythm like Benny Goodman took to a clarinet. Or Bix Beiderbecke to a cornet. I was a lot of trouble to my mother, I guess, because she thought little girls should sit around quiet in their *point d'esprit* dresses and pink hair ribbons and play the Paderewski Minuet.

I remember she sent me to dancing school. I only lasted two lessons. The

dancing teacher was a tall, black-haired man in black satin knee britches. All we girls had to wear white sateen dresses made like short nightgowns, and soft slippers. Then the piano would play "Rustle of Spring" or the "Dance of the Hours" and Mr. Blackburn would tell us how to wave our arms around and slide back and forth in what he called "interpretive."

It was very pretty, I guess, but it didn't have any rhythm. I wanted to do tap and eccentric dancing. And when the time came to waltz with the little boys, I'd be plenty mad. I'd step on the little boys' toes and pinch them because they couldn't keep time.

So my mother took me out of dancing school when I cried and said I didn't want to go back. She thought I just didn't like to dance.

But my Dad knew better. He was playing in a vaudeville theater then, and he used to coach me on the side in steps he saw every week on the stage. So when one of our local theaters had a Charleston contest, I entered it on the sly. And won it.

I used to be allowed to go to Dad's show every Friday night. It's still a family joke at our house how I used to race down the aisle of the theater when people began to leave just before the last show so I could get the seat right behind my Dad. All the men in the orchestra said they knew when they heard that patter of feet that I was in the house. And they'd always play one number I requested by leaning over the orchestra rail and whispering it to my Dad while the movie was on.

I must have been a funny sight with my long gawky legs in their lisle stockings, my straight black hair cut Dutch bob style, and my eyes popping out of my head when I heard Bessie Smith or Ted Lewis or Louis Armstrong.

DAD and I had a game we played that consisted of my learning all the words of one of the songs sung on the stage during one performance. Dad was so proud of my memory he used to pay me a quarter if I could sing him a whole chorus of one of those songs when we got home.

I got a quarter for producing, word for word, the lyrics of "You Took Advantage of Me," and "Sweet Sue," and "Tozo, that Hottentot Shiek." That was one of Fletcher Henderson's tunes, and this is the way Don Redman used to sing it.

"Tozo, that Hottentot Shiek—
Tozo, and when he'd speak
Those South Sea Sadies
The young and old ladies
They'd hustle like Hades
To do as he bid;
That old kid

Tozo, was happy and gay—(he didn't need any clothes)

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

- | | | | | | |
|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Toady. | 2. Adipose. | 3. Felicity. | 4. Bootees. | 5. Volubly. | 6. Recidivous. |
| 7. Beneficent. | 8. Discrepancy. | 9. Atrophied. | 10. Peccadillo. | 11. Forecastle. | |
| 12. Fricassee. | 13. Pelota. | 14. Legato. | 15. Cabby. | 16. Offertory. | 17. Noticeably. |
| 18. Chieftain. | 19. Spiel. | 20. Ensilage. | 21. Ostracism. | 22. Decedent. | 23. Ceil. |
| | 24. Sheaves. | 25. Plagiarism. | | | |

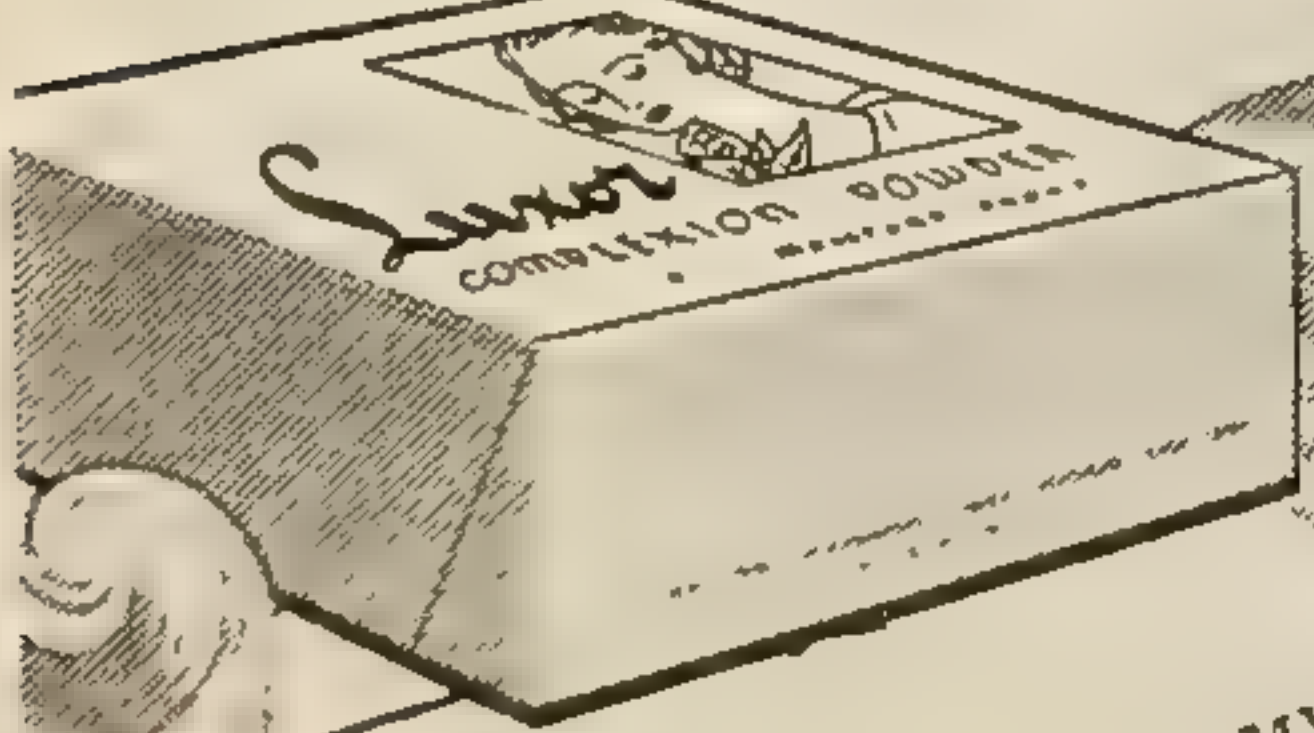
LOST—That heavy over-powdered effect!
FOUND—a face powder with a *Light Touch!*



LUXOR
"Feather-Cling"
FACE POWDER

*sits lightly as a feather—
stays on smoothly all day!*

- Don't spoil a well-groomed appearance with a heavy face powder! Get Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with a *light touch*. It stays on smoothly for hours yet sits lightly as a feather. Shine-proof and moisture-proof too, so it won't cake or streak. Buy it at toilet goods counters in smart, new shades for fifty-five cents. For generous size free trial sample, use coupon below.



MWG-2-30

Luxor Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.

I want to try Luxor "feather-cling" Face Powder. My favorite shade is Natural . . .
Rachel . . . Rose Rachel . . . Rachel No. 2
. . . Brunette . . .
Send my free trial package to

Name . . .
Address . . . State . . .
City . . . (This offer not good in Canada)

Tozo, he sure could play
Just like a Hindu
He made his own skin do
As only they kin do
Down Hottentot way. . . ."

But the real fun was when I worked one summer in a camp in Yellowstone Park as a waitress, and played with a small band for the guests to dance.

THERE were five boys in the band. And me. We didn't have any music, so we had to make up our own arrangements. We'd play one chorus straight of an old tune like "San"—it had to be something everybody knew, you see—and then Jack, the clarinet player, would yell to Dick, the trumpet player, "Take a chorus!" and the rest of us would just follow along while Dick jammed.

Sometimes I used to change instruments with the drummer, who also played the piano, and that was fun too. I'd pound the old drums at a great rate—partly for the novelty of having a new instrument to play on, and partly because I had a natural sense of rhythm that found the drums extra satisfying.

People used to stand and gape at us. I guess they thought we were crazy, but we were just having fun. They seemed to enjoy themselves all right, dancing to our music, and I must admit they talked about our band all over the Park.

Of course, I might have had ideas about going on and being a dance pianist, but I began to hear men like Joe Sullivan and Earl Hines and Teddy Wilson and Art Tatum, and they were so good it didn't seem to me I could do any better. Anyhow, I had to go on to college to please my family

and then I got to writing on the college paper and so on and I just kept on listening to jazz—which they were calling swing by then.

I guess it was about this time we all started collecting records. And this is the best way to know and love hot music, I think.

Real jitterbugs—and I'm not talking about the high school kids who just go crazy every time they hear a lot of drums or trumpets and shout out loud at every climax whether it's good or bad—know that there's a lot of terrible stuff being played today that's called swing because everything is called swing that's loud and fast. But a real jitterbug has his own ideas of taste and he'll prove it by the records he buys. You'll find lots of kids with record collections that go into the hundreds. And they'll be records you can listen to over and over again—or they're not worth collecting.

I know when I play my records to anti-jitterbugs, they often say, after a while, "Why, say, this stuff is swell music! This doesn't sound like a lot of stuff I hear on the radio!"

And it doesn't. Because I pick, for instance, the best Beiderbecke, or the best Ellington. Then I play one of the records of the Quintette du Hot Club de France, with the sensational guitar playing of Django Reinhardt, the French gypsy who has only three good fingers on his left hand, but who plays a mess of guitar just the same.

So now you know why I am a jitterbug, I hope. I've tried to make it as clear as I could.

You see, you can't understand about jitterbugs unless you try to understand the kind of world we grew up in. Remember we were born into the

World War. Then we watched the post-war generation go through their antics. We saw the depression settle over the country and we saw what it did to people.

Today, there's a lot of stuff goes on in the world that we don't like and don't understand. Some of it is too big for us to grasp. People act unfair and unkind and cruel. And nobody seems to care.

We have to be serious about a lot of things like making a living and doing good work and taking care of our parents and the state the world is in with all this talk about a new war and everything.

You have to have some release. Other people maybe get it in liquor or shooting people or falling in and out of love. We get it from swing. Swing doesn't give you a hangover or a jail sentence or a broken heart. Yet sometimes it expresses all these things.

SO when I hear real swing I get up and dance or clap my hands or stomp my feet or even shout out loud. Or I just sit quietly and shake my head.

What's wrong about that?

I hope I've helped you to see what it means to be a jitterbug. And I hope, next time you see a lot of kids in some place like New York's Savoy Ballroom or at one of Benny Goodman's concerts or theater appearances, you'll stop a minute and think of me before you condemn the antics of America's newest phenomenon—which isn't such a phenomenon, after all, when you try to understand it—the jitterbug.

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THERE IS NO AVERAGE WOMAN —

she said — "If I were You" —
but I said — "Well, you're Not!"

Every woman is a law unto herself — women's sanitary needs differ on different days and what's best for another woman isn't necessarily right for you. But only you can tell which type or combination meets YOUR needs best . . . each day!

So Kotex* offers All 3 types of sanitary napkins —

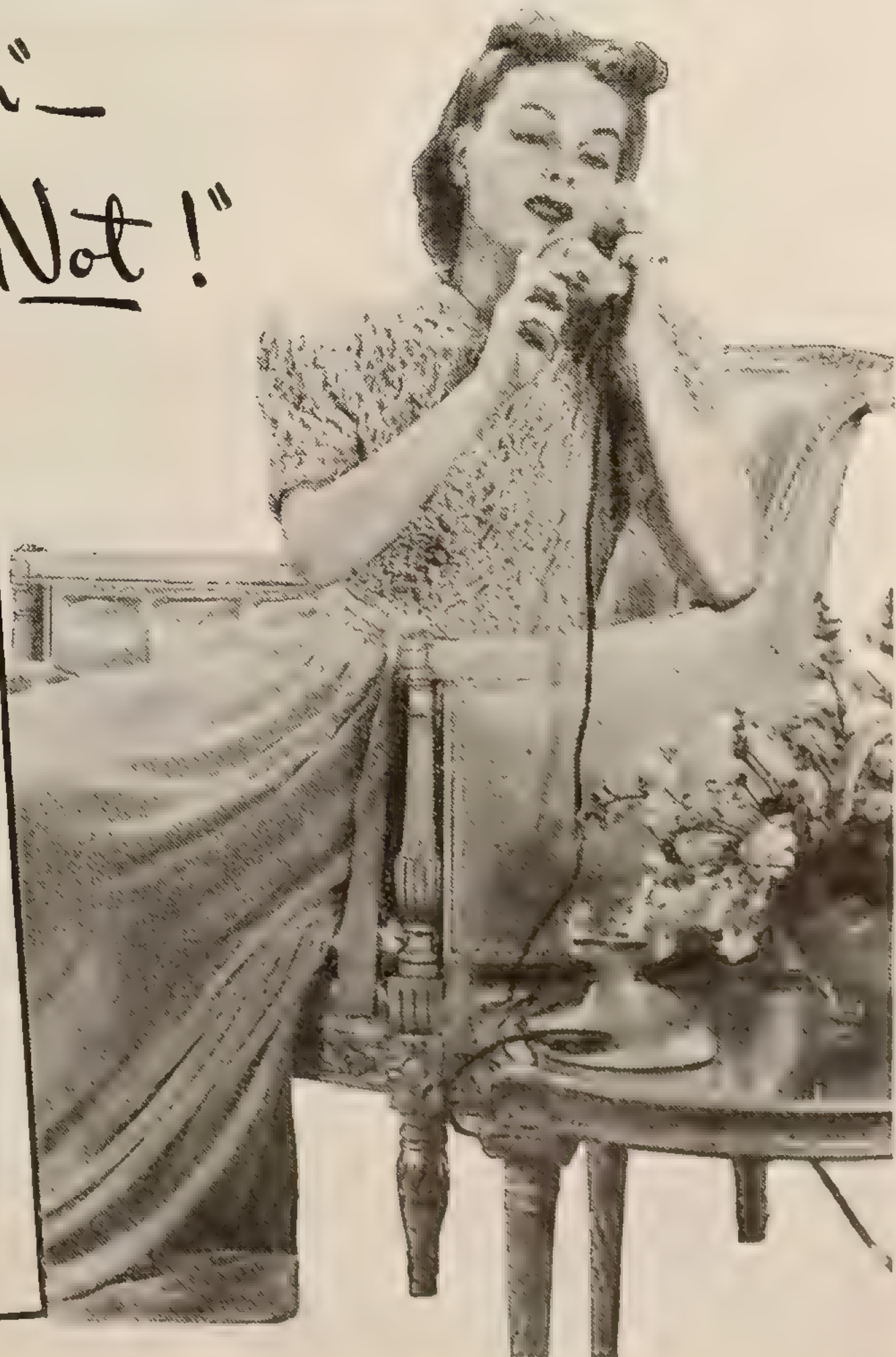
Regular Kotex* Sanitary Napkins — in the familiar blue box.

Junior Kotex* — in the green box. Somewhat narrower than Regular, for days when less protection is needed.

Super Kotex* — in the brown box. No longer or wider than Regular, yet its extra absorbency provides extra protection.

You'll See — **KOTEX IS MADE FOR YOU!**

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Why I Hate Them

(Continued from page 14)

**WHY NOT
USE
TAMPAX
THIS VERY MONTH?**



**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

EVERY day more women are discovering Tampax, and spreading the news among their friends. This modern *civilized* sanitary protection is rapidly sweeping the country. Already over one hundred million Tampax have been sold to outdoor women, college students, housewives and office workers. It is really a necessity for any woman who *must* keep busy and active at all times of the month—every month, every season.

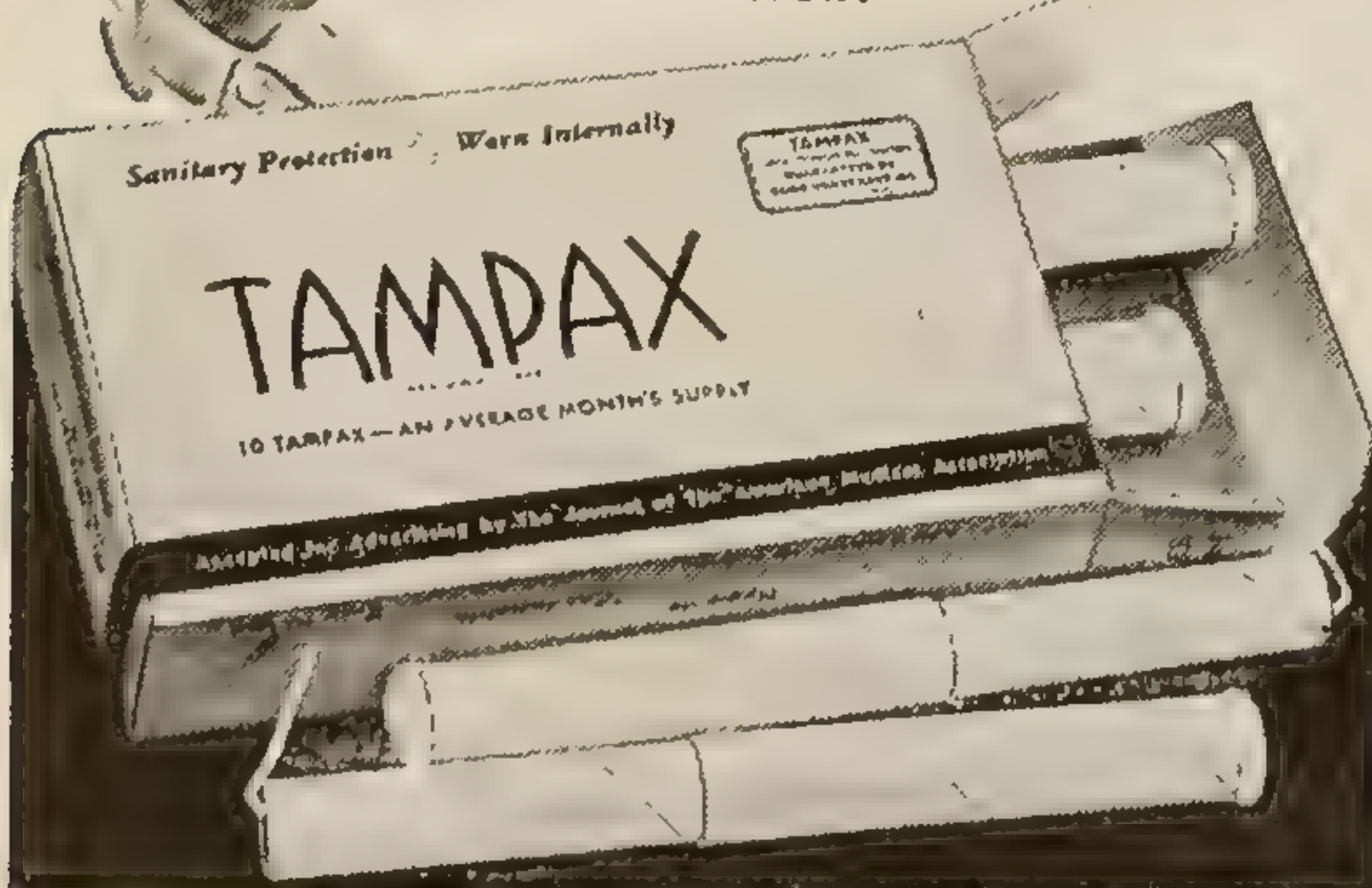
Tampax is unlike any other product. Of compressed surgical absorbent cotton, it is hygienically sealed in *individual containers*, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! No belts or pins are used, because Tampax is *worn internally*. No bulk to show. No odor can form.

Tampax is comfortable, efficient and very compact to carry in your purse. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory size 20¢, average month's supply, 35¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package.



**"DESIGNED BY A DOCTOR—
WORN INTERNALLY"**

Accepted for advertising by the
Journal of the American Medical Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED MWG-29
New Brunswick, New Jersey
Please send me introductory size package of Tampax
with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins).

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Address _____

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but for how long?

After awhile you get into the routine of playing swing, of beating it out night after night. You just let it tear you down, physically and mentally, and try not to mind what it's doing to you. Look into the history of swing, and the men who have played it. The greatest of them, men like Bix Beiderbecke, couldn't stand the pace. You know what killed Bix, you know what killed all the good ones. Playing too much, driving too hard, trying to give the jitterbugs too much, and too many times, drinking too much. Even, in some cases, smoking reefers—marijuana—when you can't get a lift any other way.

But worst of all is the feeling that what you are doing, what you are shaking yourself to pieces for, is something that is not good. I mean the jitterbugs. From where I stand they look like assorted lots of mad puppets jerked wildly on strings. I hate their grinning, yelling, twisting faces, and their wild gyrations. The dances they do, the "Shag", the "Suzy Q" are like something out of a jungle.

MUSIC to them isn't enjoyment, it's an insidious dope to fan their emotions and make them hop around like crazy. Most of them don't know anything about music. They like anything that is loud, the louder it is the wilder they go. Their baser senses react, not their brains. They let themselves get so completely out of control that it is disgusting to watch, and the noise they make drives any good musician mad.

One night I was playing, and my blues singer, for a change, was singing "My Reverie," a low, sweet number. I was enjoying it, feeling fine. Then a flock of jittery kids, most of them couldn't have been over twenty, yelled, "Can that stuff and beat it out!" Their shouts sent shivers through me. I wanted to get down off the stand, and in the words of Charlie McCarthy, "Mow 'em down!" But instead, I swung it.

Other leaders sometimes don't take it so well. One of the top swing band leaders in the business, while playing a date in Philadelphia, became so emotionally distraught by the shouts of the jitterbugs dancing and writhing in the aisles that he stopped playing—nobody was listening anyway—and turning on the audience, screamed, "Shut up, you fools!" My heart goes out to the guy.

I know of another fellow who was literally fanatical about swing. He is a young producer on a radio swing show. A few months ago he went on tour with a big name swing band. I talked to him right after he came back. "How was the trip?" I asked.

"Listen," he answered, "if I never hear another swing band in my life it will be too soon! Night after night of it pounding in your ears, particularly after you've travelled 600 miles to play a date, is horrible. And these swing mad kids, I'd like to brain all of them. They're not human. They keep yelling for more when the fellows haven't got any more to give. How they keep on playing, I don't know. It's brutal."

That was a couple of months ago, and, thank God, things have been

changing in swing since then. Enough people have begun to realize that most of swing isn't music. That the cats, 'gators, jitterbugs, whatever they call themselves, are too stupid to know music when they hear it.

The novelty of the terms the jitterbugs have picked up is beginning to wear off. All the phony terms, picked up from musicians, and twisted into meaningless lingo, are going. Those who know music are demanding a change to a softer, sweeter, more intelligent type of swing. The sort that doesn't kill players, and give listeners indigestion while eating their meals in their favorite hostelry.

Jitterbugs don't care how anything is played, as long as it deafens them. Music got so loud in some hotels that the headwaiters actually stuffed cotton in their ears. Then it reached a peak in din, it got so loud it began blowing the business right out of the spots. That's when the managers stepped in and did some tooting of their own.

Bands were told to play a beautiful tune beautifully, so you could hear it. When this first happened I actually saw jitterbugs get violent with the more respectable patrons. Shouting for swing until they were put out into the street.

Band leaders had a choice. Would they turn against the jitterbugs, the wild kids who had supported them, who had been the cause of their money and fame? Or would they settle down to playing a soft, subdued, listenable type of music?

All you have to do to find the answer to that question is listen to the type of music that is being played by the big swing bands now.

GENE Krupa, who organized a "hot band," now plays soft swing. The only "beating out" is done by Gene on the drums. Casa Loma, Glen Gray's band, has changed *completely* from a swing band to a sweet band. Tommy Dorsey, the first of the hot swingsters, is a booster for sweet swing now, and plays it. You should have seen Tommy's lips during the hot swing days! Bob Crosby, once the loudest in the business, is now playing fifty percent blues numbers. Jimmy Dorsey has toned down his brass and now you hear more of the lovely Dorsey saxophone. Larry Clinton, coming in on the crest of swing, and coming in loud, now is featuring unusual arrangements and soft numbers. I could go on like this. Even Benny Goodman, the original Benny "Swing" Goodman, has cut down on the hot side.

As for my band, the hot men are leaving, none too good for the wear. I have three of my old sweet players back, and do they sound sweet to me! As for the jitterbugs, the wild, silly, noise-mad, noise-making kids who created all this havoc, I think it is about time someone told them they should try to listen a little more and not be heard so much. I still shudder at the sight of the jitterbugs still hanging on, still crying for us to blow them and ourselves to Kingdom Come.

The kind of music I now play thumbs its nose at them. I hope I'll live to see the last jitterbug in action, and it looks like I will. . . . Peace, ain't it wonderful!!

WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

THE Imperial Oil Hockey Broadcast began its third season on a coast-to-coast CBC chain early in November . . . Saturday nights at nine o'clock, EST, from the Maple Leaf Gardens, Toronto, with the well-known Foster Hewitt at the mike . . .

"He shoots! He scooooores!"

I hate to think of the hundreds of times Foster Hewitt, Canada's ace sports announcer, has said that. He's scored more often than any player in the Hockey League lifetime. But each time those words come through your loudspeaker, there's a new thrill, a new lift in the voice.

Foster broadcasts from a "gondola", suspended sixty feet above ice level in the Maple Leaf Gardens. There lies the secret of his ability to follow this fastest of games.

"From that height," Foster told me, "the speed of play slows down about one-third. You might put it this way: on the ice level, you're seeing the 'Big Apple'; up in the gondola you get it in waltz-time. This 'slowing-down' of the play, which is really an optical illusion, is essential for broadcasting a fast game like hockey, because it enables you to be accurate. In Canada in particular, the fans demand accuracy in their hockey. You must even be accurate about the man who gets an 'assist'. At a height like that, I can keep up with the play, even ahead of it. I can see an offside coming, even before the referee. If I waited for the referee to see it, I'd be

about five seconds behind the play. I have to call the offside almost as the ref. whistles. In that way, I give the public details, which is what it wants."

"Do you have assistants to help you pick out players, Foster?" I asked.

"No, it's a one-man job. I have to think of hockey and nothing else. I've got to train myself to forget all that's come before. I don't pick out players by number, but by some difference in style, height, maybe a bald head, and so on. For instance, Nels Stewart has what I call a 'lazy style'. I can always spot it. I never use a program, except to learn players' names."

The Maple Leaf Gardens' broadcasting setup is unique. As already mentioned, the "gondola" with the broadcasting equipment, is hung sixty feet above the ice level. The gondola is reached by means of a catwalk which towers dizzily 120 feet in the air. When you get up there, you have to descend 80 rungs of a 70-degree ladder to the gondola! Many persons scheduled to broadcast during the intermission have been conveniently found missing, when they learned they had to negotiate this incredible setup that would try the nerves of an Alpine climber. I understand that Great War pilots, invited to the gondola, have backed out at the last moment. But Foster Hewitt climbs up and down each and every winter Saturday night! And at one time there weren't even railings to the catwalk!



Hewitt broadcasts from his high perch.

When the Gardens were being built, iron-nerved steel-walkers slid down beams rather than risk their necks on

the 70-degree ladder. All of which, I think, will give you an idea that Foster Hewitt earns his money before he ever starts broadcasting.

On the statistical side: Foster is slim and clean-cut; weighs 135 pounds; stands five feet, six and a half inches; 34 years old. He wears an overcoat during all his broadcasts, to guard against colds, but he also broadcasts without a hat, because "it gives me more freedom." So what price protection?

ARE YOU A

Fast Worker?

Energetic people are usually successful. They work harder, faster, longer, because they have the energy to fight fatigue.

Body energy comes chiefly from Dextrose, the sugar which enriches delicious Baby Ruth Candy. That's why Baby Ruth is so popular among active people everywhere. It's great candy and a source of real food-energy. Let Baby Ruth help you fight fatigue... today... and every day.

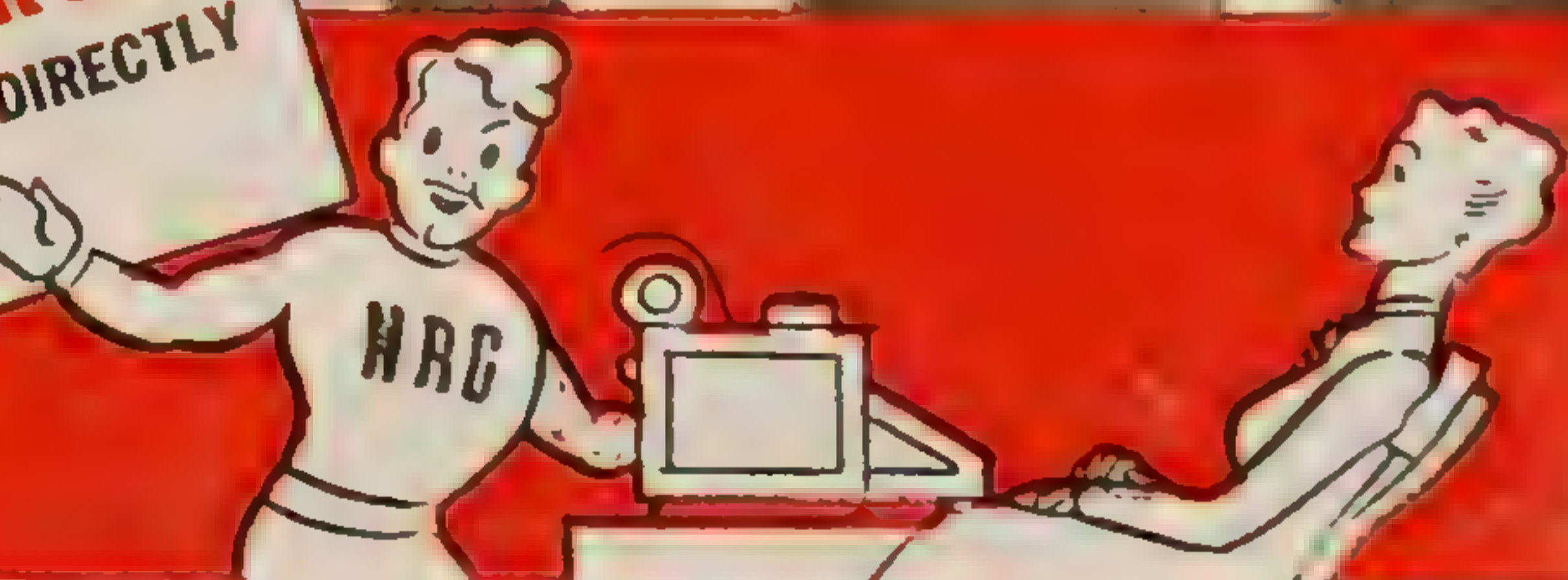
CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OTTO SCHNERING, President



ENERGY TESTS ON BABY RUTH

By actual metabolism test, an average worker can type steadily and at normal speed for 1 hour, 17 minutes, 8 seconds on the food-energy contained in one 5c bar of Baby Ruth Candy.

WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—Remember BABY RUTH IS RICH IN **DEXTROSE** THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY!



Television a Reality!

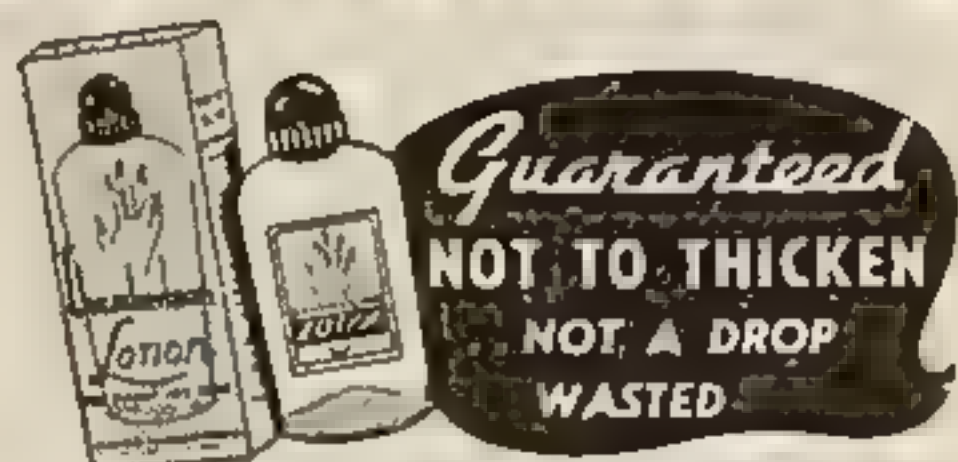
(Continued from page 23)



So many prefer this golden liquid lotion that isn't thick and is guaranteed not to thicken. Chamberlain's Lotion is ideal to protect skin in wintry weather. It dries with convenient rapidity and there's never a trace of stickiness. It soothes as it smooths away roughness and resulting redness. You'll like Chamberlain's Lotion, too. Try it and see.

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Please send Free "Carry-Size"
Chamberlain's Lotion.

FREE!

NAME _____

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MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY Good only in U.S.A.



How to make Gay Crepe Flowers

Grow a garden indoors with bouquets of crepe flowers . . . and novel flower tie-backs for spring curtains. They will brighten your home . . . or thrill your friends as gifts. So easy to make of Dennison Very Best Crepe. In 50 colors . . . every shade you need . . . at stores everywhere.

Mail coupon today for FREE leaflet "How to Make Crepe Flowers."

DENNISON'S, Dept. No. B-1453, Framingham, Mass.
Send me FREE Instruction Leaflet:
"How to Make Crepe Flowers."

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Address _____

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Why not let us include some of these other Dennison Books?
Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.

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vision receiving sets, and has had them on sale for the past month. These new sets are for home use, and Du Mont is now erecting a television transmitter at Montclair, New Jersey; and there, according to the president of the company, they will begin television broadcasts on January 1. Not only will Paramount's film library, including newsreels, be available to this company, but it will also transmit some programs employing living actors. Their plans at present, however, are to specialize in newsreels and occasionally actual broadcasts direct from race tracks, baseball parks, and so forth. The Du Mont set is now the lowest-priced on the market, their cheapest receiver selling for \$150.

The problem of installing a television set in your home will be a little more complicated than installing a radio, but can be handled in a few hours by a competent radio repair man. The cost of running a set in your home will be about three times that of running a radio, which is not very much.

THE type of entertainment will be something like this: A movie newsreel or movie shorts, followed by entertainment from the television studios, entertainment that will be going on at the same time you see it. At first it will be, roughly, a great deal like vaudeville—you remember vaudeville. There will be jugglers, acrobats, singers, comedians, and others of their ilk. Some mobile units will be down on the street sending you events as they are actually happening at the time, such as fires, or the arrival of important people, or just "man in the street" interviews.

If you have a television set, the thing that will get you about these broadcasts will be the intimacy you'll feel with whatever is being televised. This, because you'll know that in most cases it is happening right now, and you can see it. In that way television will be much more exciting than the movies.

Not as much movie film as you would expect will be transmitted through television. The reason obviously being that if television used all the film available in the world it would be run off in less than a year. So, most entertainment will be transmitted directly from the television studios, as it is performed. Quite a few dramatic skits will be put on to pace the vaudeville style of show.

The problems that now face American television, or television anywhere for that matter, are based on economic rather than technical conditions. Any engineer in the television field will freely admit that we could have nation-wide television within a few months if there were some way of getting enough money to install television transmitters every fifty miles or so. But the cost of these transmitters, which would run between \$75,000 and \$100,000, is more than the private owners of the many radio stations around the country would care to invest.

Television executives point out that there are several advantages of television operation that may beat this obstacle. One executive points out that when television sets come on the market in six months' time the commercial advantages of this medium to advertisers will be so tremendous as to cause a complete upset of the present radio selling market. He bases his statement on the fact that the best way to sell any product is what he calls "sight selling." If you, the customer, can see the product they are selling through television instead of just hearing about it over the radio, you will buy that product much more quickly. It won't take sponsors long to realize this and it is the money they put out for advertising that will advance television.

Last month, when David Sarnoff announced to the radio manufacturers that sets would be placed on the market in six months' time, the stories that went around were mixed and confusing. Some said that it was just another of those impossible statements about television. Others claimed that it would replace radio in less than a year. Some manufacturers were enthusiastic, others pooh-poohed the idea of television.

Some of those who tried to soft pedal the coming of television, did so because they are worried about the effect television publicity might have on the present sale of radios. These fear that the public will stop buying expensive radio sets and save their money for television.

The best example of the proximity of television was made evident last week by the arrival of a Mr. Sol Sagall from England. Mr. Sagall is the managing director of one of the largest television companies in England, Scophony. He came to this country to organize an American Scophony. A company backed entirely by American capital and run by American business men and engineers, but using English methods of producing television sets.

WHEN Eddie Cantor was in England he became interested in the tremendous advancement the Scophony company had made in the field of television, and he spent many hours talking with Sagall. The other day, relaxing during rehearsals of his present radio show, Cantor said: "Television is a reality. Those who doubt that it is here are like the fellows who stood in the streets a few years ago when gasoline engines went by and said—'do you think they're real?'" Right now television is a reality in England. A wonderful reality. I know, I've seen it. I watched a golf match on a television screen," Cantor smiled, "and saw a fellow miss an eight foot putt. That's real enough for me. You may say that I expect to be associated with Mr. Sagall's company. He's the greatest television technical expert in the world."

The principle of Scophony sets, as Sagall explained it, is altogether different from that used by American

JACK BENNY TELLS THE TRUTH . . . ABOUT JACK BENNY

Radio's best-loved comedian turns author and writes a chucklesome exposé of himself. You'll read it in
RADIO MIRROR FOR MARCH

manufacturers of television sets. American engineers have been working on the electronic principle, while Scophony uses the optical scanning principle, which some feel is more satisfactory.

The big problem in television is light. There are over 200,000 elements in a television picture and each element needs enough light. The Scophony company has found ways of storing up enough light, by using this optical scanning method, but it is much too technical to explain. This company owns all the basic patents to this optical principle, while those American companies using the electronic principle must share their discoveries.

CONSEQUENTLY, RCA, which was first in the field, have been working hand in hand with other radio manufacturers putting out television sets, giving them all the advice and help they need. Naturally, this has helped speed up television production on all fronts.

The development of television in America, as Sagall sees it, will be just the opposite from the development of radio. It will start out as a luxury; and then work towards becoming a necessity. As television progresses, and mass production comes in, sets will become cheaper.

England has had television for over two years. There are some 3,000 television sets there, and the BBC broadcasts two programs daily. The technical standards of television there are fine, but the type of entertainment is none too good. The government is in back of television there, and Mr. Sagall says they made the mis-

take of establishing it as a regular service. People did not take into consideration the fact that television was a new industry. They compared it to the cinema industry, and consequently it suffered. America is taking it slower, won't make the same mistake.

Mr. Sagall expressed the opinion that because of the large number of home movie operators in this country, the public will not be satisfied with a screen any smaller than the average home movie screen. His Scophony set, therefore, is much larger in screen area than the sets of the American manufactures, it being 24 by 20 inches. His company is now producing screens 8 by 6 ft., and even 20 by 16 ft. for small movie houses.

This Scophony set is now selling for 50 pounds in England, which is \$200, and this is the sum it will sell for in America, when produced by the American company. It may even go lower than that. It will pick up any television broadcast, regardless of who transmits it, so it will get all NBC and CBS programs.

Mr. Sagall told of very thrilling television broadcasts staged in London at a large department store. One was the famous Derby. The race was so clear on the screen that the people gathered were betting on its outcome.

Sagall stated that it has always been America who set the standard where science and technical progress was concerned. He believes our engineers to be the best in the world, and expressed great admiration for the technical advancement we've made in the movie industry. An industry, incidentally, whose technical skill will be a great help to television.

To quote Sagall—"With American

technical brains and business efficiency behind television, the advance should be four times as rapid as it has in England, where the sale of sets has doubled in the last six months.

"Here, in America, there will be many television transmitters even at the start of television, and in England we only have one transmitter. The scope of the television plans in this country is much larger than in England; here you do things in a big way once you get started. I believe that television in America will be nationwide in five years!"

The final reality in television will be at the New York World's Fair, when people can come and see television in operation. When they can observe before their very eyes the clearness and definition of the television picture.

WHETHER you are able to have a television set in your home on April 30th, 1939, you will at least be able to see it in action at the Fair. Both the new American Scophony and the RCA Television Company will have large exhibits at the Fair, which will be picking up all television broadcasts in the vicinity of New York. Broadcasts sent out from NBC at the Empire State, CBS at the Chrysler Building, and the Du Mont television broadcasts from Montclair, New Jersey.

Television is here. It is a reality. All we need is a practical, less expensive way for *everybody* to enjoy it. And those men working in television now, are certain you are going to get it in a much shorter time than you would expect.

I'll be seeing you.

7 SECOND MYSTERY STORY



"HOW DOES AGNES EVER
SATISFY HER CHILDREN
BETWEEN MEALS
WITHOUT SPOILING
THEIR APPETITES?"

HERE'S HOW she does it.
She keeps several packages of this famous peppermint gum in the house.
The youngsters love it.
P.S. So do grown-ups!



ONE OF AMERICA'S
GOOD HABITS

Beech-Nut

Facing the Music

(Continued from page 40)

This can
happen
to YOU!



You can afford a glorious
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MW-2

he precedes each selection with a few bars of his catchy theme melody, blending it into the new tune in a way other maestros never thought of.

* * *

A Story About a Little Boy

Anson Weeks, now heard on the kilocycles from Chicago's Aragon Ballroom on Mutual, recently completed a successful session on the West Coast, marred only by a grave disappointment. At that time Anson was searching frantically for a feminine vocalist. His nephew, eight-year-old Scotty Beckett, is a movie actor on the MGM lot. You have seen the lad in "Marie Antoinette," "Bad Man of Brimstone," and "Conquest."

Scotty is quite proud of Uncle Anson and always trying to help his handleading relative in and out of trouble.

One day he called Anson's apartment on the phone, and said: "Hey, Unc, come down to the studio immediately. I got that girl singer you've been looking for. Don't ask any questions. Just come right away."

Anson rushed breathlessly to Culver City, grabbed his little nephew by the arm, and bellowed:

"Where is she?"

"Here, Unc," said Scotty, winking mischievously. He pointed to Judy Garland.

* * *

Bing & Bob

I met Bob Crosby in Chicago when he was in a particularly happy frame of mind. He had just been married and the nuptial notes still echoed in his ears. He had just made a couple of recordings that are bound to be best-sellers. Why not? His harmony partner was big brother Bing.

These records have significance. First of all, they should be lucrative. And they will spike the underground rumor that Bing and Bob were feuding. Rumor mongers insisted that Bing regarded his Bobcat brother as a copyist trading on his enviable reputation.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

Bing is in a class by himself. Bob has made his own independent career on the strength of organizing one of the finest and hottest swing bands in the land.

When Bob returns to the Chicago Blackhawk and Mutual, after a lengthy barnstorming tour, he will definitely drop those "Radio Candid Camera" clambakes, substitute a weekly airing of his scorching bobcat jam sessions.

The "Radio Candid Camera" game was too similar to Kay Kyser's Musical Klass. And the younger Crosby doesn't want anything of a carbon-copy stamp surrounding his organization.

"They don't need it," he said proudly.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet

There's No Place Like Your Arms; When I Go-A-Dreamin' (Decca 2076B), Paul Whiteman—The King of Jazz presents his new recording band in a pair of nifties from the new University of Penn Mask and Wig show. Ginger bread arrangements, with vocals by

jubilant Joan Edwards and The Modernaires, Whiteman's 1938 version of the old Rhythm Boys.

Sixty Seconds Got Together; You Can't Be Mine (Bluebird B7854B), Gray Gordon—The new tick-tock style is too similar to bubbling contemporary, Shep Fields, but they still do a delightful job on these two tunes.

My Reverie; How Can We Be Wrong (Brunswick 8224), Eddy Duchin—You have heard this DeBussy masterpiece in all forms, but the "magic fingers of radio" give it added impetus. Solo work on the keyboards that sends you dancing in the street.

What Have You Got?; What Do You Know? (Vocalion 4420), Al Donahue—The Rainbow Room maestro asks two musical questions, and thanks to the vocalizing of pretty Paula Kelly, lift this platter into the hit class.

Two Sleepy People; Have You Forgotten So Soon (Victor 26067A), Sammy Kaye—By this time you must know even the words to these fetching melodies, but the Kaye treatment only emphasizes what a swell pair of ditties these really are. Grade-A warbling by Charlie Wilson on both sides of this disk.

Some Like It Swing

Shadrach; Old Folks (Victor 26056A), Larry Clinton—A streamlined sermon chanted by Ford Leary with clever Clinton musical phrasings.

Somebody Stole My Gal; Rhythm King (Brunswick 8242), Bix Beiderbecke—The Young Man with a Horn is heard again in a wild and stormy session that pioneered the road to modern swing. A collector's item.

Let'er Go; Apple Blossom Time (Vocalion 4438), Art Shaw—Benny Goodman's latest rival on the clarinet hits some notes out of this world that will delight even people who can't shag.

Dance of the Octopus; In a Mist (Brunswick 8236), Red Norvo Quartet—A dreamy foursome paced by Red Norvo's xylophone and Benny Goodman's clarinet sprint through two mystical numbers that sound like a swing player's nightmare. The latter tune was written by Beiderbecke. For listening purposes only.

Weary Blues; Boogie Woogie (Victor 26054B), Tommy Dorsey—A stand out waxing that places the spotlight on Dave Jones' piano.

Night and Day; Black and White (Decca 23067A), Quintet of Hot Club of France—In case you've wondered how they swing in Paris, here's a fine and spirited example. The sizzling fiddle is in the best Venuti traditions.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

My favorite orchestra is

Name

Address

Cat Wife

(Continued from page 24)

John shut the door behind him and faced his wife.

Her tipsy good-nature had vanished. Supremely beautiful, in the pastel-colored, filmy negligee through which her white skin seemed to glow like alabaster, she stood with her back to the piano, a vision of fury.

"You kicked them out!" she choked. "My friends—and you kicked them out!"

"LINDA," he said pleadingly. "Don't you understand? It's almost midnight. I'm tired—I've been working late in the office. Don't you think I'm entitled to have a little rest when I get home? Haven't you any consideration at all?"

"You kicked them out! My friends!"

"Yes," he said in a sudden return of his anger. "And I'll do it again every time I find them here. They're no good—not a one of them. Night after night—yowling and screaming through the house like a pack of alley-cats!"

"I'll call them back," she threatened. "They're my friends—I'd give a dozen of you for one of them!"

He looked at her for a long moment. "All right," he said slowly. "If that's the way you feel about it—I guess we're through. You haven't one grain of loyalty in you. I'm through with you for good."

"Oh—are you?" she asked, her voice soft and velvety. She came toward him, moving with sinuous grace, and stood close, looking up from shad-

owed eyes. "Are you through with me—really?"

"Keep away from me!" he said sharply.

"Are you?"

"Keep away—" He broke off, surrendered to her spell, threw his arms about her supple, yielding body. "Oh, Linda!"

"You see, you're not through!" Her voice rose in triumph and she pushed herself away from him. "You'll never be through with me—never! But I'm through with you! Get out of my house!"

"No, Linda," he begged. "I'm sorry—I didn't mean what I said. I love you—you're my wife—"

"Your wife! Why do you think I married you?—Because I was sick of working in a barber shop—because I was sick of living in a hall bedroom and wearing bargain-sale dresses. I wanted money—all I could get. And you were the best chance I could see for getting it! I never loved you—I told myself I'd stay with you a year, then get out—stick you for a lot of alimony, and then get out!"

"But we've been married five years," he said stupidly.

"Sure—because you fooled me. You started making a lot of money—more than I ever thought you could make. But I fixed things up today. Do you know I've got everything you own?"

"No—Linda—"

She began to laugh uproariously, her mirth mounting in peal after peal. "It was good business to put this

house—your car—in my name, wasn't it? And your bank account? So your creditors couldn't ever sue you? Well, I cleaned out the bank account today, and you won't get a penny of it! I'm not the one that'll starve—you will!"

"No—you wouldn't do that to me!"

"Wouldn't I!" Her beautiful eyes were wide open now, flashing golden fire. The pulse throbbed in the slim milkly column of her throat. Madness seized him and he put his hands around that throat, squeezing it tighter and tighter.

"I won't let you," he panted. "I'll kill you first!"

WITH a scream she brought her hand up and down, raking the long red-tipped nails across his cheek until blood spurted where they had passed. He released her.

"You touch me again and I'll scratch your eyes out!"

"You—you cat!" he said hoarsely. "That's what you are—a big, white, beautiful cat. You think like one—you screech like one—you claw like one. You even look like one! Your eyes—they're cat's eyes!"

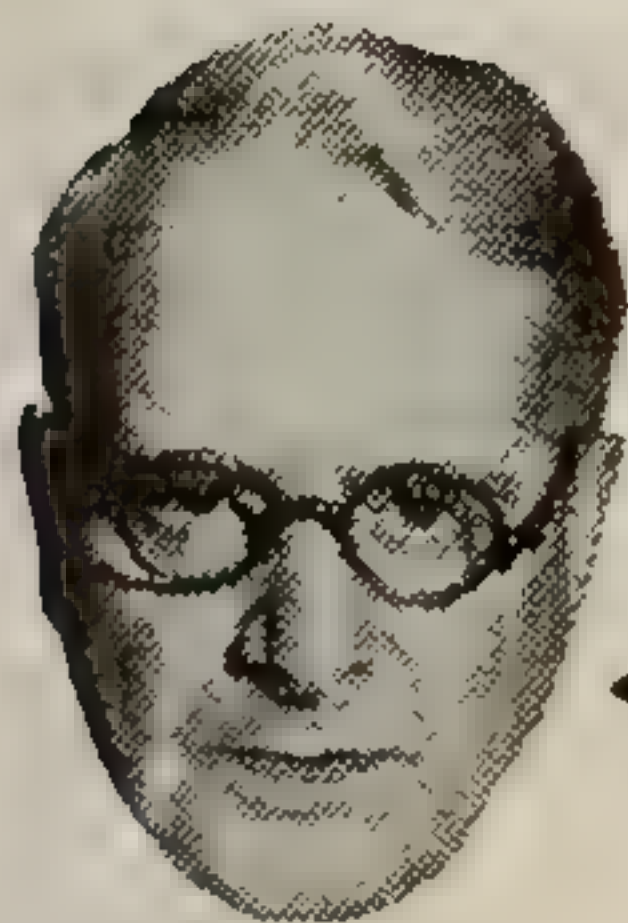
"Keep it up," she jeered. "You're doing swell!" She was laughing again, once more shrieking with laughter.

"Go on—laugh at me! You're a cat—a sneaking, yowling cat! You—"

He stopped, staring at her in amazement and horror.

"John! Stop looking at me like that! Stop!" Her voice was rising into a long-drawn, shrill wail. "What's

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"It's no fun to have everybody laughing at you and calling you scarecrow. I was so skinny I didn't want to go out. Finally, I tried IRONIZED YEAST. In five weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and have good times."

Irvin Echard, Barberton, O.



Ella Craig



Irvin Echard



The Admiral looks grim but he's a great guy! At the formal reception to the fleet, he asked me did I have any Beeman's Gum. When I drew a fresh package out of my bag, his eyes twinkled like harbor beacons.

"Just the life preserver I was perishin' for!" he said with a grin. "The refreshing tang of that Beeman's flavor makes even shore duty a pleasure. It's fresh as a 20-knot breeze. Beeman's is the code word for a delicious treat any time. A salvo of thanks, my dear!" And the Admiral actually saluted!

happening to me? I can hardly see—my head! Ahhhhhh!" There burst from her perfectly formed red lips a blood-curdling shriek—the shriek of a frightened cat.

TWO hours later John and Dr. Harday stood in the same room. Linda was in her bed, sleeping under the effects of a sedative Dr. Harday, hastily summoned, had given her.

Between them, as they looked at each other in silence, hung the vision of Linda as they had last seen her—a sleeping woman, but a woman over whom a strange and horrible change had come.

"Her hands—" John murmured. "They're more like claws. And her teeth—like—like fangs! Doctor—you must help me! You're my friend. What can I do?"

But Dr. Harday's kind old eyes were haunted by the terror of something beyond all the science he knew.

"It's my fault," John babbled on. "I did it. She was my wife—my beautiful wife—and I cursed her, and turned her into a yowling beast. Oh, tell me what to do!"

"I don't know. . . . I'm not as young as I used to be. . . . I must call in somebody else. . . . That's it," said the doctor in sudden decision. "We'll notify the authorities, get a consultation." He took a quick step toward the telephone.

"Wait!" John's voice cracked like a whip. "You can't do that. You can't tell anybody!"

The doctor summoned his best bedside manner. "But don't you see, my boy, it's the simplest way out—for you and for Linda too? This thing that's happened—it goes beyond the normal into the supernatural! You and I can't deal with it. Everyone should know—science—"

"Science! Who cares about science? No one but you and I is going to know about this!"

"Now, my boy, you're overwrought," Dr. Harday said gently. "You'll see, in the morning, this is the best way." He turned and walked the rest of the way to the telephone.

John, standing at the desk, watched him until his hand was on the instrument. Then he drew a revolver from the drawer, aimed it at Dr. Harday, and pulled the trigger.

Linda purred as he told her about what he'd done to Dr. Harday. She understood, as he did, that it was the only thing he could possibly have done.

"He was going to tell them about you—everyone," he said to her. "They'd have taken you away from me—locked you up—pointed

at you—laughed at you. But I stopped him—I stopped him for you. . . . Oh, he was so heavy! I had to drag him down the steps, down to the cellar. . . . Then I buried him there, Linda. . . . The ground was so hard, but I dug a hole in it with the coal shovel. . . . And when they come for him I'll tell them he never was here, and no one'll ever know, darling, no one but you and I. . . ."

But Linda had stopped purring, had stopped listening. Her eyes were wide while she listened to a faint sound outside the window. The tip of her tongue was caught between her lips. She seemed to be waiting, waiting. Then she meowed querulously and stepped lightly to the window, muzzling the shade aside with her head to peer out into the darkness.

And then John heard it too—the cry of a cat outside in the night—hoarse, imperative, vibrant.

Linda answered it, like calling to like, while he groveled at her feet, imploring her to stop.

YET she was still Linda, his wife, and because he had brought this curse upon her he loved her all the more. Perhaps by kindness he could bring her back, turn her once more into the Linda he had loved, even while he had known the evil in her heart.

By day Linda slept, curled up in the corner of the sofa, but at night she was restless, pacing soundlessly back and forth, back and forth across the carpet. He had to be very careful to keep all the shades drawn and the doors to the outside locked, for fear someone might see her at the window or, trying to enter the house, let her go free. She begged him to let her out, and snarled when he explained why he could not.

Her temper was very uncertain.

Sometimes she was gentle and loving, but at other times she would snarl and turn upon him even while he caressed her. It was hard for him not to cry sometimes, as he looked at her, but she hated to hear him cry, and would spit and growl so fiercely that he soon learned to keep his sorrow to himself.

He went out early in the mornings and bought fresh meat at the butcher's, and a bottle of cream at the delicatessen. But after the third morning he had to go to different stores, because the butcher and the delicatessen-keeper began asking him why he never bought anything else, and at their suspicion he became afraid.

For himself, he wanted nothing but what he gave Linda—cream and fresh meat.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, will also be open during the winter, with accommodations at greatly reduced prices, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanitarium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from three to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York, Complete information furnished upon request.

And yet, in the midst of his sorrow, there was a queer kind of satisfaction. Linda depended on him now. No one could take her away from him. She was all his, as she had never been—before. He could excuse her restlessness, her fits of temper, with the reminder that she was no longer herself . . . and that very infirmity made her the dearer to him.

He spent all his time with her, except for his short shopping excursions. At first, the telephone rang insistently several times a day; he supposed it was his office calling him, and he let it ring. Finally, it was silent.

BUT one day the doorbell rang. It rang again and again, until at last he shut Linda in the bedroom and opened the door.

A heavy-set man dressed in a plain, ill-fitting business suit was on the porch. "Kerrigan's the name," he said amiably. "I'm a neighbor of yours. I've got that place across the alley."

"My—my neighbor?" John said stupidly.

"Sure. I'm off duty today so I thought I'd drop over and say hello. Mind if I come in?"

"Come— Oh, no, of course not," John said, stepping aside and showing Kerrigan into the living room.

"Been wanting to drop over and see you," his visitor went on. "I'm on the force—desk-sergeant at the third precinct station—"

"A policeman?"

"Yeah!" Kerrigan answered abstractedly. He was wandering about the room, twisting his hat in his hands, while John stood by the door, watching him.

"Well," he said at last, "I guess

you're wonderin' why I came over, ain't you? . . . Now it ain't me—you understand? I'm the kind of a fellow that can sleep in a boiler factory. But my Ella—there's a light sleeper for you. And you know how women are—always goin' round lookin' for something to make trouble about—" He stopped, twisting his hat between his fingers. "Well, the fact is, Mr. Taylor, it's that cat of yours!"

"Cat?"

"Yeah—the one you just got a few days ago. It don't disturb me none, but my Ella, like I say—well, our bedroom faces right on the alley, and she hears every meow that animal makes!"

"I have no cat," John said tensely. He could see the disbelief written large on the honest Irish features of his visitor. "I have no cat," he repeated more loudly.

"But I heard one myself, last night and the night before, and it was in this house."

"No—you're mistaken—there's no cat here—"

"But maybe," Kerrigan suggested, "it might be caught in your cellar. Now, suppose I just go down and see—"

"No! There's no cat there! Get out!"

"Oh, so that's the kind of neighbor you want to be," Kerrigan said in disgust. He turned toward the door—and stopped.

From the bedroom there came the faint wail of a cat.

"No cat, eh?" he said. "What do you call that noise, I'd like to know?"

Linda wailed again, more loudly than before. "I'm just goin' in there and—"

"Keep out of that room!" John screamed, throwing himself upon

Kerrigan, trying to pull him away from the bedroom door.

But Kerrigan shook him off. "Stop pullin' at me! I may be off duty, but I'm still an officer of the law, and I'm tellin' you that cat you got in there is violatin' the city ordinance!"

The wails from the next room had reached a crescendo. He flung the door open and looked inside.

"No!" he whispered. "No! Take it away—take it away!"

LINDA had stopped meowing. Now she growled, once, deep in her throat, menacingly. "If I only had my gun—" Kerrigan muttered.

"You'd never use it!" John cried. "Never!" Kerrigan turned, to look directly into the muzzle of the pistol in John's hand. Only a split second—and then it roared.

. . . Linda snarled softly. Like a shadow she moved to the crumpled body on the floor, leaped upon it hungrily, tore at the flesh.

"Linda! Stop! No, no!—" He tried to pull her away. But one should never try to balk an animal of its prey. John fell back, his face streaming with blood, the world dark before his sightless eyes.

He could hear the sounds Linda made, while he groped about on the floor for the pistol he had dropped. It was somewhere. . . Ah! His fingers touched smooth metal. And then Linda was back—finished, well fed, content, fawning upon him and purring. He held her, close. This was the last time he would hold her thus. It was an embrace of death. He must not miss. And when he had pulled the trigger, there would still be a bullet left—for him.

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"You bet we do," girls say

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True Romances Magazine has set aside \$3,000 for the purchase of short short true romances submitted on or before Friday, June 30, 1939. By "short short" true romances is meant short true stories of dramatic quality—stories dealing with the problems of American life, stories of courtship and marriage sincerely told with honesty and warmth, the kind of stories that happen in the life of the average American family—nothing fantastic, nothing melodramatic, nothing cheap, but simple, beautiful stories of the dramas that occur in the lives of American men and women. Stories submitted under this offer must range from 2500 to 4500 words in length.

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Undoubtedly you have in mind one or several happenings in human lives that can be set down within the wordage limits here given. If that is the case it is doubtful if you will ever find a better chance to turn them into money. This is not a contest but a straight offer to purchase. You will not be writing in competition with anybody. Simply send in your story and if it meets with our requirements a substantial check will be mailed to you regardless of what anybody else may submit.

Do not delay. There is nothing to prevent you selling us several stories under this offer before it expires on June 30. Send them in as soon as finished. We pay for accepted stories as soon as they are passed upon and approved for purchase.

If you do not have one already, write today for a copy of our free booklet supplying "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Romances". In it you will find important information regarding the simple handling which has proved most satisfactory in writing true stories. Address your envelope and any manuscripts you may send later exactly as per the address upon the coupon we have supplied for your convenience in securing your copy of the booklet.

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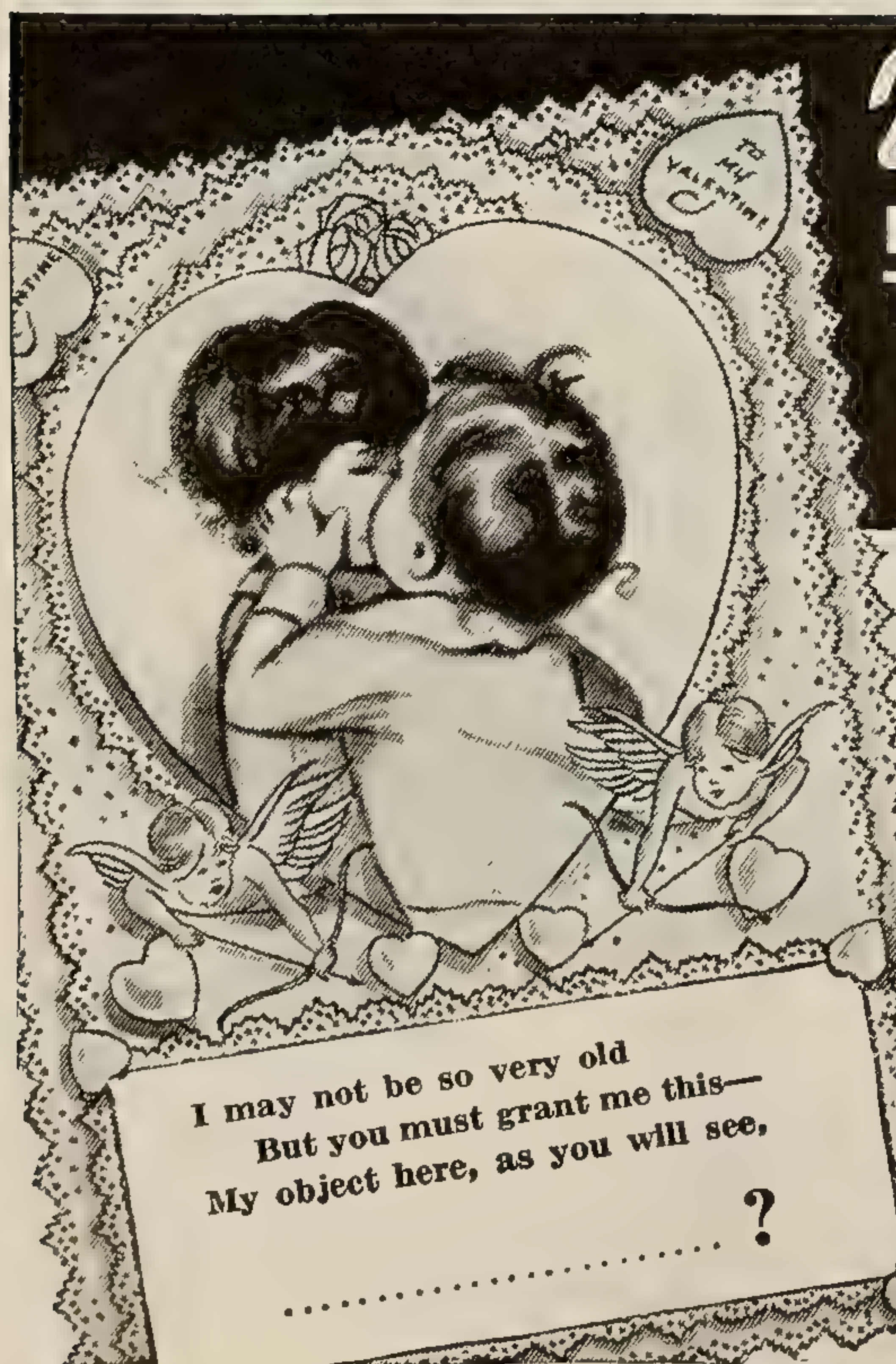
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For the best line received we will give \$25.00. For the twenty lines judged next best we will give \$2.50 each. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. In addition to the cash prizes we

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MY VALENTINE

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I may not be so very old
But you must grant me this—
My object here, as you will see,
.....?

Mrs. F. J. Smejkal, 5822 North Kolmar Ave., Chicago, Illinois, won first prize last year for her last line to the valentine. Send your line today for one of the new prizes.

Astounding Outcome of the

"Martian Scare"

(Continued from page 18)

to know that anyone so young should be also so successful. But I'm afraid they're going to have to take the fact, even if they don't like it.

Probably, Orson is exactly what he has so often been called—a genius. A dangerous word, but it seems to fit him. He was already showing signs of brilliance when he was eleven years old, a pupil at the Todd School for Boys in Woodstock, Illinois. During his career at Todd, which lasted until he was sixteen, he distinguished himself by being the Big Man and leading spirit in the Todd Troupers, the school's little theater group. This will give you an idea of how things were between Orson and the Todd Troupers: one of his achievements was a production of "Julius Caesar," which he not only directed himself, but in which he played the parts of Mark Antony, Cassius, and a Soothsayer.

UNTIL the Martian Scare, the high point of Orson's life was his exploit with the Gate Theater in Dublin, Ireland. Graduating from Todd, this dynamic youngster headed for Scotland and Ireland to sketch. (Yes, he draws, too.) Upon arrival in Ireland, instead of sketching, he somehow or other allowed the directors of the famous Gate Theater to get the idea that he was a star from the New York Theater Guild. This amusing mistake, which Orson did nothing to correct, led to a long and pleasant association with the vastly impressed Gate Theater, during which he played such parts as Svengali in "Trilby" and the King in "Hamlet."

When he returned to America, the skyrocket of his career kept right on ascending. He was a little over seventeen now, and he took time to dash off a textbook called "Everybody's Shakespeare," which has already sold ninety thousand copies. That done, he got an introduction to Thornton Wilder, who introduced him to Alexander Woolcott, who introduced him to Katharine Cornell, who gave him a job, just like that. It was a job most young aspirants to stage fame would have given their eye teeth for, since it consisted of playing important supporting roles in Miss Cornell's transcontinental tour of three plays, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Candida," and "Romeo and Juliet."

He proved on that tour that he was able to gather publicity for himself as easily as a magnet gathers iron tacks. In San Francisco a reviewer on one of the papers wrote that his performance as young Marchbanks in "Candida" was good, "probably because his own private life has been so irregular."

Orson wasn't sure what the reviewer meant, but he called him on the telephone and demanded an apology. The reviewer refused to make one at first, and the quarrel got into someone's column. The reviewer finally printed an apology, but not until all concerned had gained a deal of free publicity. Orson also wore a false beard into a San Francisco restaurant, and got himself publicly reprimanded by Miss Cornell for doing so.

When the tour ended, a little over four years ago, he came back to New York and began to break into the radio business. People at CBS still remember him as he was then. He was being the Boy Poet, and he used to sit raptly at the lunch counter between broadcasts, chewing a pencil, gazing off into space, and jotting down an imperishable line now and then.

His resonant and beautiful voice is his biggest asset as an actor, and he is always at his best in a part which allows him to unleash it and let it boom away. It was his voice that made him a success on the air, particularly in parts like *The Shadow*.

Orson is a big, tall, heavy young man, with melting brown eyes (rather like a St. Bernard's) who would be handsome if he didn't get so excited while he's acting a part that he twists his face into all sorts of expressions.

Around the studios he's known as an inveterate practical joker, given to riotous horseplay and waggish and sometimes embarrassing pranks. This reputation didn't do him any good after the "Martian" broadcast. Officials were inclined to think it was just a gigantic practical joke, and it took all of Orson's sincere regrets to make them change their minds.

His "curtain speech" at the end of the broadcast, in which he explained that it had all been a Hallowe'en prank—"just our way of dressing up in a sheet and saying Boo!"—didn't go down too well, either, considering the seriousness of the situation. He made the speech before he knew the situation *was* serious, though, and the only reason he made it at all was that he thought listeners would be contemptuous of the childish fantasy of the story he'd just put on the air.

YOU'VE probably gathered that he's erratic, unpredictable, and brilliant—and you're right. He loves the theater and acting so much that he sometimes forgets that the theater is also a business, and this very enthusiasm of his might very well have kept him from the nation-wide fame which came, ironically, as a result of his blundering attempt to put on a show that would amuse people on Hallowe'en.

He says he's getting tired of being called "Awesome Welles" and "Little Boy Boo," but there's no law that says you have to believe him. He has always shown a liking for the fantastic and blood-chilling sort of thing. It crops up, inevitably, in most of his stage productions, and to many people it seems fitting that his present nation-wide fame should be based on a scare.

So there is one of history's famous broadcasts, ranging itself in your memory alongside King Edward's abdication speech, Prime Minister Chamberlain's talk during the Munich crisis, and Mae West's Adam-and-Eve upset a year ago. And there are its strange results. A brilliant actor-director raised to new heights. A laying, at least temporarily, of the radio censorship ghost. A new awareness of the need for preparation in this country against war. A change in bona-fide news broadcasts. The start, perhaps, of radio's exodus from Hollywood. Miscellaneous popularity for two movies and a famous author.

An astounding outcome for an astounding broadcast!

"Why does my mother-in-law *always* take my husband's side?"



How Mary used modern methods for her baby — despite interference!



MARY: John, will you take your hands off that child and listen to ME for a change?

JOHN: I'll handle this MY way! I'll *make* her take it...



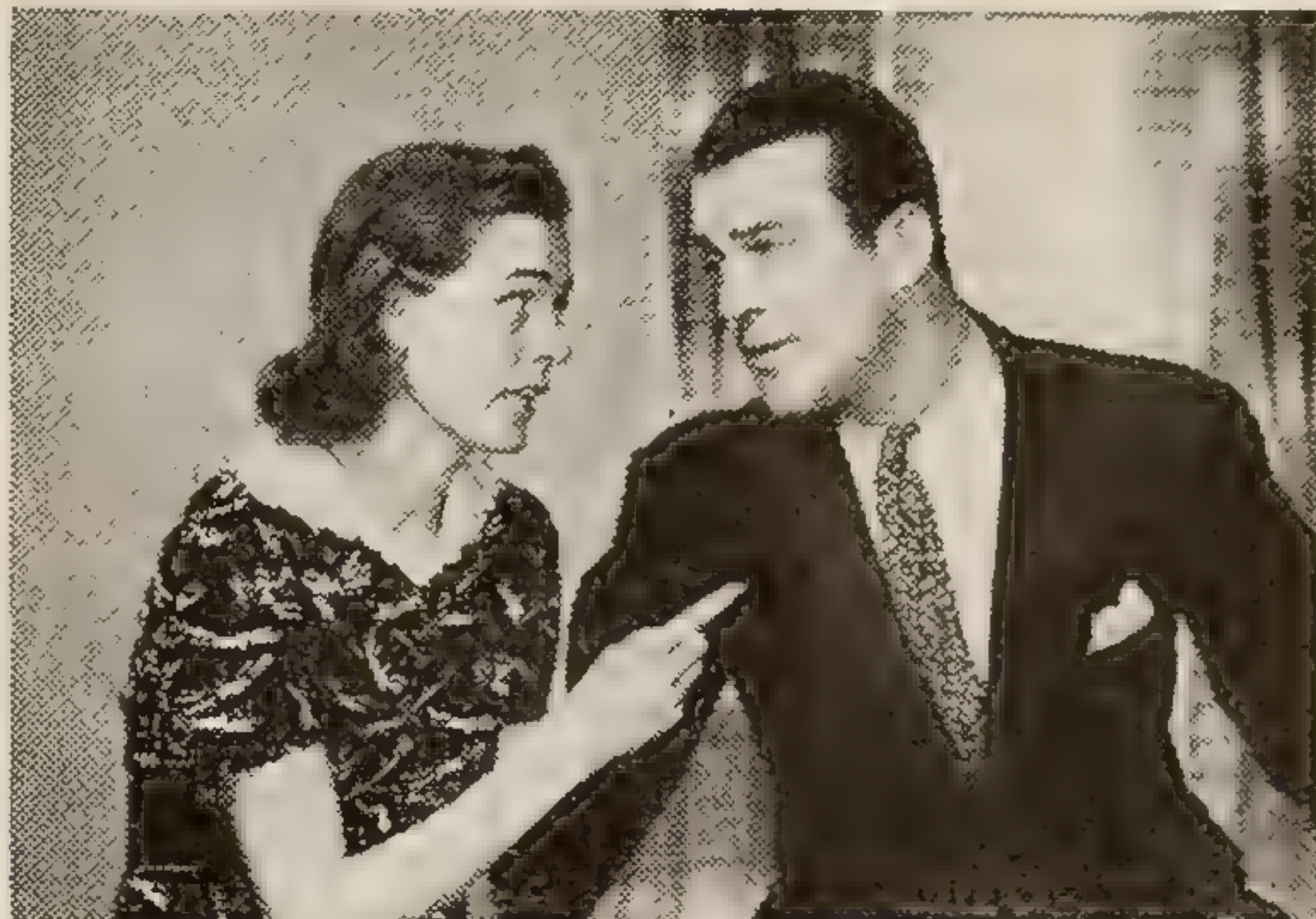
MOTHER-IN-LAW: My dear, you know John is ALWAYS right...

MARY: Oh mother... please... please...

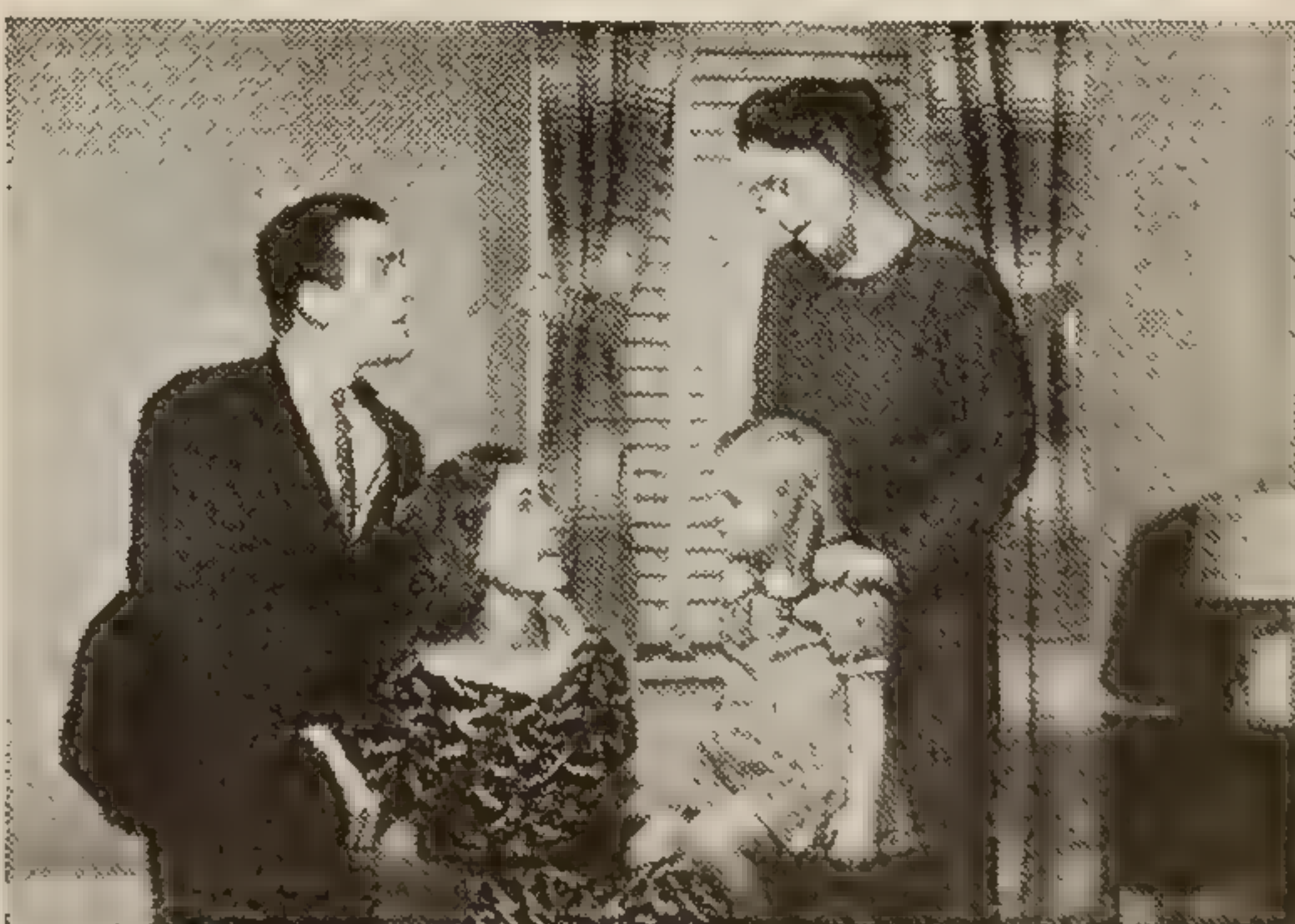


MOTHER-IN-LAW: But I'm only trying to help...!

MARY: But I *don't need help!* It so happens I talked with the doctor this morning. He said it's old-fashioned to *force* Sally to take a nasty-tasting laxative. It's liable to shock her nerves and upset her digestive system.



MARY: He told me to get a PLEASANT-TASTING laxative that Sally would take willingly, but not one made for adults. A grown-up's laxative can be TOO STRONG for ANY child's insides. He said that the modern method of *special* care calls for a *special* laxative, too. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



MOTHER-IN-LAW: Fletcher's Castoria?

MARY: Yes! The doctor said Fletcher's Castoria is the modern laxative made especially, and *only*, for children. It's SAFE... has no harsh drugs. And children simply love its taste!



JOHN: Look, mother, look!... she's taking Fletcher's Castoria like a lamb!

MOTHER-IN-LAW: Humph! Looks like maybe the modern method is best, after all.

MARY: We'll have some peace around here now.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially and ONLY for children

Out of Exile

(Continued from page 19)



ARE YOU A BRUNETTE? There's a special shade of Colorinse for every shade of hair—to accent the natural color, make it really sparkle and shine with rich beauty.



ARE YOU A BLONDE? Bring out all the golden glamour of your hair with Colorinse—the tint-rinse that gives it the youthful radiance of brilliant, sparkling highlights!

Complete every shampoo with your own shade of Nestle Colorinse. It rinses away shampoo film; glorifies the natural color of the hair while blending in grey or faded streaks. Colorinse makes your hair soft, lustrous and easy to wave.

Colorinse is quick, easy and simple to use. Pure and harmless; not a dye or bleach. It costs so little, too — only a few pennies for each Colorinse. Two rinses for 10c in 10-cent stores; 25c for five rinses at drug and department stores.



MERCOLIZED Wax CREAM
KEEPS YOUR SKIN
Young Looking

Mercolized Wax Cream flakes off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Reveals the clear, soft, smooth, young looking underskin. This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening and beautifying cream has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely women the world over. Bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

Use Saxolite Astringent Daily

THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

Try Phelactine Depilatory

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

liked radio, and as a result you'll be hearing him often as a part of M-G-M's own show, Good News of 1939.

Bill is one of those people who do everything superlatively well or not at all. For instance, he took recordings off the air when he first began to broadcast. He listened to himself, then, with one pained eyebrow riding up to his hairline. Brewster Morgan, director of Hollywood Hotel, Ken Niles the announcer, other members of the cast, thought the recordings perfection and said so. Mr. Powell, with a bow from the waist, could not agree. He said "I have no mike technique, gentlemen. I sound as though I were in one place all the time. . . ."

Of course, he was in one place all the time when broadcasting. The mike is stationary and so is the player. Not even Bill could go into a swing or a jitterbug with a mike and get anywhere. As a matter of fact, Bill was not only in one place when he broadcast, he sat in one place. He sat in a chair, at a table, and did his stuff.

WHEN Margaret Sullavan did "Of Human Bondage" with Bill she stared in surprise when Mr. P. gallantly offered her a chair at the mike and took one himself.

Said Miss Sullavan, "Migosh, who ever thought of sitting at a table while broadcasting? Was it you, Bill?"

Mr. Powell modestly confessed that the innovation was not his alone, that Amos 'n' Andy likewise sit. The broadcast over, Miss Sullavan pinned a red, red rose in the Powell lapel. She said, "It was wonderful! I'll never stand up again when working, not even on the screen!"

Miriam Hopkins was also startled and surprised and, when she got used to it, pleased at the sitting posture. She said to Bill, "I might even bring my knitting, don't you think?"

Bill, so they told me at CBS, is a script writer who should win the Nobel Prize for radio scripts if the Nobel Prize were given for these efforts. During all rehearsals he ad libbed all through the script. And when he was finished, the ad libbing was the script.

"Bill," said Doctor Brewster Morgan, "no sooner finished one broad-

cast than he was screaming for next week's script."

Bill would start a rehearsal at 2 in the afternoon, let's say, and it might continue until 2 the following morning.

Watching and listening in the control room, into which the voices of the broadcasters come like thunder over the East, I heard Bill giving some such jargon as "Ladies and Gentlemen, blah-blah-blah . . . no, NO . . . now, if I say it this way . . . 'Ladies and Gentlemen, Blah-BLAH-blah,' I can bring it down to a more cosy, conversational level" and he would start blahing again. And again. No singer experimenting with his do re mis could work harder than Bill to get inflection and modulation into the instrument of his voice.

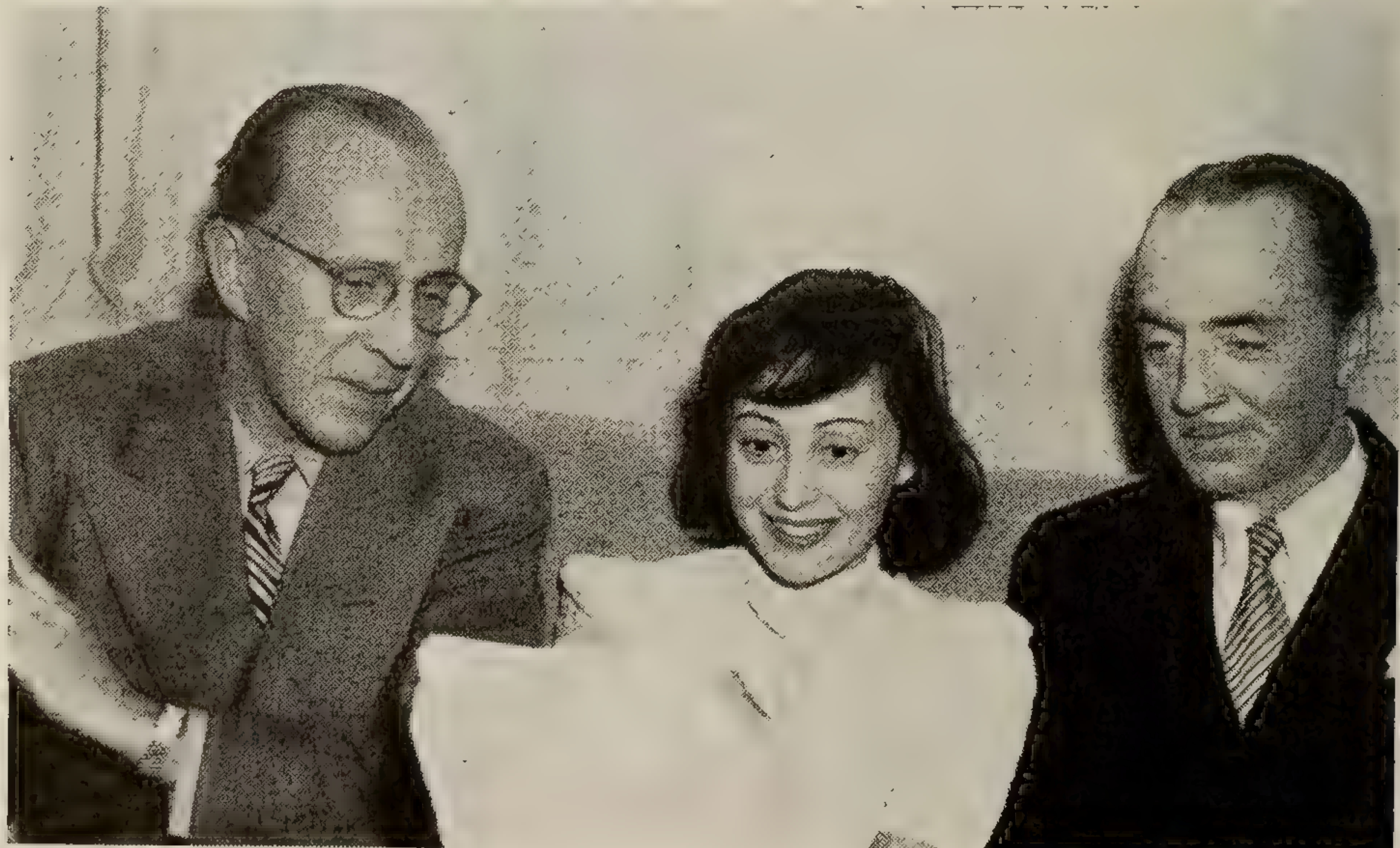
Even when Bill did his share of the commercial, "Ladies and Gentlemen, let me welcome you to another evening of Campbells Soups. . . ." even then he would pause and shake his head and pull at his suspenders and say, "No, no, let's change the inflection here and here . . . it's too monotonous, it sounds too—soupy!"

Again his voice came into the control room lamenting, "I'm trying to learn something about the Art of mike technique, about which I know nothing . . ." and again . . . "I have just whispered into the mike but when I hear the recording I'll wager that I sound like Forbes-Robertson giving a battle cry!"

Bill, they told me at CBS, is wonderful to work with. Many stage and screen actors become Problem Children when they go on the air. Not Bill. With one exception: the Ladies! For on the air, as on the screen, as in his private life, for that matter, the ladies, both rising and risen stars, clamoured to work with Bill.

LUISE RAINER, Carole Lombard, Miriam Hopkins, Margaret Sullavan actually gave up other broadcasts in order to work with Bill. Stars who are customarily radio-shy or, certainly, radio-mercenary, offered their services to the Thin Man on the air.

Margaret Sullavan said to me, "For all the work Bill puts into a broadcast—and that's plenty, I'm sure, knowing Bill—the work never pricks through, if you know what I mean. On the air, as on the screen, he is effortless,



Even in his short tenancy of Hollywood Hotel, Bill Powell made radio history with such outstanding guest stars as Charlie Butterworth and Luise Rainer.

COUGHS!

Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. Sold at all druggists.

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The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

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AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME under personal supervision of the famous cartoonist NORMAN MARSH creator of "DAN DUNN" appearing every day in big papers. Success—Fame—Real Money may be Yours when you learn Marsh's easy simple methods and secrets. Send name and address for free details of MARSH'S Personal course. ACT TODAY! MARSH CARTOON SCHOOL

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She Got \$400.00 for a Half Dollar

I will pay CASH for OLD COINS, BILLS and STAMPS

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid \$400.00 to Mrs. Dowty of Texas, for one Half Dollar; J.D. Martin of Virginia \$200.00 for a single Copper Cent. Mr. Manning of New York, \$2,500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received \$740.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.

I WILL PAY \$100.00 FOR A DIME! 1894 S. Mint; \$50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not Buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to B. MAX MEHL, 356 Mehl Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS (Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.)

Kidneys MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acid waste in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of poisonous waste.

When functional kidney disorder permits poisonous matter to remain in the blood, you won't feel well. This may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. If you have trouble with frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning, there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

smooth, streamlined and so natural that I forgot he was Bill Powell and I was Maggie Sullavan and just believed that we were the characters in 'Of Human Bondage' and so the lines we spoke seemed just our natural talk."

Young Gale Page, who played with Bill in "Death Takes A Holiday" on the air, told me, "I'll be forever grateful to radio for giving me that chance. I always thought that to work with William Powell would be the height of my ambition. But I didn't think it could happen. Because he is with M-G-M and I am with Warner Brothers and I didn't suppose we would ever get together. Then I got a chance to broadcast with him and all I can say is that it's the biggest thrill I've ever had."

As a matter of fact, the Powell voice is, unquestionably, some 68 per cent of the Powell charm. If you had never seen Bill in the flesh or on the screen, or so it seems to me, had no idea of what he looks like, and then heard him on the air, you'd recognize him when you met him.

Bill himself says that until he made his first talking picture, "Interference," the public's "care" for him was not remarkable. It was after "Interference" that the exhibitors began praying for Powell pictures.

NO, Bill presented no problems on the air. He was always in good time for rehearsals. He was always the last to leave. Diana Bourbon, who bought all the plays for the Hollywood Hotel hour, told me that Bill had said to her, right at the start, "Look, I can't sufficiently impress on you that I don't want you to buy plays just because they have big star parts for me."

Bill acts at the mike. I mean, he doesn't just stand there like a cigar store Indian wired for sound. He makes gestures when gestures are called for. He gives it facial expression when facial expression is indicated. Which, Miriam Hopkins told me, is very helpful to other members of the cast. And adds immeasurably to the enjoyment of the studio audiences.

Bill had the final okay on all stories, or plays, bought for the Hollywood Hotel Hour. But he never once turned thumbs down on any play suggested or bought.

When, in "Trouble in Paradise" Bill had to speak with a slight French accent, he took lessons from Jean Sablon, the show's singing Frenchman.

It's just that Bill never takes anything for granted, least of all his own abilities. And so when he took to the air he set to work with characteristic thoroughness. He didn't exactly roll up his sleeves. That wouldn't be in the Powell manner. But the night I watched him broadcast he did take off his coat, revealing a navy blue shirt, gray tie and suspenders. He did sit, pencil in hand, poised over his script, making notations and changes in the dialogue as he talked.

Now, though Bill has said good bye to Hollywood Hotel, he will undoubtedly make other broadcasts... sitting comfortably at the mike, the Thin Man on the airways... and perhaps this profile of Bill broadcasting will enable you to visualize him even as you hear him, mannered and charming and humorous.

CHILDREN CONSTIPATED?

Give them relief this simple, pleasant way!



1. WATCH YOUR youngster's face brighten when you give him a half-tablet of Ex-Lax. No struggle to get him to take a laxative. Children actually love the delicious chocolate taste of Ex-Lax!

2. HIS SLEEP is not disturbed after taking Ex-Lax. It doesn't upset little tummies or bring on cramps. Ex-Lax is a mild and gentle laxative... ideal for youngsters!



3. THE NEXT morning, Ex-Lax acts... thoroughly and effectively! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief.

Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family—the grown-ups as well as the youngsters. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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SAVE 50% NEW! PUT THIS NEW 14-Tube WORLD WIDE CHASSIS IN YOUR CABINET Only \$19.95 COMPLETE WITH TUBES AND SPEAKER

IT'S easy to put this big, new 14-tube world-wide Midwest in your cabinet and get exciting world-wide reception. Midwest makes a radio to suit every purse... 6-tube to 17-tube 5-band models. Prices start as low as \$10.95

EASY TERMS MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION Dept. 51-HH Cincinnati, Ohio

Why I'm Picketing the New Year

(Continued from page 15)

Make No Mistake—there IS a Difference in EYEBROW PENCILS

If you're beauty wise, you would not think of using just any kind. You insist on the genuine Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil because: It is perfectly pointed to form trim, tapering brows—it has just the right softness to go on easily without smearing or breaking—its ingredients are so harmless, even surgeons use it for marking the skin. Why risk inferior quality—or smudgy, unbecoming eyebrows? Make sure of the most desirable results—get your Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil today at any 10c store. You'll see the difference! Shades: Black, Brown, (and Blue for eyelid liner).

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LARGEST SELLING EYEBROW PENCIL IN THE WORLD

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Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

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SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. Big 16x20-inch enlargement sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

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A HAND LOTION
Specially Created by Scientists
FOR WOMEN
WITH ACTIVE HANDS

Velure VANISHING LOTION
A BAUER & BLACK PRODUCT

Gives Quick Relief to Hands That are Rough, Red, and Chapped

• It's alkali-free. Requires no tedious rubbing... leaves no sticky, gummy film to stain your gloves or clothes... is extremely economical—lasts a lot longer than thick, old-fashioned lotions... is healing and soothing to chapped skin... makes hands shades whiter, softer, smoother, in a hurry. Try it. Available at drug and department stores everywhere. You'll be delighted when you see how different it is.



ten percent for insurance, twenty-five percent for rent, and—well, you go on. You know the figures by heart yourself.

Then about March first, you remember you forgot to allow for a slight tax of twenty percent or so on your income. But why worry? Does the government balance its budget? So you quietly cross off the ten percent for clothes (yours) and write out a check, wondering how long it will take the income tax bureau to discover that the credit you allowed yourself for a dependent was for your brother-in-law, who finally convinced you he was physically incapable of earning an income. But can you convince the government?

There's much more I could say about budgets. (You could, too, I'll bet.) But they have their place and I don't mean to quibble. I only think that the first month of the year should be used for thinking of something nicer.

FOR instance, why not try thinking that this year, when you go to the dentist, he'll clean your teeth, slap you on the back, and say, "Well, Fibber, you certainly fooled me this time, all right. Not a single cavity. That ache of yours was just your imagination." Of course, this is only day-dreaming and the truth is, there are half a dozen very fine cavities, each one of them just yearning for a bright new gold inlay.

My point is, even if you do fix up a fancy budget, the amount of money you set aside for your dentist is never more than just enough to get your teeth cleaned, anyway. So why spoil the beginning of the year by putting all your spare time into a budget which will only be shot as full of holes as a sieve the minute you try putting it to practical use? You know it will. Why, the first time you get into that hard chair, the dentist will look you square in the eye (and a liar is not supposed to be able to look you in the eye), and say, "This isn't going to hurt a bit," and, before you know it, will have two new bridges for you. Not the kind you burn behind you, either.

Is there a man among you who hasn't worked out a budget, right up to the last penny, and then had the little woman point out an obvious oversight in his calculations? "But, dear, I haven't a single thing to wear this summer! I've got to have a new —!"

Along with the budget, I'm always presented with a shiny set of new resolutions. I used to ask the family why they always made up resolutions. "Why, it's the New Year!" they'd tell me. "You can't start the New Year without resolutions."

I've discovered you can't start the year with them, either. Their favorite resolutions go something like this:

Resolved—That Fibber won't start a quarrel over silly things like women's new hats.

Resolved—That Fibber will stop eating graham crackers before dinner and spoiling his appetite.

Resolved—That Fibber will dry the dishes after dinner instead of falling asleep and gaining ten more pounds.

Resolved—That Fibber will give up his poker games with Silly Watson.

Resolved—That Fibber won't be late for appointments.

Resolved—That Fibber won't come home wearing a new pair of sports shoes a salesman sold him when he went into the store to buy a pair of garters.

Resolved—That Fibber will either think up new jokes or won't try to be the life of the party with the old chestnuts his father was chased out of town for.

Resolved—but certainly you get the idea by now? Of course, the family has a few resolutions for themselves, too. Like:

Resolved—To really take that trip to Bermuda next summer. (Well, Crosby did it, didn't he?)

Resolved—That this year we get a new 1939 automobile.

But I have to hand it to them. They never break those resolutions of theirs, a point they don't hesitate to make when I try to explain how much relaxation I get from those poker games. They don't believe me when I tell them Silly Watson still thinks a pair tops a full house.

It's not just resolutions I'm picketing.

There's New Year's Eve. Maybe it isn't coming again for twelve months, but the pain of it lingers on. And don't say it doesn't!

How about that cold you woke up with last New Year's morning? The one that made your throat feel like a cheese grater? You know good and well where that cold came from. It sunk its teeth into you when you rushed outdoors at midnight with the rest of the gang to yell a greeting to the New Year. You didn't notice then that it was freezing cold, and, of course, you didn't want to be a sissy and grab a coat.

AND don't you go right on wincing for twelve months, every time you think about that night club you visited? It was the one, you remember, with the French proprietor, who was so patriotic he was determined to charge enough so he could pay off his country's entire War Debt, all by himself. It was an accident, of course, that when it came time to pay the check, everybody but you and your wife had gotten tired and left.

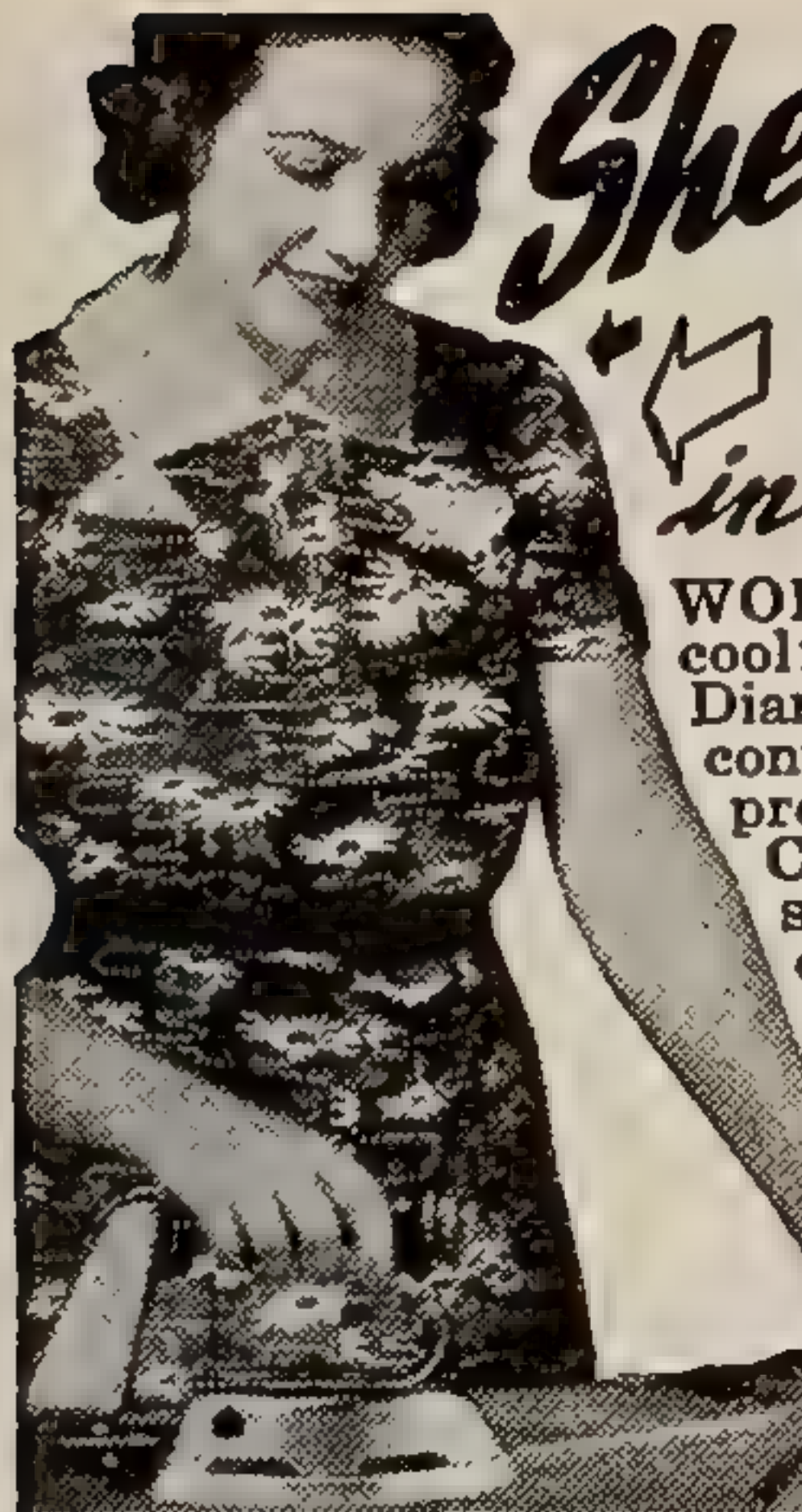
Well, anyway, when New Year's comes around you can wipe the slate clean. You can forget all those things that have been bothering your conscience for the last 365 days. The time you made a date with your wife for lunch and you got called into a conference fifteen minutes before the hour—you can forget that, and only hope your wife will, too. How were you supposed to know the conference was going to last an hour?

Start fresh. That's the idea. I remember the year I tried to explain that to the grocer and my doctor. I was wiped clean, all right. There had been a slight upset in Wall Street a few months before. I think it was 1929. They were willing to start fresh, too—just as soon as I'd wiped clean a few bills here and there.

The trouble is, all the things you want to forget are right there, just as though the old year hadn't ended at all. You see all those pictures of 1939 dressed up in swaddling clothes. For a kid just a few days old, he cer-

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WOMEN are amazed at easy, fast, cool ironing with the new Streamlined Diamond. Self-heating, instant heat control, triple pointed base, heat-proof rosewood handle. Rust-proof CHROMIUM finish for lifetime service. No tiring hot stove work or dangerous cords—Can be used anywhere—Makes and burns its own gas from 96% AIR, 4% kerosene (coal oil).



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Enjoy Diamond Ironing for a month at our risk. Prove to yourself that it actually irons a family washing for 1 cent. Write for full particulars and how to get yours FREE by helping to introduce it. Address: **Akron Lamp & Mfg. Co.** 374 Iron St., Akron, Ohio

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Write today for FREE details. ACTUAL SAMPLES and "sure-fire" money-getting plans. Send no money. **H. J. Collin, PROGRESS TAILORING CO., Dept. P-349** 500 South Throop Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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SEND NO MONEY—SEND NAME AND ADDRESS

Full size lace-like Rose, Blue, or Crystal Colors. YOURS for SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE beautiful pictures with famous WHITE CLOVERING SALVE used for burns, chaps, sores, etc. which you easily sell to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remit as explained in catalog. SPECIAL: Choice of 20 premiums for returning only \$3 collected. 44th yr. BE FIRST. Write for Salve and pictures now! **WILSON CHEM. CO. INC., Dept. 65-29, TYRONE, PA.**

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tainly has a lot of worries for you. Babies are supposed to have nothing more to worry about than an open safety pin, but baby New Year must be different. Have you ever noticed how the minute he comes into the world, your mailbox is overflowing with greetings? "May the New Year bring you joy and prosperity. The Downtown Emporium, Inc. Due, \$75.00."

And before I forget it, there's that other jolly problem that brings so much hilarity to the month of January. Those thank you notes.

"Dear Uncle Charles: How did you guess I needed those fur-lined earmuffs so badly? The winters here in California aren't what they used to be. The temperature dropped to 40 above last night and those muffs felt wonderful."

Or:
"Dear Cousin Minnie: We were all so excited when your box came, we couldn't wait until Christmas to open it. It was so heavy, we knew it must be something wonderful. Did I say heavy? I didn't know you could send anything so big through the mails collect. What I want to know is how you got the inspiration. There's nothing we could have put to better use than a History of the American Railroad—in six volumes. I hope our box arrived safely. It took us two nights to wrap that glass punch bowl."

I THINK I could recover from those notes without a complete breakdown, if my wife didn't insist on making up a list of people who sent us holiday cards and whom we forgot. Well, how do you feel—going out and buying two dozen of those hilarious cards that say, "And a Happy New Year to You. You must have slipped our mind. We meant to send you this at Christmas." A fine way to start the new year, mailing Christmas cards to people the middle of January.

The way I feel I could go on from now until January 1, 1940. But that wouldn't really solve the problem at all. The best I can do is give you some suggestions. Take it from me, the best way to start the new year is to pretend it's not new at all. Use last year's budget. What's the difference? They never work. Resolve not to make any resolutions. Send the bills back and explain you wish to exchange them—cash or credit, which ever they prefer. As for the thank you notes to relations, if you just forget to send any you can be sure you won't get those presents next year. And what more could you ask?

There's one consolation, Julius Caesar got his. I like Brutus more every New Year's. The next time somebody invents a calendar, maybe he'll get wise to himself and leave out New Year's. He'd better, if I'm still around.

Wait a minute. The family's calling me. If I don't hurry, we'll be late for the Jones' party. Well, what if it is New Year's Eve?

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How to Tell Your Children About Sex

(Continued from page 20)



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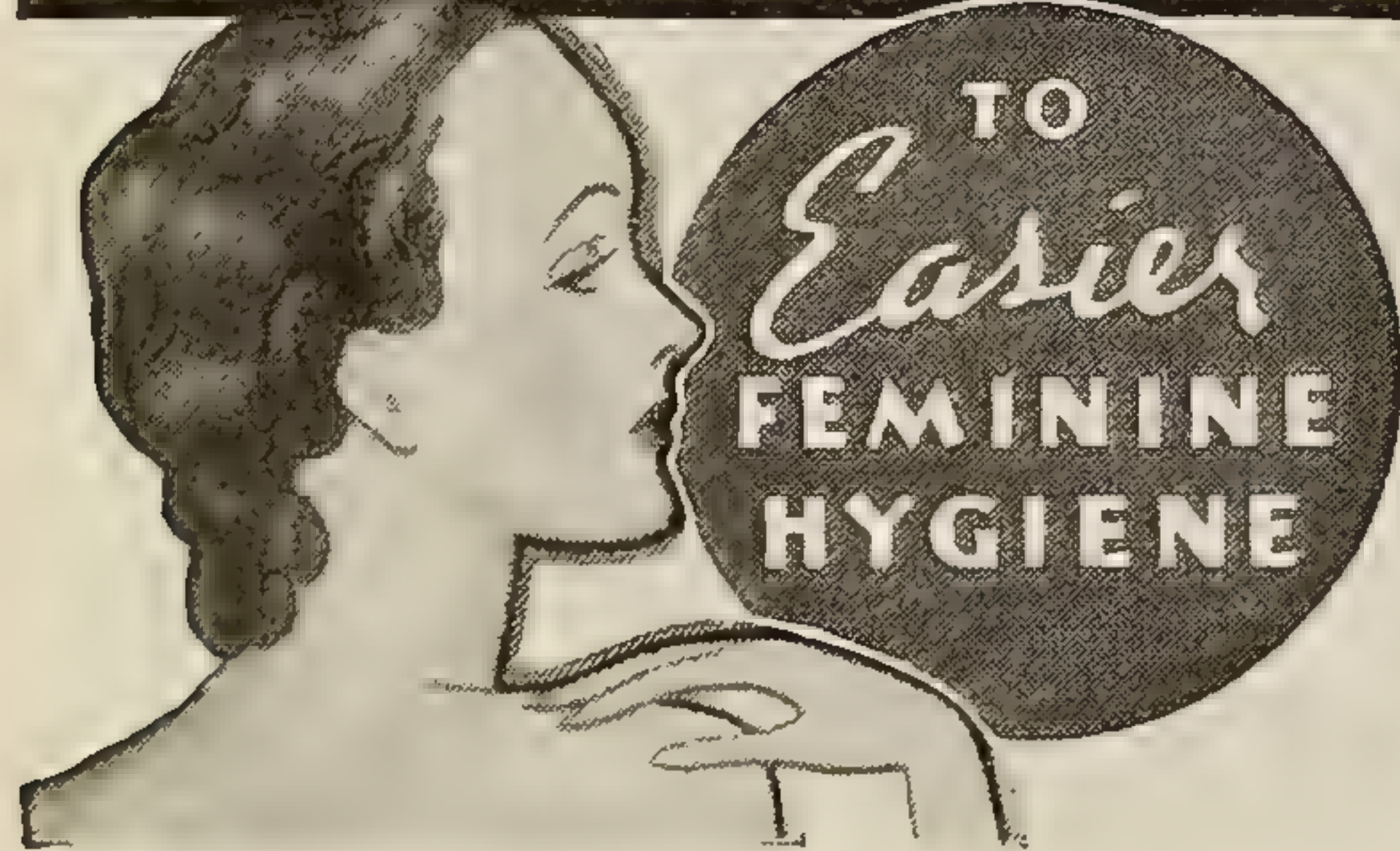
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anticipated them. When information was wanted, we supplied it, but when it wasn't wanted, we talked about something else. Unless you are an expert in child psychology as well as a parent, you'd be wise to do the same. You can't expect to know when your child is wondering about sex and reproduction, and is therefore ready to be told about them, until he asks you. And I'm convinced that telling him when he doesn't want to know is as harmful as not telling him when he does.

Once the question has been asked, answer it truthfully, concisely, and quickly. Answer it in exactly the same manner you would answer a question on any other subject. Continue the discussion as long as the child continues the questions, and no longer. If you can, give the child some conception of the beauty of sex—but even this isn't as important as avoiding any impression that the subject is terrifying or shameful.

MANY parents probably find that the most difficult part of telling their children about sex is to choose exactly the right words for referring to the parts of the body. Here they should prepare beforehand for the day when the child begins to be curious. Let the child learn words for these parts of the body, just as he learns other words, so that when the time comes you and he can refer to them without embarrassment. They needn't be either medical words or particularly vulgar ones, but they may be childish ones.

"Don't, above all, in answering your child's questions, let him think that you are trifling with him. I don't believe there's anything a child resents as much as insincerity—or can detect more quickly. If a child asks you a serious question, it's up to you to give him a serious answer.

"Whenever I've talked to my children, I've tried to imagine that I was talking to an adult—and more than that, to an adult whose opinion meant a lot to me. I've pretended that Maida or Basil was a prospective employer of mine, or someone I was anxious to gain as a friend. And I think the system has worked pretty well. All their lives they've felt perfectly comfortable in my presence, able to get sensible answers to their questions and reasonable discussions of their problems.

"Some parents might protest that their children don't seem to want to come to them with questions about such intimate, delicate subjects as sex. The answer to that is that these parents have failed when their children asked them other questions. They've given the impression that they're unsympathetic, or they don't want to be bothered, or they give perfunctory answers. If the right relationship between child and parent is built up before the time when sex must be discussed, there will be no hesitancy about asking questions.

"But if the previous relationship has been wrong, and you find that you have lost your child's confidence to such an extent that he doesn't come to you with his problems, it will do no good to try to force him. Try to win his friendship back, instead, in whatever way you can, and forget

the task of teaching him about sex. After all, that's no longer the important thing between you and your child; something much more vital has taken its place. Let him learn about sex from his playmates if necessary, but make him your friend again before you worry about anything else.

"Mrs. Heatter and I found that we could prepare our children to ask intelligent questions about sex by permitting them to read whatever books—within reasonable limits—they wished. There has never been any censorship in our family. Any book that I felt was fit for me to read myself has been open to my children, always. The result was, I'm sure, that Maida and Basil found the answers to many of their questions in print. If a book raised a point they didn't understand, they came to us.

"Another rule Mrs. Heatter and I always followed was to live with our children, and teach them to live with us, without any prudishness about our bodies. Up until the time they were about twelve years old, the four of us would go on camping trips together, often living in one small tent, just as if we were four men. The children grew used to the sight of each other's bodies, and because there was nothing hidden there was never any unhealthy curiosity in either's mind.

"The whole question of how to tell your children about sex is, in fact, bound up with your daily family life. If your family is a happy one, if you are on really friendly terms with your children, it will be much easier to talk to them about delicate subjects.

REMEMBER something that happened to Basil and me about six years ago. We were living in a ground-floor apartment in Greenwich Village at the time, with our front door opening directly on the street. I was shaving, one morning, only half-dressed, and Basil was pestering me. Finally I started to chase him. He ran through the apartment, with me after him, and slipped out the front door. I tried to grab him, and my impetus carried me straight through, out to the sidewalk. I turned and tried to get back into the apartment, but the door had swung shut—and I was locked outside, standing in the middle of Tenth Street, wearing less than the usual amount of clothes, and with my face covered with lather!

"I think some parents would have been guilty, faced with such a loss of dignity, of flying into a rage. But luckily, I thought it was funny, and I started to laugh. I finally had to beg Basil to climb through a window and open the door for me from the inside.

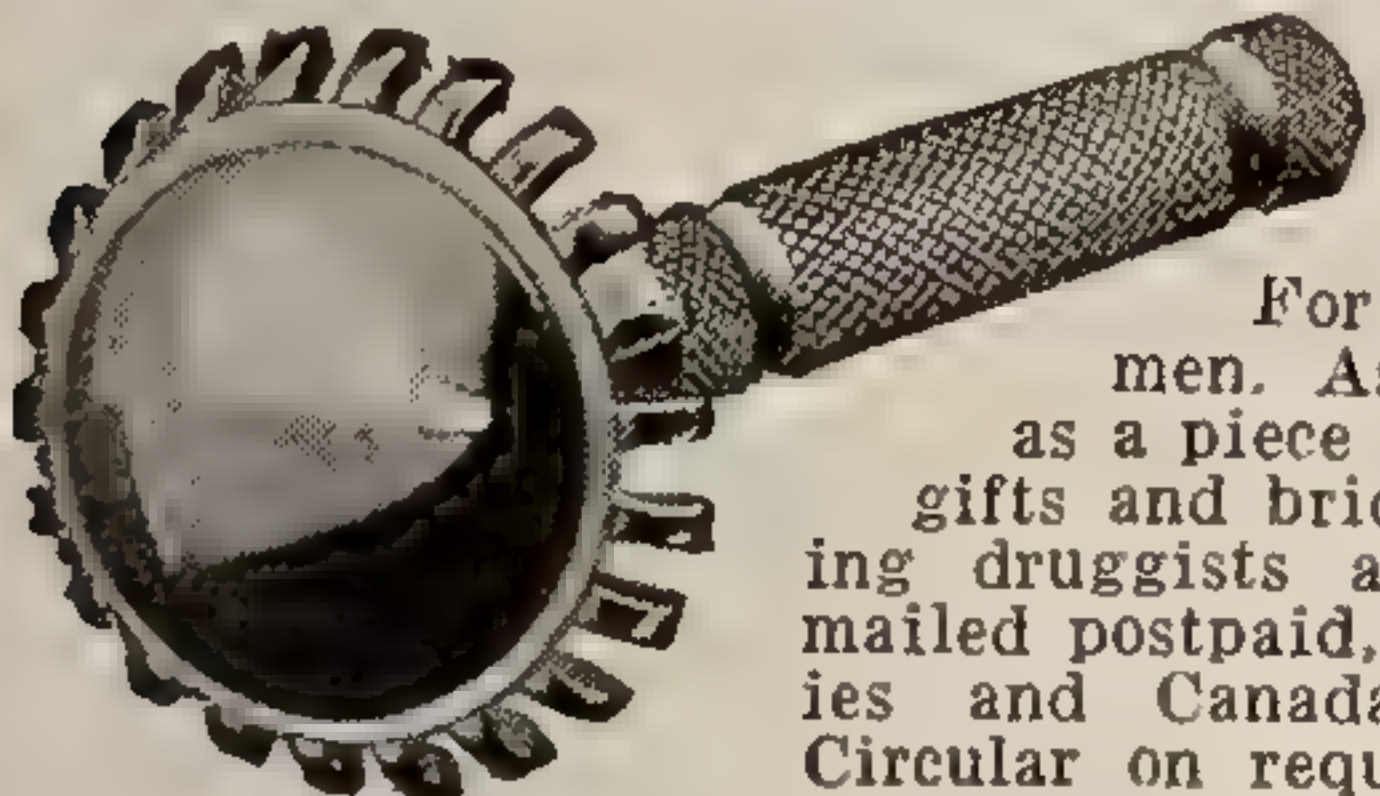
"That incident seems to me typical of our family relationship. We've been friends, all of us. If anything, Mrs. Heatter and I have erred on the side of indulgence in bringing up our two children. In all their lives, Basil and Maida have never been physically punished for anything.

"When he was about twelve, Basil decided he'd had enough of school. Didn't see any sense in it, and wanted to stop. I was all for insisting that he go right on attending classes, but Mrs. Heatter calmed me down and



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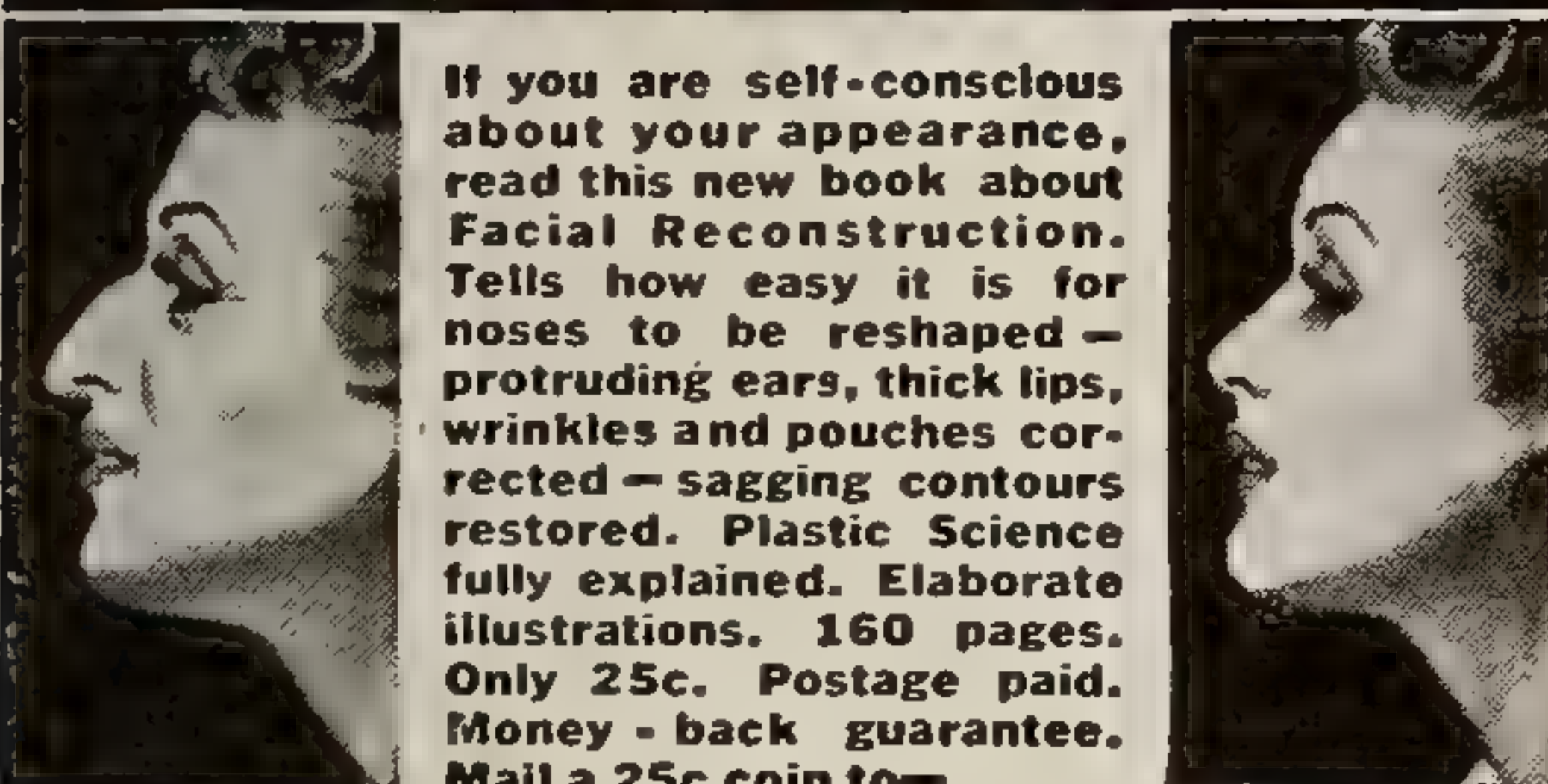
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we let him quit. He stayed out of school for about six weeks, doing exactly as he pleased. Then he went back, having got his rebellion out of his system and made his own adjustments. We'd treated him as a rational, sensible adult who knew what he wanted and was entitled to have it, and he showed that he appreciated this treatment, later, by listening respectfully to any logical arguments we had to present to him.

"Of course," Heatter continued after a pause, "there's another side of the picture that parents should know about. You can't give your children knowledge and independence without paying for it. Maida, for instance, at one time began coming home from school and telling us stories that she'd picked up from her friends. They were—well, you'd call them dirty stories, I suppose. She meant no harm—she thought we'd think they were as funny as she did. But it worried me when, without even blushing, she would tell these stories to her mother and to me. She was only sixteen or so at the time.

"I still had enough of the old-fashioned parent in me to be shocked. I didn't say anything to Maida, but I did talk it over with Mrs. Heatter, and she made me realize that this was only a result of the frank attitude we had always taken toward such matters. There was probably no real harm in it, but it hurt me, and I was glad when Maida outgrew her storytelling period. It didn't take her very long, either.

THAT'S what I mean when I say that parents will pay for giving their children a saner viewpoint on sex. You must realize that you can't have something good without paying for it, at least a little. The children will shock you, sometimes. And at other times you may feel that in their matter-of-fact acceptance of sex they are missing some of the romance and the mystery they should have.

"But it's really a small price to pay. I'm glad that my children escaped the furtive back-yard instruction in sex that most of us older-generation people had to go through, with its doubts and inhibitions and, in some cases, permanent mental scars. I feel that Maida and Basil are better equipped now, mentally and morally, to meet the world and solve its problems, than I was at their age. If, in the process, they've managed to shock me a few times—I don't mind. I can take it. If I had my children to raise all over again, I'd do it in exactly the same way, except—" and he smiled—"I wouldn't quarrel with Mrs. Heatter over it.

"There's really only one thing to think about in telling your children about sex," he summed up. "Remember that it's hard to shock or embarrass a child unless—and it's a big unless—you first give them reason to believe that they ought to be shocked. Then it's very easy. If you can make up your mind to approach the subject without uneasiness, they'll accept it in the same way."

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(Continued from page 35)



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would look as though she were going to snare a part in some picture or other, but these possibilities never seemed to materialize and her unwelcome vacation went on and on. Loyal fans began to wonder what had become of her, while others more fickle forgot her. And all the while she was growing more and more jittery over whether or not, considering this situation, her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer would be renewed.

Well, her jitters were justified. After nine months of staying at home and doing nothing, she no longer had a job. If she hadn't worked while she was under contract, how could she expect to work now, was the question she asked herself . . . And answered it dolefully. She couldn't.

However, as sometimes happens, a fine break came along in this dire hour. Exactly three days after Metro told her goodbye, her swell new job in the Texaco show fell into her lap and she went to work once more.

ALL of which sounds as though this story were ending before it is fairly begun, you say? Well, hold everything, because there is more to come, a good deal more!

The real story goes back to a certain day when Una overheard an important talent scout talking in the Wilshire Brown Derby to a movie neophyte and took his conversation so much to heart that she almost smashed her professional career for good . . . Or maybe it should go back still further to the time when she played the role of the naive little Southern girl in Helen Hayes' Broadway hit, "Coquette." Yes, I guess it had better begin there. Una, the dumbbell comedienne with the inimitable "suthin" accent, was discovered in "Coquette."

She was, in fact, discovered so enthusiastically that she was signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer almost before she knew it and clapped into a picture written especially for her, called "Don't Bet on Women." In this she had an elegant time losing the few remaining r's her Kentucky background had left her; got a laugh a minute, and woke up the day after the preview the "find" of the year.

After that she made a lot of pictures and audiences got so they laughed in delighted anticipation the minute she appeared on the screen. To them, she was an engaging nit-wit whose r-less accent lent humor to everything she said. She was unique. Yes, certainly she was typed, but who cared—then? Not Una.

And then appeared the fly in the ointment. A certain important talent scout under contract to one of the biggest studios, came to the coast for a visit, took a young protege to lunch at the Wilshire Derby, gave her some advice—and upset Una's applecart.

You see, there is something queer about the Wilshire Derby. In the main dining room, which is shaped like a hat, through a quirk in acoustics you can hear conversations clear across the room if you happen to be sitting in certain booths. Well, the talent scout and his companion were in one such booth and Una, lunching alone, was in another. So she heard All—and that was plenty.

"Look at Una Merkel, over there," the scout's voice suddenly boomed

into Una's ears. "What description occurs to you when her name is mentioned? The answer is just two words, *dumb* and *southern*. Moreover, she's been dumb and southern on the screen for so long, she couldn't be anything else if she tried, which means she'll never go higher in pictures than you can throw a baseball!"

Una grimaced, recounting the situation to me. "I ask you," she demanded. "How would you like to sit there and hear yourself discussed in that fashion? I can tell you, it shook me to the core! Here I had been thinking I was pretty hot and getting along fine and then the biggest talent scout in the business—a man who ought to know—comes along and punctures my poor little balloon just like that!"

"What did you do about it?" I asked her.

"Well," she said, "first of all I went home and did some thinking. And then, after I had hit upon what I imagined to be a solution, I guess I began to give Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer a headache. 'Dumb and southern!' I snorted to myself. 'I'll show that talent scout!'"

"And did you?"

She laughed and shook her head. "I can do that now—laugh, I mean," she said, "because everything is lovely again, thanks to radio. But in reality what I 'showed him' was that I could, if given a fair amount of cooperation, place myself neatly in the soup! For one thing, I began demanding new kind of roles. Of course, I didn't always win, but I made myself pretty much of a nuisance. 'I'm always playing a dumb little cluck with a southern accent,' I would explain. 'Why don't you give me something else to do? I want to show people I am versatile!'"

WELL, she went on, "sometimes I was listened to and other times, when a role would be pretty much the same as always, I would do some personal conniving to alter my type. I began to pay attention to the eighteenth letter in the alphabet. I also began to place g's where they belonged, and to talk faster and more clearly than I had before. Me—I wasn't going to be 'typed' if I could help it! I even began to dream of dramatic roles such as Garbo or Helen Hayes might play.

"I got more varied roles as time went on—roles in which I fancied I lifted myself out of the 'dumb and southern' class.

"That," she went on, "was the situation about the time of 'Saratoga,' 'True Confession' and 'Checkers.' In those pictures I fancied myself as a girl of individuality, whose accent wasn't very much different from anybody else's. I—well, I rather fancied myself, let's say, 'Dumb and southern,' indeed!"

"But, alas," she concluded, "pride goeth before a fall! I had changed my type all right! I was no longer 'dumb and southern.' I was—well, eventually I came to realize I was no longer much of anything! Soon the studio and I decided it would be best to terminate my contract."

It was on that day, Una said, that she came to her senses about this "typing" business, or was brought to her senses.

"I left the studio feeling pretty low," she said. "After all, I had been at

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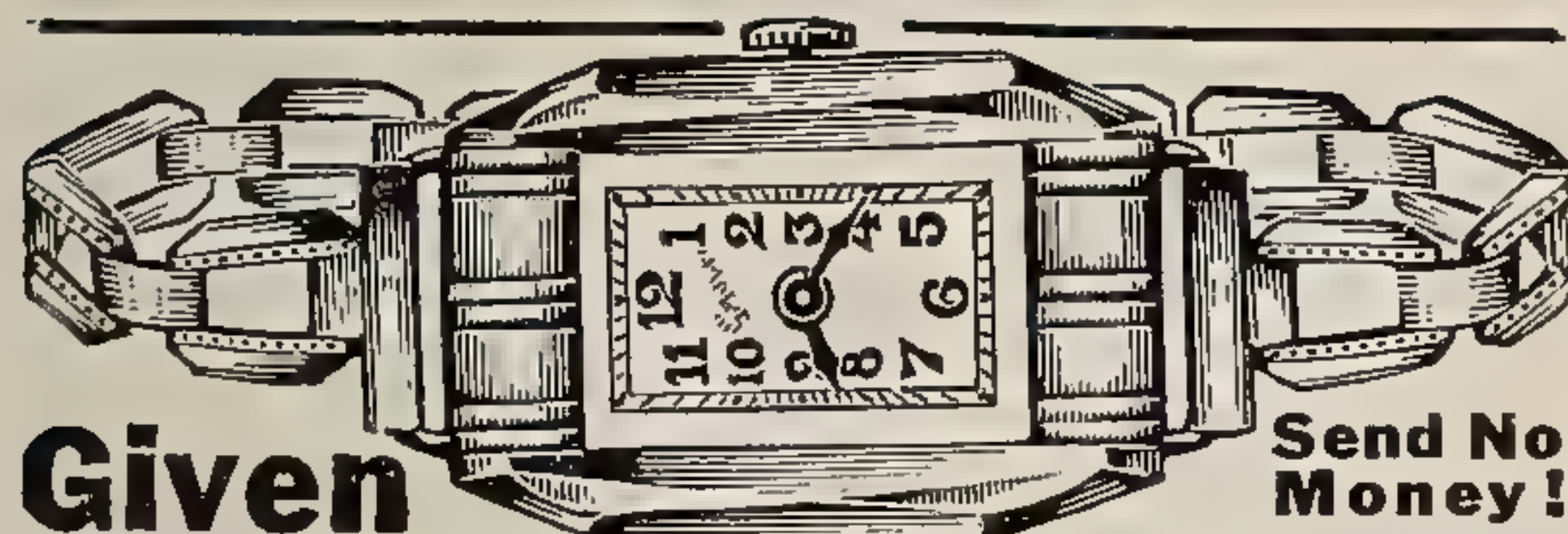
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Metro a long time. And now—well, I felt like a very futile fish out of water. Not wanting to go home and tell my family the bad news, or to talk to anyone else right then, I got into my car and drove out into the country, not paying much attention to where I was going. Or," she added grimly, "to the fact that the gasoline gauge on the dash board was nearly empty. Whereupon, I ran out of gas and I had to walk a mile or so back to a filling station for some more.

"The gas station was one of those country affairs, where the attendant lives. I looked so hot and tired, I guess, by the time I got there that his wife asked me into her living room while her husband went back for my car.

"You're Una Merkel," she said, and added with disconcerting candor, "Oh, yes, I know you, even though you're not in pictures any more."

"What do you mean—not in pictures?" I demanded. After all, I had been out of pictures officially, about an hour and forty-five minutes.

"Well," the woman said, "we don't see you any more in 'em."

And then it was, Una said, that she saw the real reason for this. Because the woman was saying with the same tactless honesty with which she had remarked on Una's being "out of pictures," "It's too bad you lost your southern accent. I guess if you had been able to keep it, you'd be going strong yet."

"Lost my southern accent . . ." Una said she just sat there, kind of stunned, repeating the words, while a Great Light burst upon her.

SURE," the woman wound up. "Take those parts you been playing lately. Gosh, in those pictures you are just a girl, no different from a dozen others, but back in those days when you were a nutty little southern girl, my, I used to laugh my head off at you!"

"You did?" Una said, weakly.

"Sure," the woman repeated.

By this time, the car had been returned and was being filled up. Una set the glass of water the woman had given her down on a table—she says she never did remember to drink any of it; paid for the gasoline and drove away, thinking hard.

"Well, you live and learn!" was going 'round in her mind, together with the puzzling question of what to do now.

However, fate in the person of Bill Bacher, producer of the Texaco show, settled that by hiring her for the new program—on condition that she keep that southern accent.

"What a dumbbell I really was to try to make myself over," she said to me that day before the show opened, as we sat there listening to the rehearsal.

"And how are you doing, changing yourself back?" I asked her. But before she could answer, Bill Bacher called her from the stage.

"Una, are you ready?" he said.

And skipping down the aisle, she caroled back in accents soft as molasses, "Yes, suh! Ah'm comin'!"

Which told me exactly what I wanted to know.

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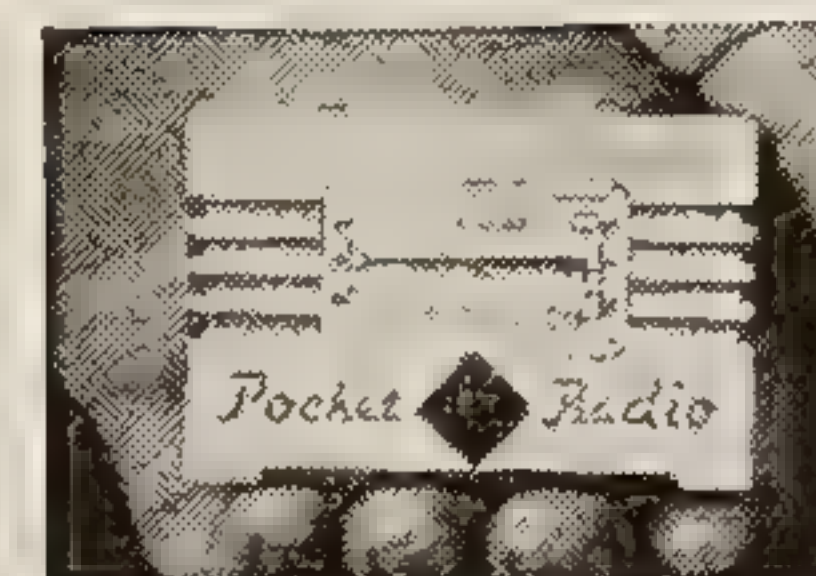
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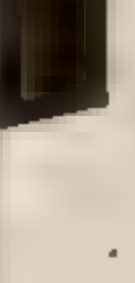
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(Continued from page 33)



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"Live!" His long surgeon's fingers were clenched. "Yes, Ruth," he went on painfully, "technically she will live. She will recover the full use of her body. But—her mind—"

Ruth gasped, and he nodded. "If she had died, I'd be called her murderer, but it would have been better for her. I wonder what kind of name they'll find for a doctor who murders only the mind!"

"John, don't. You did save her life. It was everything anyone could have done under those terrible conditions. And you know she was not sane—not really sane—before. Wouldn't this have happened sooner or later anyway?"

"Maybe," he said wearily. "At least one other man on the staff gives that as his opinion. The shock and loss of blood were apparently too much for a mental balance that was not secure at best. But do you think Eustis or any of his yes-men will let that stand between me and the guillotine they're oiling up for me right now, in there?"

"Right now?"

YES. The hospital board is meeting to determine whether to kick me out on charges of 'conduct unbecoming a physician and a gentleman.'

"John, you don't really believe they'd put you off the staff! Some of those doctors know you too well—"

"Yes, but doctors are human, too. They can vote with their ambitions—and their fears."

"But not against the facts!"

"The facts? What are they? On circumstantial evidence I am guilty. And I'm not sure I'm not, myself—"

"John, you're all on edge. You haven't been sleeping. This has happened on top of months of worry about Norma—about us. You can't think straight any more."

His voice droned on. "I wanted Norma to die. Our first thought was 'If she dies, we're free.' You know that. And you're not the only one. Remember the woman at the farmhouse? Well, she's in there testifying."

"No!" Ruth's cry was involuntary. Before her rose the accusing face of that woman who had entered the room so softly with her clean sheet, who had listened to the doctor's tortured words of indecision.

The door opened then, and in the doorway stood a short, gray-haired man with white facing on his vest, eyeglasses on black ribbon. It was Dr. Eustis. John stood up and Ruth was reminded of movies in which the prisoner rises when the jury files in.

"I'm sorry, my boy." The voice dripped hypocrisy. Ruth shook more with anger than with suspense. "The board has decided to compromise," Eustis went on. "We have left room for the most charitable interpretation of your conduct. The board has decided not to dismiss you, but to accept your resignation."

In that moment Ruth worshipped John. He stood unbeaten before Dr. Eustis, his head high. Dr. Eustis suddenly left, as if in retreat before this greater dignity.

Ruth took John's hand. "Darling," she said softly, "you are a great man."

The answering pressure on her hand was strong. She went on, "Will you promise me one thing? Will you go home now and get some sleep? Things will seem so much better, afterwards—you'll feel so much more like starting over again."

He held her a moment in his arms. "All right," he said. "I promise, Ruth, to go home and get ready to—to start over."

Ruth was to cling to that moment in the weeks ahead, cling to the memory of the strength of his hands, of his clear, intent look.

For Jerry Miller called that night, bringing the terrible news that John was missing from his apartment.

As a rule, Jerry visited the Evans home in a purely social capacity, as the suitor and principal heckler of Sue, Ruth's younger sister. But tonight he was all business, hot on the trail of an assignment for the newspaper on which he was a reporter. He was looking for John Wayne, hoping to get a statement from him for publication, concerning his resignation from the hospital board.

He was embarrassed, too. His bright blue eyes, fringed with their funny reddish eyelashes, refused to look at Ruth's white face as he told her what he knew—that John had gone home, where his housemaid had heard him walking up and down, up and down in his bedroom. Then he had written some letters—to his lawyer, his bank, and so on—and left the house without a word to anyone.

"And," finished Jerry, holding out an envelope, "he left this letter for you, Ruth."

It was only three scratched, splotchy lines, obviously the work of a driving, harried pen:

"Dear Ruth—I'm sorry the way I'm keeping my promise may not seem quite honest. But it was what was in my mind when I gave my word. Forgive me this cowardice.—John."

Ruth's silent, parted lips, her quick breath, told of her fears. She could not speak.

OF the four of them standing there in Ruth's neat living-room—Jerry, Ruth, Sue, and Ruth's little brother Ned—it was only Ned who could make a practical suggestion.

Leaning on the single crutch which—thanks to Dr. John—was all he needed nowadays, Ned said excitedly, "Standing around here won't bring him back. We gotta get going. Any idea where he might be, Jerry?"

"Yes," Jerry said. "I did a little detective work, and I followed his trail as far as Water Street. He—or somebody like him—was seen in a bar down there tonight. But the trail stopped there."

"Water Street!" Sue's tone told what Ruth dared not say. The waterfront. The logical end of the trail for a man who had gone through too much, who had written what John Wayne had written.

"I won't believe it," Ruth said brokenly. "I won't. I'm going down there. Now." And with Jerry following her, she ran out of the apartment.

Waterfront bars, saloons, flophouses . . . Ruth followed Jerry through doors, through rooms reeking with malt and stale alcohol, over sawdust

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covered floors. Everywhere they got the same answer.

But there was one place where a man remembered something. There had been a stranger—a man who might be the one they were looking for—meeting the skipper of the Lottie K. She was a freighter, due to sail at midnight.

At midnight! But it was after twelve before they found the Lottie K's dock. They stumbled through the long covered shed, shouted across the strip of dark water to the hurrying sailors on deck.

No, they didn't carry passengers, a seaman answered at last. It took argument to make him agree to go and ask the skipper. The whistle sounded, hoarse and imperative. Would she sail without giving them an answer? The strip of water seemed to widen. Then the sailor was at the rail. "Nobody of that name aboard," he called.

For a moment, Ruth and Jerry stood undecided. "I don't believe him—" Jerry was muttering, when Ruth caught his arm.

"Look!" she said. Jerry followed her pointing finger.

On the bridge was the dim silhouette of a man. His attitude set him apart from the other figures on the ship. They were all alert, purposeful, active. He was immobile and aloof, as if he hardly knew where he was.

"It looks like him," Jerry admitted.

Then Ruth was calling out. "John!" Did the figure on the bridge move slightly, or did they imagine it? But the ship's whistle set up its clamor, drowned out their shouts, and the boat slid slowly out into the river.

"We've got to stop him," Ruth said. "We can get a boat—"

"Look, Ruth," Jerry said. "If he's on there it's because he wants to go. That's his business. What right have we got to butt in? The main thing is, we've found him. We know he's safe."

Safe? Afterward Ruth wondered how she could have let that statement stand, how she could have listened and agreed.

It was more than a week later that Jerry, once again, broke bad news. The telephone shrilled into the midst of Ned's home work.

"Ruth, I thought I ought to tell you. Of course we don't really know anything yet—but the Lottie's K's been reported lost at sea. . . ."

And then somehow they were riding downtown together, she and Ned. It was curious how fortifying this little brother could be. Without him Ruth felt she could not have gone through that long night by the teletype.

"No survivors of the ill-fated freighter Lottie K. have been reported," it spelled out. "Rumors indicate that fire of unknown origin has completely destroyed the vessel."



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Coast Guard patrol boats and planes which have searched the coast since early evening report seeing no sign of the freighter or of lifeboats. Unofficial sources stated the ship carried a load of unlicensed ammunition."

"Then it's certain?" Ruth breathed. "Only this is certain," Jerry answered. "There was an explosion. Apparently the ship was completely wrecked."

"Aw, Ruth," Ned broke in. "Don't you know every ship has to carry lifeboats? Prob'ly every guy on board got off safe. Prob'ly every ship for miles around picked up their S. O. S. and stood by—"

THE look on Jerry's face stopped him.

By morning—gray, weary, heart-broken morning—some survivors were indeed reported safe on nearby boats. But only definitely identified seamen.

Nor did further word of John Wayne come in later. Sparsely, through the week that followed, reports filtered to the mainland from rescued men. One landing in Baltimore told of owing his life to the ministrations of a mysterious passenger.

Ruth and Jerry flew to Baltimore. But the sailor's memories confirmed their worst fears. As he had scrambled over the side, he said, he saw the man start down to the hold to look for another sailor. It was a fool's errand. No one could have survived in that inferno. But this man—and the sailor did identify him from pictures of John Wayne—had gone down there. That was the last anyone had seen of him.

But—"I won't give up," Ruth said stubbornly, refusing to believe the mass of evidence that John was dead. "You'll see. He's still alive."

And that was the beginning of Ruth's long series of quests for John Wayne.

John's lawyer's office was one port of call. "I'm sorry, but I haven't heard from him," he told her gently. He would never forget the day last

year when this girl had come to him to get his help in reconciling the man she loved with his wife. Perhaps that was why now he could not turn her away without some fragment of hope.

"I do know this," he went on. "If John Wayne is alive, there is one place he might go. I can tell you where that is."

And so he told her of John's farm, near a small town three hundred miles west.

The town of Raventon was not one to make a traveler's heart leap up with joy.

But to Ruth the town was full of hope. She was living on hope. What else was there in life to sustain her?

Even the strange resistance of the man who drove the town's one taxi melted before that hope. He agreed at last to drive her out to the old Ramsey farm.

"I'll wait fer ye," he said grimly as he brought the car to a shuddering stop before the weatherbeaten, shuttered house. "You won't be gettin' past the door. Nobody else has."

The colored man who opened the door at her fourth ring opened it only a crack. "Ain't any Dr. Wayne here," he said.

But Ruth had not come three hundred miles to be barred from any house that might hold John Wayne. "I'm going to see whoever you're working for," she bullied him. "So you may as well take me to him now as later."

She waited in the bare, unfriendly living room. To her quick housekeeper's eye the house was dreary with neglect.

And then the colored servant was coming in again. And not alone. The man with him was—and, Ruth's heart leaped with sudden joy—John Wayne. But only for a moment was she to feel that surging happiness.

Something was wrong. It was not just the silver thatch on the side of his young head, not just his bent, old, posture. No, it was a strange look on his face that Ruth had never seen there in all the days of his deepest discouragement.

IT'S THEIR LOVE STORY



The picture story on page 28 is the romance of George Burns and Gracie Allen heard on the new Chesterfield program, Friday nights at 8:30 on the Columbia network.

And something else—He did not look at her. He did not see her.

Ruth gasped. John's face turned in her direction. A hand went out toward her. "Ruth. Is it Ruth?"

"Oh, John." Then her hands were on his shoulders, her tears on his cheek.

But he held her away from him. "Don't cry over me," he said harshly. "I'm blind, but I don't mind it. In fact—I like it. I'm having the first rest I've had in years. So don't pity me, Ruth."

She could not speak. She was not thinking of pity. Her mind could not go that far ahead. Only her joy at knowing he was alive, her shock at knowing he was blind—these two emotions warred in her.

"I'll never leave you, John," she murmured.

"But you will," he said, still in that same rasping voice. "You're leaving—today."

She lifted incredulous eyes to his set face. "You can't mean that, John."

"I can," he said, "and I do. Don't you see? Too much has happened. Our friendship has meant nothing but disaster to us both."

"No, John. No."

"You're making me say it," he said at last. "You're forcing me to tell you. I—Ruth, can't you see I don't love you any more?"

Will Ruth be able to fight the mysterious change that has come over John Wayne, robbing her of his love? This dramatic novel of gallant womanhood comes to a startling climax in next month's issue of Radio Mirror—on Sale January 25th.

What Do You Want to Know?

(Continued from page 56)

he came to New York to represent the West in the NBC National At-water-Kent Audition. He is married to the former Alice Moore, whom he met on the set of "Babes in Toyland" is five feet, eight inches tall, weighs 158 pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes and an olive complexion.

FAN CLUB SECTION

A Gene and Glenn Radio Club has been organized, and President Adela Dusek is anxious to build up its membership. For information, write to Miss Dusek, at 3259 West 52nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

I have been asked to announce the formation of a new fan club in honor of Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, called the "Fred Waring Fanatics." Members receive a membership card, picture of the Pennsylvanians and every two months the club paper, "Fraternity Whispers." Members may also have pen-pals if they so desire. If you are interested, drop a line to Ruth Stanford, 508 18th Street, Union City, New Jersey.

The only official Johnnie "Scat" Davis Fan Club has now been announced. Marion Whalen is president and may be reached at 42 Morningstar Road, Mariners Harbor, Staten Island, New York.

Another fan club has been organized for Enoch Light. Write to Rose Barry, at 414 Cashua Street, Darlington, South Carolina, for details.

If you are interested in joining a Betty Winkler Fan Club, get in touch with the Betty Winkler Fan Club, 1312 Ingham Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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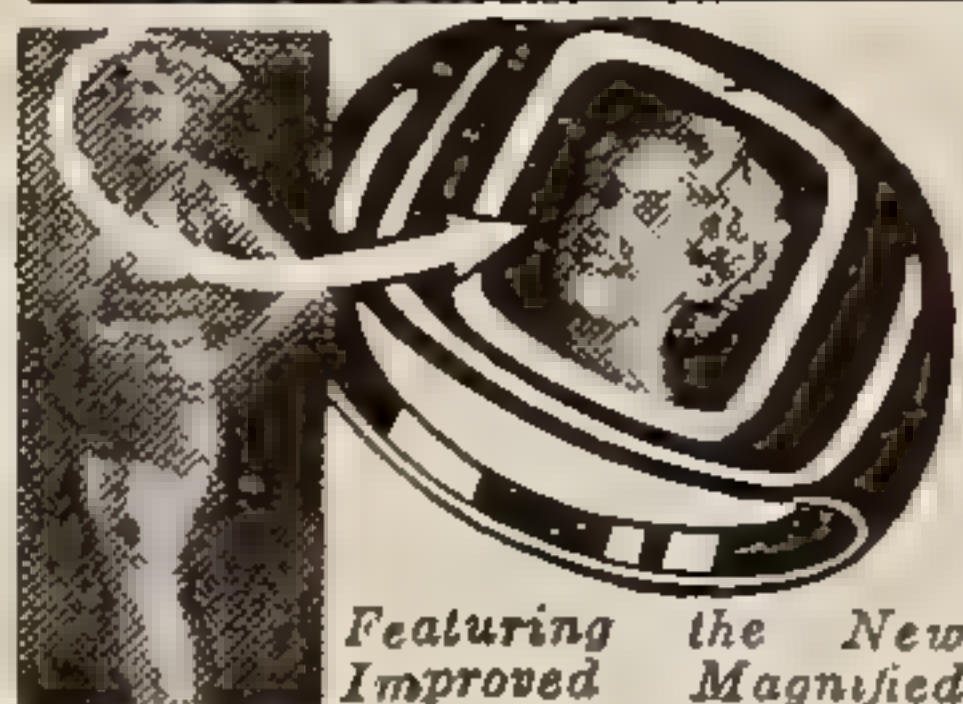


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Retail Druggists' Association. Nearly everybody in Fort Wayne knows me and knows about the success of my Ovelmo Treatment.

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What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 51)

If you have some comedy material you want to sell, *don't* send it to Fred Allen. One of the items on his income tax blank, under deductible expenses, is "Postage for return of unsolicited manuscripts." In the course of a year, this amounts to a good deal of money. Only last week, for example, he had to return fifty-eight letters, containing material ranging from two-line gags to a set of eight twenty-page manuscripts, all in one day. Amateur gag writers have even less chance with Fred than with most other comedians, since he writes all his own material. Practically no comedian, however, ever accepts unsolicited material.

* * *

And here is the month's un-broadcast Allen quip. Fred is undoubtedly the most scholarly of radio comedians — don't know of any other who loves to read Schopenhauer, anyway. But his highbrow literary tastes go very lowbrow when it comes to music. A magazine writer, interviewing him, asked him for the name of his favorite musical selection. "Oh, I don't know," Fred parried, "anything at all."

"But there must be some piece," insisted the writer. "Now, suppose you were in a room when a lady was playing the piano. What would you ask her to play?"

"To be perfectly frank," Fred drawled, "I'd go in the next room and read a book!"

* * *

Out on the "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man" movie lot in Hollywood, where Edgar Bergen and W. C. Fields are making their first co-starring picture for Universal, Bergen always keeps his own writer on tap, even though Fields is writing most of the script himself. Fields is notorious for one thing—he just can't resist a funny line and always does his best to get it for himself. Therefore, if Bergen wanted Charlie McCarthy to have anything funny to say in the picture, he realized he'd have to have his own writer on the job to supply the gags. Yet it was Fields who was most anxious to appear in a movie with Bergen and the "fugitive from a redwood forest."

While they were on the Chase and Sanborn show together there was an unending friendly feud between Fields and Bergen over lines. As usual, Fields wanted all the funniest ones for himself. Bergen would usually good-naturedly give them to him—and then wait until broadcast time, when he'd calmly ad lib gags that topped every one of those he'd given Fields.

* * *

Dave Elman has to pay a price for being the nation's Number Two hobbyist (he modestly gives the title of Number One hobbyist to Stamp Collector Frank D. Roosevelt). He never dares to throw anything away, such as old shoes, coffee grounds, or broken door-knobs. Some day, he's sure to meet a hobbyist who will ask him if he can contribute just that very item to the hobbyist's collection.



HOLLYWOOD'S TALENT SCHOOL RACKET

Not all of the movie talent schools in Hollywood are rackets. But of the approximately fifty in Hollywood only certain ones are classed by the studios as legitimate, helpful and sincere. Many others are out and out rackets which promise much, take your money and deliver nothing. Perhaps you are receiving literature from one or more of them right now, for they reach into homes all over the country. In Movie Mirror for February the working of this infamous swindle is exposed by one of their thousands of victims. Her vivid story is deeply revealing, absorbingly interesting. Read it for your own protection.

Another outstanding feature in the February issue of Movie Mirror is *The Private Life of Hollywood*, by Ruth Waterbury, in which, for the first time, an insider gives an unvarnished description of filmland's complicated social whirl.

Still another is *If Carole Lombard Were Married to Jimmy Stewart*, a rollicking whimsy by Ida Zeitlin which will keep you in stitches from beginning to end.

OTHER REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD READ MOVIE MIRROR FOR FEBRUARY

Now It Can Be Told—Bill Powell's Fight for Health • My Comedy of Errors, by Priscilla Lane • No Sacrifice Is Too Great for Love (Luise Rainer) • The Hilarious Friendship of Clark Gable and Andy Devine • 21's the Time to Love (Anita Louise) • A Star Reborn (Lew Ayres) • Star Fashions as Worn by Dorothy Lamour • Made for Each Other • Heroes on Horseback (Bill Boyd) • I Have Lived (Hedy Lamarr), and many other thrilling and enlightening features and departments.

Each month Movie Mirror brings Hollywood into the homes of a myriad motion picture fans. Join them today. Your copy is waiting at the nearest newsstand. 10c.

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SMOOTH YOUR WAY TO *Beauty*

Don't overlook that most important aid to beauty—give a thought to your powder puff

By **JOYCE ANDERSON**

WHY do you use face powder—just to remove the shine? If you choose it and use it for this reason only, you are overlooking one of the most important aids to beauty.

In selecting face powder, choose one that is pure and fine-sifted, one that goes on smoothly and one that enhances your natural skin tones.

Adele Ronson, pretty young star of John's Other Wife, on the NBC Red Network, has a delicate, fine-textured skin and looks for smooth consistency and fluffiness in her face powder, making sure also that its fragrance is delicate enough not to clash with her favorite perfume or cologne.

Adele is five feet two inches tall; weighs one hundred sixteen pounds; has chestnut hair and dark brown eyes; very fair, milky skin. She uses a light-rose-rachel powder, bright rose-hued lipstick, light rouge, and just enough eye make-up to keep her black brows smooth and her dark lashes curled. She dusts on face powder thickly, from hair line to the neckline of her dress, with a soft, clean velour puff; later smooths on the powder and removes the excess with a powder brush.

"I think that it is important for women to avoid that powdered look," warns Adele. "That is not to say that one shouldn't use a generous amount of face powder. On the contrary, most of us don't use enough. Then, too, it's a mistake to use too light a shade of powder. It's a good idea to choose a shade that matches the medium tone of the skin."

Miss Ronson is right. To do a really professional job, be sure to get a generous quantity of powder on your puff. Then pat freely, starting at the throat and covering every inch of your face. Press the puff firmly into all the tiny lines about your eyes and

nose, dipping your puff often into the box for a fresh supply of powder. And remember to pat—never rub or scrub.

Now, with a powder brush or a fresh pad of cotton, go over your face and throat, dusting off every speck of superfluous powder. Take special care to brush your lashes, brows and hair line, so that they are smooth and glossy. This method of powdering gives a smooth finish to your skin.

POWDER PUFFS

It's a rule of good grooming to use a fresh powder puff at least twice a week—it's an even better idea to use a fresh one every day.

* * *

No matter how neat and well-groomed a woman looks, a dingy powder puff is a dead give-away. And there's really no excuse for it these days when an ample supply of puffs cost but a few cents. Or, it's a simple matter to give your puffs a soapy bath as quickly as you do your hankies.

* * *

The clever hostess keeps a package of puffs on the guest-room dressing table. These come in a variety of pastel colors and lend a decorative note to the bedroom. In addition, she keeps a supply of cleansing tissues on hand, not only for the convenience of her guests, but for the protection of her pretty hand towels against lipstick stains.



Use a generous amount of powder, says Adele Ronson.



And remove excess powder with powder brush or puff.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

What Do You Want to Say?

(Continued from page 1)

FIFTH PRIZE

WELCOME BACK, YOU WARINGS

The return of Fred Waring and his gang to the air, in my humble estimation, is the biggest and best news of this fall radio season.

Our other favorites are back and are swell, as always. But the Waring show has something the others haven't. It gives us everything from the latest hit tunes to the old favorites. (Wasn't "The Rosary" swell?) Comedy in musical form which is much more interesting and funnier than just plain gags.

Donna Dae is good and so are all the rest of the gang, and when David Ross tells you to stand by for more of Fred's grand music, who is going to turn his or her dial?

FRANK ROBERT ITEN
Lake Stevens, Wash.

SIXTH PRIZE

HOW'S YOUR GROCERY BILLS?

With particular reference to the letter of Mrs. A. G. Buchanan, Iowa, in the November number.

A radio in every kitchen may be a fine thing for some people, but I hope Mrs. Buchanan's spouse hasn't found it the expensive experiment that I did.

Two years ago I bought a new radio and installed the old one in the kitchen for my wife's amusement and convenience.

I think that frau of mine must have listened in on every homemaking program on the air, and tried out every recipe she could get down on paper. For during the first month that she had that radio so handy, our grocery bill soared to heights it had never before attained, to say nothing of upset stomachs, for the kids, and being threatened with an attack of gout myself.

But at that I'm not a mean man. I didn't want to deny my wife any modern convenience. So as soon as they were available, I went out and got her one of these new-fangled contraptions used for remote control. And now she can still turn on the radio in the kitchen. But the radio itself is in the livingroom, where she can't hear so easily every new recipe from soup to nuts, that happens to be on the air. And our grocery bill has shrunk to its normal size.

W. E. DILLINGHAM
Terre Haute, Ind.

SEVENTH PRIZE

PITY THE POOR FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER

Recently I read an article on how a football game is broadcast. It sure is not as simple as I once thought. Not a matter of just getting an assignment, sitting in a cozy booth and "letting go" with both barrels. I, for one, will admit that I did grumble when an announcer slowed up or made a slight mistake. But I never will again!

Why? Because every time I feel a grumble coming on I say to myself, "Could I do it half as good?" And the answer is definitely "NO!"

Three cheers for all announcers—football and otherwise—you deserve it!

T. FRANCIS DONOVAN
Lewiston, Maine



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A New Magazine for the Hungry in Heart — YOUR FAITH

On January 15 there will come to the newsstands of the United States and Canada a new kind of magazine. Its nature and its purpose are indicated in its title—YOUR FAITH, Why Not Try God?

This magazine is published in response to a great public need today, a magazine of positive affirmation of the presence of God in the hearts of individuals and in the affairs of mankind. Never before in the history of the world has there gone up from the bewildered soul of humanity such an appeal for a renewal of Faith.

In the face of wars and the rumors of war that over-run the earth, with the daily spectacle of death and destruction by fiendish new devices of science, with the persecutions of the helpless and the rise of savage force that would set up its creed of might is right, the world which has seemed to stray so far from the old and sure companionship with the Infinite, is now turning back to God like the prodigal son forsaking his folly and turning his face toward his father.

This new magazine called YOUR FAITH will be edited and written by men and women who are themselves filled with a passionate faith that the only way out for mankind is a return to God. In each issue there will be stories of the influence of faith on human lives. True stories of prayers and how they were answered. Of broken lives mended. Of hope restored. Of souls that turn toward achievement and service.

This is a magazine for all who have an ear to hear. It will be strictly non-sectarian, but its pages will be open to members of every faith and race. It is a new kind of religious magazine, a publication devoted to practical religion as a force to be used in daily life. In its pages there is meaning and help for all.

The March issue of YOUR FAITH will be on sale at all newsstands January 15. It will be priced at 15c. Instruct your newsdealer today to reserve a copy for you.

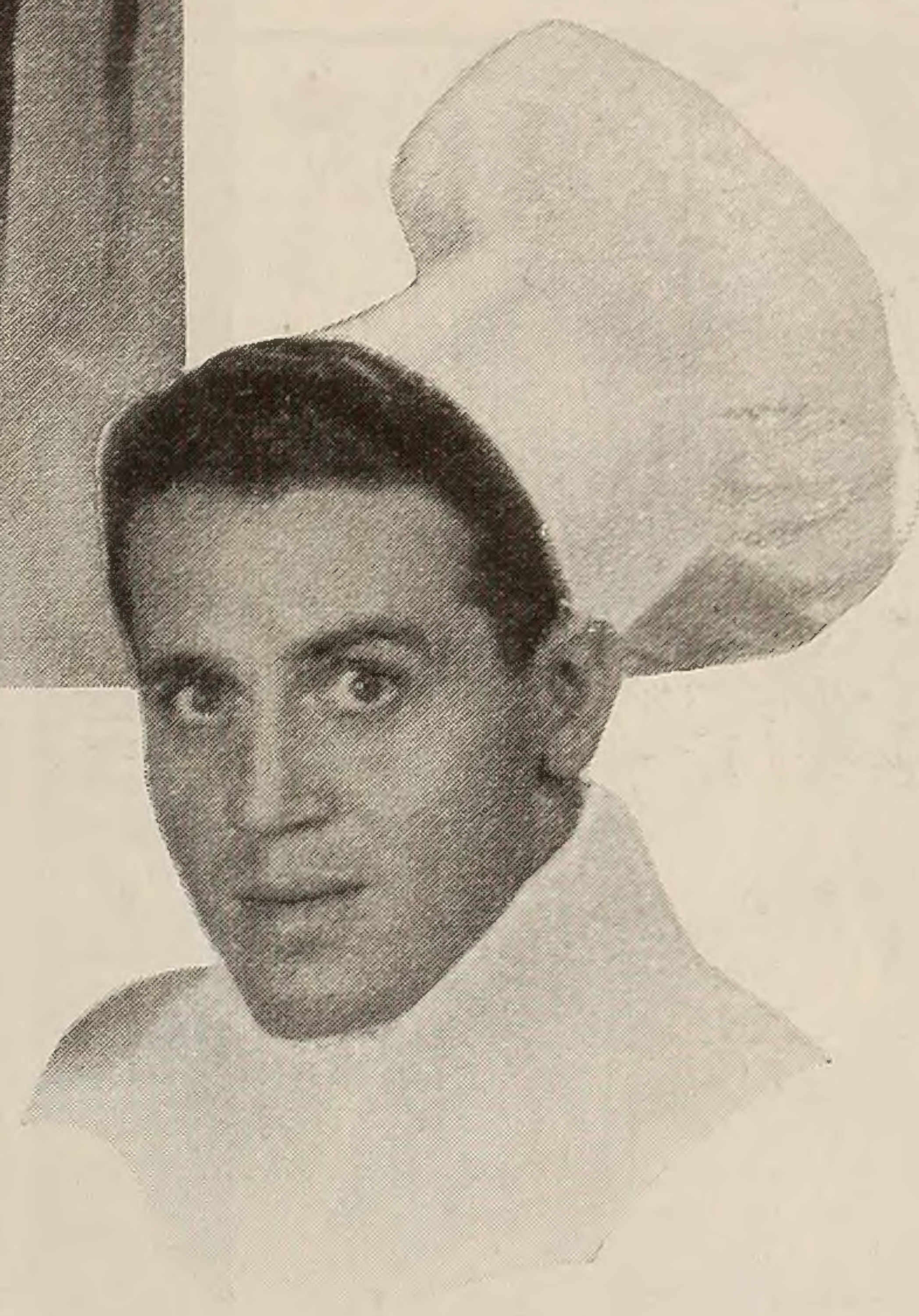
OUT
JANUARY
15th

YOUR FAITH

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION



When that last-minute guest is thrust on you, keep these emergency recipes on tap, says Allen Prescott, below.



BETTER MEALS —WHEN TIME IS SHORT

By **MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON**

New Orleans is famous, this will appeal especially to you.

SHRIMPS CREOLE

- ¼ cup rice
- 1 medium onion
- 1 can shrimps
- 1 can tomatoes
- 1 can okra

Chop the onion rather fine and brown it lightly in butter. Wash the rice, cover with boiling water, add the onion and cook until the rice is tender and is quite dry. Remove the dark veins from the shrimp and add them, together with the tomatoes and okra, to the rice. Add salt and pepper to taste, and turn the mixture into a buttered casserole. Cook in a moderate oven until the rice has absorbed most of the liquid (about half an hour).

SPINACH RING (illustrated above)

- 3 tbs. butter
- 3 tbs. flour
- 1 cup milk
- ½ lb. American cheese, grated
- 1 cup canned spinach
- 3 eggs, beaten
- 1½ cups soft bread crumbs
- 1 can small whole beets
- Mashed potatoes

Make a sauce of the butter, flour and milk. When it is thick and smooth, add the grated cheese, remove from heat and stir until the cheese is melted. Drain and chop the spinach and add it, with the crumbs and the beaten eggs, to the cheese mixture. Pour mix-

ture into a buttered ring mold, set the mold in a shallow pan partly filled with water and bake in a moderate oven until firm (forty to fifty minutes). Heat the beets in their own liquid, drain, add a tablespoon of butter and keep hot until the ring mold is ready. Unmold the spinach ring on a serving platter, fill the center with hot mashed potatoes, and arrange the beets around the edge of the ring.

RICE RING

- 1½ cups canned carrots
- 1 tbs. chopped onion
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 cup grated American cheese
- 1 can peas

Drain and shred the carrots, and combine them with the onion, rice, egg, cheese and seasonings. Pour into a buttered ring mold and bake in a moderate oven until firm. Unmold and fill center with peas which have been heated and drained, then buttered.

Once you have your casserole or ring mold in the oven, the Wife Saver suggests that you relax over a stimulating tomato cocktail and asparagus canapes until it is ready for serving. These, too, will be found on your emergency shelf.

For the canapes, use the short fat asparagus stalks (the Wife Saver says to be sure to open the can at the bottom, to prevent breaking the delicate tips of the stalks). While the asparagus is draining, slice white or whole wheat bread paper thin, remove the crusts and spread each slice with mayonnaise. Now roll each asparagus stalk in a slice of bread, fastening each one securely with a toothpick.

ROMANCE may begin in the moonlight, but divorce begins in the kitchen."

That's the startling contention of the Wife Saver, that amusing young man whose thrice-weekly advice on NBC has saved many a housewife time and trouble by showing her more efficient methods for running her home.

"You know how it is," he explained. "John arrives home, with an unannounced guest in tow, just when you've succeeded in stretching yesterday's roast into a very small hash. Both of you are upset and embarrassed—and that goes double for the guest—and before you know it, the situation is pretty tense. But there's a way out," the Wife Saver—or Allen Prescott, to give him his real name—continued. "It's simply this: When John brings home that old school friend for dinner without any advance warning, don't start an argument that a judge will have to finish for you. Just reach up to your emergency shelf and there you'll find the makings of a meal fit for a king—and for your husband and his guest, too, which will be of more importance to you—which can be prepared in no time at all. Unless you've tried it, you've no idea how the addition of a canned vegetable, for instance, can stretch out the simplest family dinner to epicurean lengths, or how delicious a casserole, prepared from two or three canned ingredients, can be."

Allen is right on both counts, of course; the ease of preparing canned foods, and the new and delectable flavor treats they give you. Consider first the casserole dishes he mentions. At the top of the list I'd include shrimps Creole, and, if you've ever tasted the Creole cooking for which

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

Answers to Radio Mirror's Mammoth Quiz

KAY KYSER'S KOLLEGE

1. Trumpet.
2. Philadelphia: Eugene Ormandy. Boston: Serge Koussevitzky. New York: John Barbirolli.
3. Kenny Baker: Sundays and Wednesdays. Bea Wain: Saturdays. Lucille Manners: Fridays. Joan Edwards: Wednesdays. Tony Martin: Fridays.
4. A few—you can undoubtedly add to the list—are: "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart"—"Says My Heart"—"You Took the Words Right Out of My Heart"—"In the Heart of a Rose"—"Two Hearts in Three-Quarter Time"—"Hearts and Flowers"—"Take My Heart."
5. (a) Glen Gray. (b) Sammy Kaye or Herbie Kay. (c) Raymond Scott. (d) Benny Goodman. (e) Art Shaw.
6. The Lambeth Walk.
7. If you were a real jitterbug, you'd select only the following: Tommy Dorsey, Art Shaw, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, and Chick Webb.
8. (a) George M. Cohan. (b) Gus Edwards. (c) Irving Berlin. (d) Victor Herbert. (e) George Gershwin.
9. (a) Cigarettes. (b) Cigarettes. (c) Cosmetics. (d) Medicine. (e) Electrical products.
10. (a) . . . Love. (b) . . . in Your Eyes. (c) . . . of Dreams. (d) . . . with Thine Eyes. (e) . . . to Old Virginy.

TRUE OR FALSE

1. True.
2. False. It's her second; her first was "North to the Orient."
3. True. He wrote it in 1897.
4. True.
5. False. It is at West Point.
6. False. He filled out Warren Harding's unexpired term, then was President for one full term of his own.
7. False. A mural is a painting done directly on a wall.
8. True.
9. True.
10. False. They are the first words of the Constitution.

THE ASK-IT-BASKET

1. (a) Cars. (b) Deviled ham. (c) Tooth powder. (d) Salt. (e) Breakfast food.
2. For a Senator: six years. For a Representative: two years.
3. Texas is the largest, Rhode Island the smallest.
4. The California Redwood trees.
5. They all have moustaches.

PROFESSOR QUIZ

1. Thirteen—representing the original thirteen colonies.
2. Divide 21 by 2.2. The answer is approximately 9.5 kilograms.
3. The Maginot Line and the Siegfried Line are fortresses drawn up by France and Germany along their opposing frontiers.
4. (a) May 30. (b) October 12. (c) November 11. (d) February 14. (e) March 17.
5. You will wear five of them five times each, and one of them six times.

INFORMATION, PLEASE

1. (a) "Blondie." (b) "Moon Mullins." (c) "Winnie the Breadwinner." (d) "Popeye the Sailor." (e) "Barney Google."
2. It's always the shortest month; it includes Washington's Birthday, Lil-

coln's Birthday, and St. Valentine's Day.

3. Football: 11. Basketball: 5. Baseball: 9. Polo: 4. Hockey: 6.
4. (a) Paramount. (b) Columbia. (c) RKO. (d) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. (e) Universal.
5. (a) Food. (b) Drink. (c) Flower. (d) Game. (e) Article of clothing (an overcoat).

THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES

1. (a) Inventing shorthand systems. (b) They were European statesmen. (c) They were women aviators. (d) Their excellent baseball playing. (e) Their literary works.
2. The Secretary of State.
3. Stage plays: "Boy Meets Girl," "Brother Rat." Novels: "The Citadel," "The Sisters," "Four Daughters" (original title, "Sister Act").
4. To prevent an electric system from blowing out at some point where the damage can't be reached and repaired.
5. Margaret Sanger is the leader of the birth-control movement; Margaret Sangster is a popular novelist and short-story writer.

VOX POP

1. (a) The Mississippi River. (b) A geyser in Yellowstone Park. (c) The Italian city of Venice. (d) Gibraltar. (e) England.
2. Married: Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, Madeleine Carroll, Jean Arthur, Marlene Dietrich, Claudette Colbert, Martha Raye, Margaret Sullivan. Unmarried: Joan Bennett, William Powell.
3. (a) John Milton. (b) Sir Walter Scott. (c) William M. Thackeray. (d) Washington Irving. (e) Nathaniel Hawthorne.
4. (a) "Romeo and Juliet." (b) "Othello." (c) "Hamlet." (d) "The Merchant of Venice." (e) "A Comedy of Errors."
5. (a) Cleopatra. (b) Alfred E. Smith. (c) Queen Elizabeth. (d) Marie Antoinette. (e) Napoleon Bonaparte.



What a haul! You can't blame Andy Devine for being so happy.

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But, with a cold
or stuck ache
I jest aint worth a dime.
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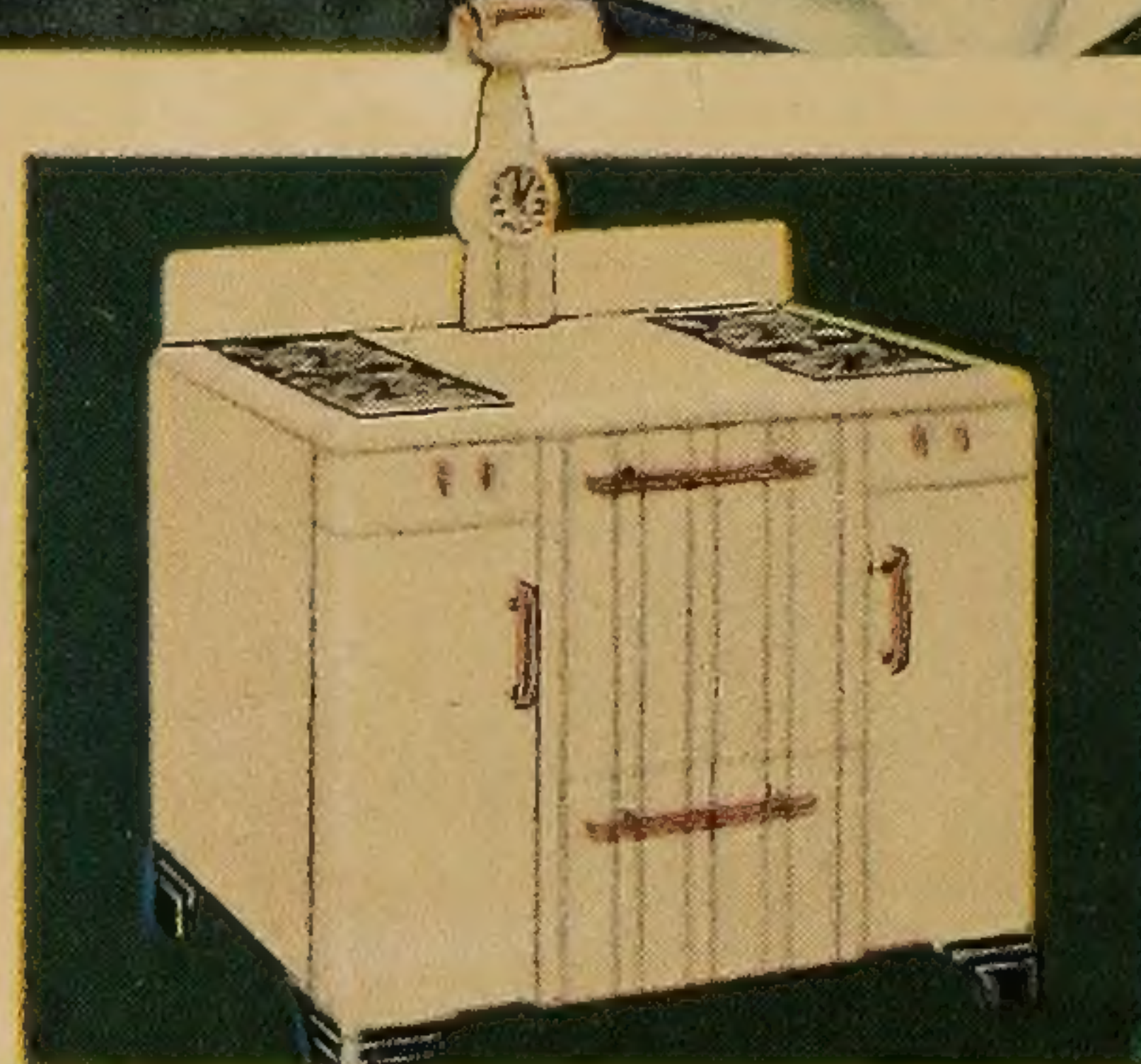
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